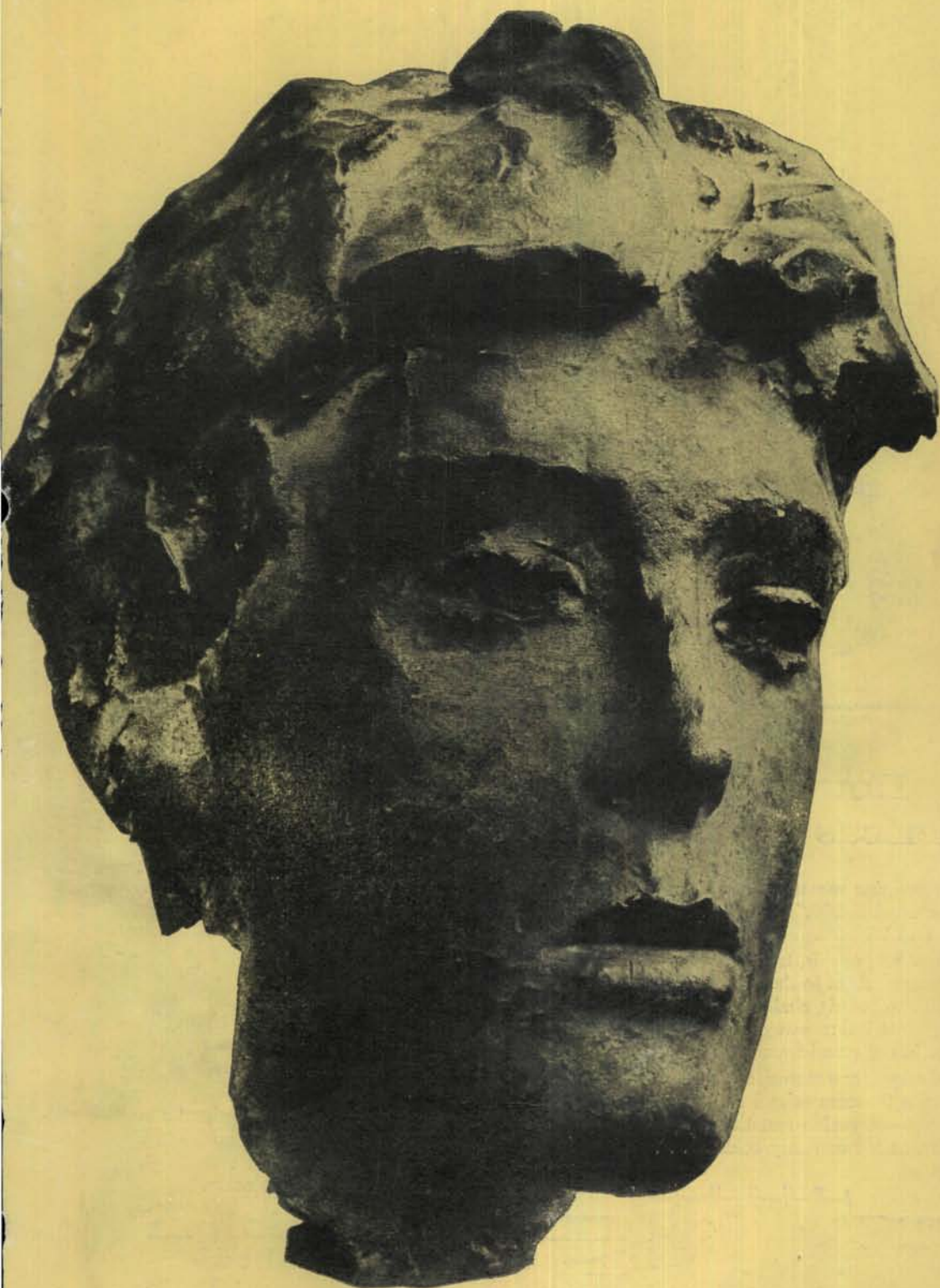


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1958 VOLUME 202 NUMBER 6

EDWARD CRANKSHAW	Big Business in Russia	35
PHYLLIS MCGINLEY	How the Beasts Keep Christmas - A POEM	41
PETER USTINOV	A Word in the World's Ear - A STORY	42
WILLIAM R. POLK	The Lesson of Iraq	49
SUMNER H. SLICHTER	New Goals for the Unions	54
T. S. MATTHEWS	Beachcomber: Thirty Years of Uproar	59
ARTHUR F. COREY	California Schools Do Educate: A Reaffirmation	63
CHARLES D. STEWART	A Pilfering by Poe	67
MONICA STIRLING	Sigh for a Strange Land - AN ATLANTIC SERIAL	70

PERSPECTIVE OF ITALY

ESSAYS, STORIES, AND VERSE, WITH ILLUSTRATIONS, BY 26 ITALIAN WRITERS

113-196

ATLANTIC REPORTS

Taiwan - Russia - France - Hawaii	4
-----------------------------------	---

ATLANTIC BOOKSHELF

EDWARD WEEKS	The Peripatetic Reviewer	80
CHARLES ROLO	Reader's Choice	88
CHARLOTTE JACKSON	Books for Children: A Christmas List	96

ACCENT ON LIVING

CHARLES W. MORTON - LEROY OSTRANSKY - RENÉ MACCOLL - LIBBY SOLLIS	102
---	-----

THEY SHALL HAVE MUSIC

JOHN M. CONLY	The Prospect Before Us	108
	Record Reviews	111

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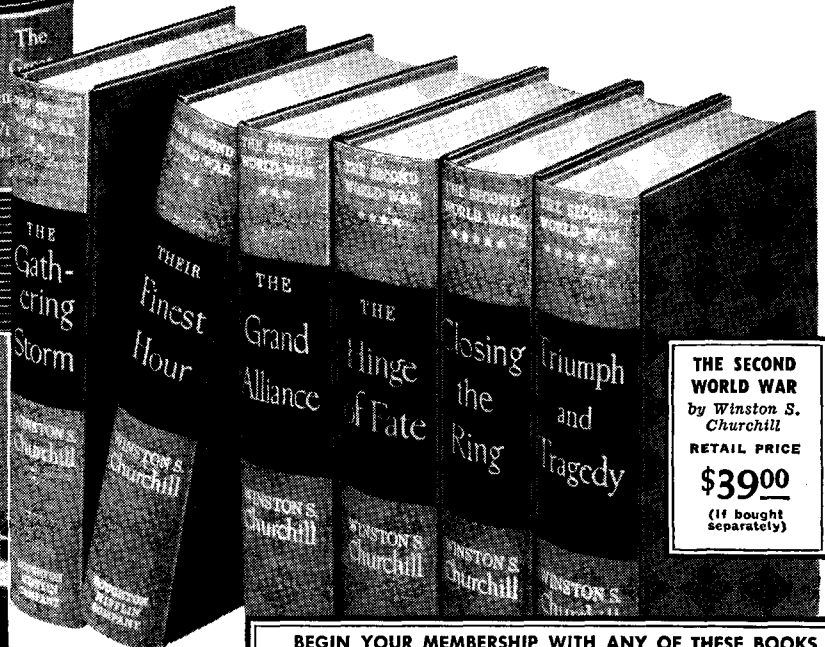
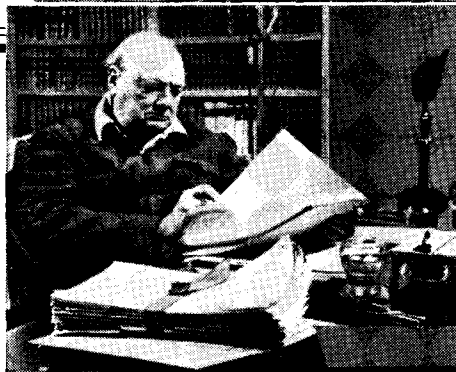
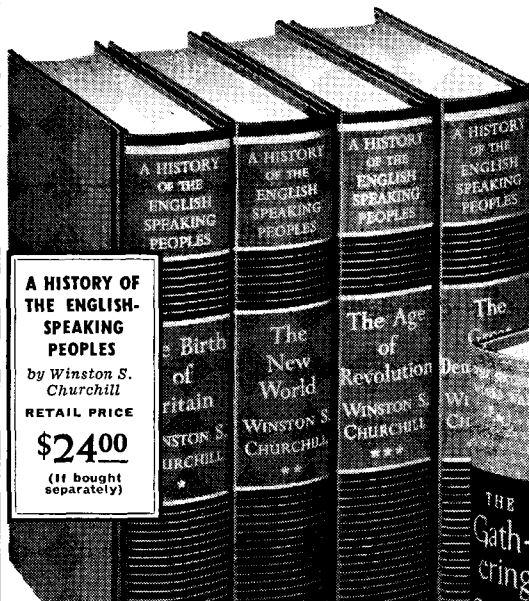
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TAIWAN

IN THE more than nine years that have passed since the defeated Nationalist forces fled from mainland China, Taiwan has begun to develop a character and a viability of its own. The Nationalists worked to build a base from which the invasion of the mainland might be launched: instead, with massive American aid, they laid the foundations of a state whose survival no longer depends on the fiction that the reconquest of China is just around the corner.

Two million mainland exiles, many of whom yearn for home, gave life and meaning to the new Taiwan. But despite the most intensive Kuomintang indoctrination in the schools and the youth corps, the motive force of the future seems likely to come from the eight million indigenous inhabitants who have developed no desire to liberate the mainland, or to be liberated by it, but wish merely to live in peace and prosperity on what the Portuguese nearly four hundred years ago named Ilha Formosa, Beautiful Island.

With the almost imperceptible change that marks the passing of summer into fall, many Nationalists have begun to rationalize the dogma of return. The picture they were once eager to convey was of a rejuvenated Nationalist army splashing across the beaches of the Fukien coast to hoist the banner of freedom. Today even Chiang speaks of the counterrevolution that must first open the way for his return.

Through the towns and villages of Taiwan, children skip rope and play battledore and shuttlecock under huge blue-and-white posters appealing to the populace to "Complete the National Revolution — Retake the Mainland." Though many would weep if the billboards were torn down, most Formosans, and more than a sprinkling of mainlanders, would scarcely notice the change.

Nine years of exile have assuaged the hurt of family separation. Mainland men married to Formosan girls have begun to see opportunities for the future in the island's wealth. Through the Far East the island has a reputation for fertility, and this seems to have been confirmed by the experience of numerous mainland couples who went childless to Taiwan after years of married life and have had families since. Though home building by mainlanders is officially frowned upon as indicating an inclination toward permanency of residence incompatible with the doctrine of return to the mainland, many have bought houses and settled down.

Even among those to whom the thought of renouncing the liberation of China is intolerable, there is a growing appreciation that the future and security of the mainlanders and the Formosans are indivisible. To the more sophisticated exiles, the Formosans are natives; they are nevertheless indispensable, and for their part the stolid Formosans, though heavily nostalgic about Japan and the Japanese, are beginning at last to accept the fact that chance cast their lot with the exiles and that, barring a war of which they would wholeheartedly disapprove, the future is not entirely without hope.

Post-war tensions

When fifty years of Japanese colonial rule ended in 1945, the Formosans had no misgivings about their return to Chinese rule. They had few complaints against the Japanese, whose language they had learned and whose ways of life they had largely adopted. But, after all, Taiwan had been part of the Chinese Empire from 1683 until 1895, and Formosans were mostly of Chinese stock. Their native tongue was a Fukienese dialect; their homes, except in the towns and cities, looked like Chinese homes; their culture was the Chinese

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Report on Taiwan



culture. Following World War II, they welcomed both reunion with China and the degree of local autonomy which they felt certain would be theirs.

In return, they found themselves treated as enemy aliens by rapacious Chinese troops whose dialect they did not speak and whose behavior they abominated. Tensions increased throughout the island in 1946, and early in 1947 a group of Formosans seized power in Taipeh. They locked up Governor-General Chen Yi with the local garrison and for five days had the administration under their control. The object was not to break with China, but to win a larger measure of self-government in provincial affairs.

Chen Yi played for time; while agreeing to negotiate, he sent out an urgent appeal to Nanking for reinforcements, whose arrival brought a swift end to the revolt. The mainland troops cleared the streets of Taipeh by gunfire and shot several thousand members of the youth corps. They also rounded up several hundred ringleaders of the revolt and executed them in front of Taipeh's main administrative building, where Chiang Kai-shek now has his headquarters. In all, about ten thousand Formosans, most of them in the eighteen to twenty-five age bracket, lost their lives.

To the sullen, hostile Formosans, therefore, the arrival of two million fleeing Nationalists late in 1949 was scarcely an event to be celebrated. It caused both resentment and extraordinary housing and supply problems. Such an invasion would have taxed the resources of the largest country and healthiest economy. For a time it threatened to submerge Taiwan, which is about the size of Vermont and Connecticut taken together and which had not even begun to recover from the battering it received from American bombers during World War II.

Against this unpromising background, the Nationalists began to set their own houses in order and to make peace with the Formosans. Chiang streamlined the Kuomintang; installed spry and efficient General Chen Cheng, former commander of the Third Route Army, as governor of Taiwan, with orders to make sweeping reforms; and executed the infamous Chen Yi. Many national government departments went into cold storage

"pending the return to the mainland," while the provincial government began both to expand and to institute basic reforms.

American aid

The Communist attack on Korea brought American protection to Taiwan; it also led to American military and economic aid that now totals more than \$2.5 billion. To the Nationalists' credit, however, the opportunities thus provided were not wasted. Millions of dollars of aid had not prevented the disaster on the mainland; if corruption had continued on anything approaching the mainland scale, disaster would also have overtaken the Nationalists on Taiwan.

Admittedly, they were fortunate in their land of exile. The Taiwan Strait is a tempestuous moat of considerable proportions well calculated to tax the amphibious skills of the Chinese Communists, whose strength does not lie on the sea. In addition to providing natural security, Taiwan also offered exceptional wealth. The Chungyang mountain spine, which in places drops seven thousand feet sheer to the sea on the east coast and rises in numerous peaks to heights of ten thousand feet, falls away in the west to a rich and terraced coastal plain. The climate is subtropical and the soil rich, producing two crops of rice and one of vegetables each year.

In their half century of occupation, the Japanese had turned the island into a model colony, with ten thousand miles of paved roads, twenty-five hundred miles of railways, and an excellent irrigation system. Hydroelectricity lit the homes of even remote peasant villages and ran factories that produced aluminum, textiles, and paper. There were flourishing sugar and tea industries. Except for the aborigines, who were kept at bay in the mountains by two hundred miles of electrified fence, the Formosans were satisfied with their Japanese masters.

Economic development

It is difficult today to persuade the Formosans to talk about what they feel toward the mainlanders. Though they resent the Nationalist tendency to regard them as second-class citizens in their own home, there is no suggestion of hatred. They are afraid of the secret police and are irritated by restraints on the expression of opinion. They want no part of the adventures on the China coast and, knowing little about the Communists, they are not sure whether they want them or not.

On the other hand, they are also acutely conscious of Taiwan's rapid progress. New schools, factories, offices, roads, and homes are shooting up everywhere. If the island sometimes gives the appearance of being a huge military camp, it also

What's the biggest "woman's club" in your state?

*In state after
state it's the
millions of
trading stamp
savers.*



PHOTO BY HOWELL CONANT

by **AMY VANDERBILT**

Prominent author and
lecturer to American women's clubs

FROM what I see and hear traveling about the country, I predict a long life ahead for trading stamps. I base that on a very simple observation. Wherever I go I find that women like them.

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Moreover, her devotion to stamps pays off handsomely for America's business firms. Last year she took home from redemption stores about \$500,000,000 worth of appliances, home furnishings and hobby equipment. Making these things gave employment to 75,000 people

in manufacturing plants and on farms.

And often the merchandise the housewife gets with stamps generates other spending. It gives her fresh ideas that send her out to buy other things at local stores.

American women live in an atmosphere where they can be free and independent in their thinking. They can shop where they like. It is significant that the women in 2 out of 3 families (I call them the country's largest "woman's club") shop regularly where they get a discount for cash in the form of trading stamps.

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ENOW?

*"A Book of Verses underneath the Bough,
A Jug of Wine, a Loaf of Bread
—and Thou
Beside me singing in the Wilder-
ness—
Oh, Wilderness were Paradise
enow!"*

Enow? Well, hardly. We're willing to allow Omar and Fitzgerald the poetic license of *saying* it's enow. But most of us want more nourishment than bread and wine, more shelter than a bough, and more entertainment than a book of verses and some singing.

Don't you?

In fact, wouldn't you rather have the money to pay for your own idea of "enow" instead of settling for Omar's?

Well, you might try working eighty hours a week instead of forty. But then you'd hardly have time to enjoy your extra income. So why don't you put your surplus funds to work instead of putting yourself to work harder than ever? Why not consider buying sound common stocks—stocks that seem likely to pay regular dividends or to increase in value over the years ahead. Of course, no stock is guaranteed to behave in either of these ways. But generally speaking, over the long term many investors have made money in the market. So isn't it worth a try?

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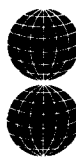
*"Grasp this sorry Scheme of
Things entire, and then
Remould it nearer to the Heart's
Desire!"*

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Report on Taiwan



exudes prosperity. Government calls for austerity have not emptied the shops of their glittering displays of consumer goods and brocades and silks. Restaurants are cheap and good and almost always full.

A four-year plan for economic development which concluded in 1956 resulted in an increase of 53.2 per cent in industrial production and a 40 per cent increase in national income. In hard figures, this means, for instance, that the generation of electric power, which had fallen from the Japanese period peak of 160,000 kilowatts to 32,000 kilowatts by the end of World War II, has risen today to nearly 450,000 kilowatts.

Accustomed to seeing economic aid squandered in other parts of Asia, American technical advisers give unstinted praise to the Nationalists for the part they have played in the island's economic development; no other foreign aid program in Asia has produced comparable results.

Land reform

The land reform program has been even more striking in its impact. Before the end of 1949 the government enacted a farm rent-reduction bill which set a ceiling on farm rent at 37.5 per cent of the main annual crop. Since many landlords had been accustomed to charging up to 70 per cent, the peasants' reaction was naturally favorable.

Two years later the government subdivided large estates acquired from the Japanese and sold them to the peasants at low rates. Finally, in 1955, it introduced a land-to-the-tiller program which limited ownership to three hectares (about seven acres) of medium-grade rice paddy. All privately owned fields in excess of the limit were broken up and sold to the peasants on a ten-year purchase plan. In return for their lands, the landlords received land bonds, bearing an annual interest rate of 4 per cent redeemable in rice and sweet potatoes over a period of ten years, and stocks in government-owned industries.

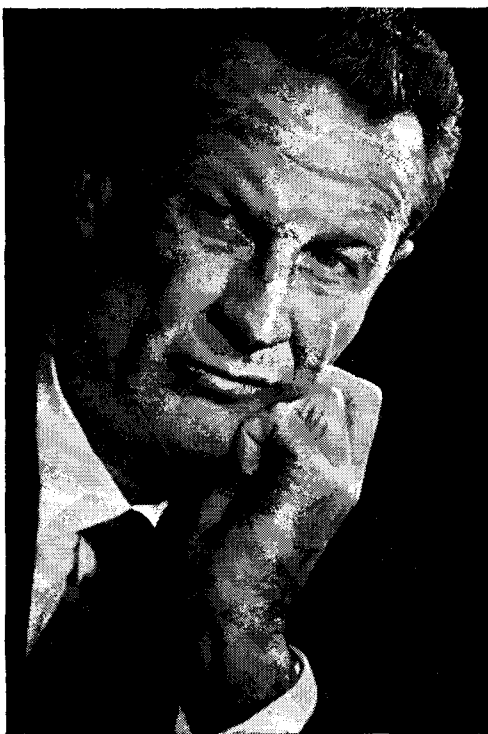
There are complaints that the peasants are both dodging taxes and having difficulty in keeping up with these annual installments. These are problems, however, with which the peasants themselves seem unconcerned. They still use water buffalo and primitive plows to cultivate their fields. But their squat, thatched houses are filled with electrical gadgets. Farm girls sport permanent waves and go to work in jeans.

These people never knew liberty and do not miss what they have not had. For the first time in their lives, however, they have money to spend, and they are clearly thankful for it. Almost half a million families have been affected by these reforms. Mao Tse-tung won China by first winning the peasants; in Taiwan the victory goes to Chiang, and he has used it to good effect.

Putting manpower to work

The Nationalists arrived in Taiwan rich in admirals and generals but poor in rank-and-file soldiers. Chiang fired most of the former and turned to the Formosans for the latter. Today 40 per cent of all troops and nearly 70 per cent of the infantrymen in the Nationalist army are Formosans. They are young — the average age is twenty-one — and well trained. Few have been trusted yet in positions of responsibility, but inevitably they are percolating into the officer class. In another nine years, if the trend continues, the army and all other branches of the armed forces will, of necessity, be primarily Formosan.

Under the Japanese, Formosans, though educated through the primary and secondary stages, were largely deprived of the opportunity for university training. Of more than 22,000 students at institutions of higher learning in Taiwan today, more than ten thousand are Formosans and only three thousand mainland Chinese, the rest being Chinese students from Southeast Asian countries. The capacity of the Kuomintang to survive as a self-perpetuating oligarchy may not be questioned when this new class of educated Formosans begins to make its impact; but in the Taiwan that is shaping up today it is clear that the Formosans will speak with a louder voice and act with ever-increasing authority.



HOW LONG HAS IT BEEN SINCE YOUR MIND WAS STRETCHED BY A NEW IDEA?

Oliver Wendell Holmes once wrote: "A man's mind stretched by a new idea can never go back to its original dimensions." The truth of this statement cannot, of course, be denied. A child who suddenly realizes that the letters in the alphabet are not just isolated sounds and shapes, but meaningful symbols that form words, has grasped an idea that will lead to a continuing expansion of his mind. There comes a time, though, in the lives of too many of us when our minds become occupied only with knowledge we have already learned. When that happens our minds cease to grow.

Unhappily, the more successful a person is in his daily work, the more likelihood there is that this unfortunate condition will result.

As we become more and more absorbed with our specialty—whether it is law, medicine, engineering, science, business or any one of the hundreds of other engrossing occupations—we cease to absorb the new knowledge that leads to new concepts. With the years, the mind narrows rather than broadens because we cease to stretch it by exploring the great subjects of philosophy, government, religion—the great humanities which have produced our great men and great thought.

If it has been some time since your mind was stretched by a new idea, the publication of the Great Books described below will be interesting and important to you.

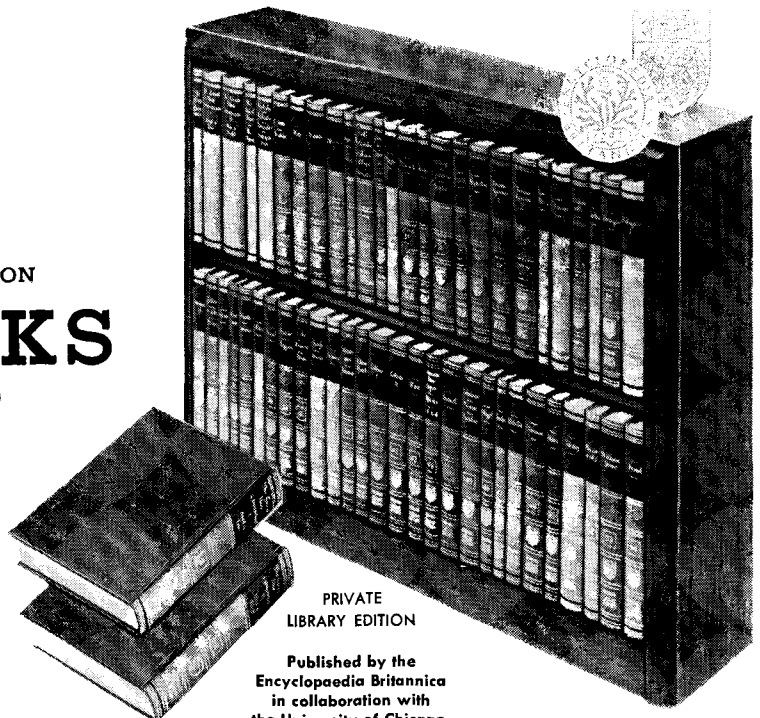
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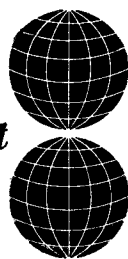
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The Atlantic Report RUSSIA



THE present willingness of the Russians to encourage thousands of visitors to travel far and wide over the Soviet Union is evidence of their pride in the country's achievement and of a kind of effrontery in challenging comparisons between socialist standards of living and those of capitalism. And the fact that thousands of Soviet tourists are now allowed to visit not only the satellites but also Western European countries suggests a faith in the loyalty of their citizens which Soviet leaders have not hitherto manifested.

This effort is part of the Soviet movement since Stalin's death to compete favorably with Europe and the United States in economic aid, in cultural activities, in education, in science, and even in sports. For these purposes the Iron Curtain has been removed. The Soviet Union is on display.

Intourist has already established business contacts with more than 150 travel firms abroad in some 40 countries, and it has set up its own offices in various cities of the West. Special inducements are offered to international congresses; the architects, the astronomers, and the Slavists held their meetings in Moscow last summer. In the main hotels and at the principal transportation points menus and explanatory directions are in French, German, and English, and sometimes in Chinese.

Acceleration in tourism began in 1956, and official Soviet figures for that year claimed 487,000 foreign visitors from 84 countries and 561,000 Soviet visitors to 61 countries (neither figure applies solely to tourists). Though statistics for 1957-1958 are unavailable, all indications are that tourism has greatly increased since 1956.

Tourism, a government monopoly

One does not arrive casually in Moscow to learn by trial and error the virtues of the Russian cuisine and the vices of the capital's night life. Everything is efficiently arranged and superintended by Intourist: the granting of the visa, the length of stay, hotels, restaurants, guides, interpreters, transportation and tours within the Soviet Union, and currency exchanges.

Even automobile tours in your own car must follow prescribed routes and make use of the guide and interpreter services of Intourist. Within these limits, however, the tourist has considerable latitude and is hardly any less independent than he would be in any other foreign country whose language he does not speak.

The reaction of the average American tourist to the Soviet Union these days is one of mingled pleasure and puzzlement. The American mass-communication image of the Soviet Union strikes him as a bit absurd in the face of his observations and experiences. Soviet officialdom is fully aware of the reaction of both Soviet tourists abroad and foreign visitors to the Soviet Union. It is of considerable significance therefore that these leaders seem bent on a further expansion of tourism.

Living it up

Although the Marxian economy of abundance is still a mirage, material goods are available in quantity and variety surpassing any previous period. An air of well-being and relative contentment pervades the throngs in the streets, shops, and public places in the principal cities.

Gorky Street in Moscow on Saturday night is almost festive. The brightly illuminated display windows of the best shops would do credit to those on Fifth Avenue. Swarms of shoppers mill about. Young men attempt to pick up girls. Sellers of soft drinks, ice cream, and hot cakes are everywhere. Restaurants are crowded with convivial citizens from all walks of life, eating large meals, drinking vodka and wine, and dancing to jazz bands. In an atmosphere such as this, with its capitalistic flavor, it is not surprising to read in the press complaints that Soviet businessmen, in the pursuit of high living, are guilty of overworking their expense accounts.

However, the mass production and the efficient distribution of high quality but inexpensive consumer goods continue to lag behind the rapidly developing tastes and needs of the populace. Purchasers still waste endless hours waiting in the



STAND UP & BE COUNTED! ARE YOU PRIDE OR PROFIT?

[NUMBER III] (Continued from *The New Yorker* of 20 September 1958)

sides you'll probably be terribly anxious to receive your Pride Badge or your Profit Badge, one. For the benefit of you latecomers we [The Whiskey Distillers of Ireland] are referring to the very nice badges we are sending out from Dublin to all who write us here.

We unfortunately ran off the page last week and had to continue over. No harm done, we suppose. ¶ The badges, then, are as illustrated. "Profit" to be worn by those who glory in Irish Coffee and the money it sends flowing to Ireland. And a pretty thing it is, too, watching the dear sales curve course upwards thanks to the Profit Party's interesting taste. If bizarre. Not that we condemn, no, no, no. ¶ It's just that there are the others: the Prides; proud of the taste, proud of the altogether distinctive, burnished, but emphatic flavor of Irish Whiskey. They claim the subtlety is quite drowned out in Irish Coffee. Strong words! Strong feelings! Before we run out of space again perhaps we'd better get our coupon in. We are given to un-

Now this isn't to say that you must already be an all-outer for Irish Coffee or a practicing Irish Whiskey drinker to qualify as a Profit or Pride respectively. All we require is a willing heart and an open mind. Choose the side that appeals to you; state your allegiance and then justify it by deeds. If you change your mind



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derstand by those who know that a coupon [rather than just saying to write in] boosts the response tremendously. We hope this is true; so much advice nowadays is simply terrible.

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(If you wish the previous installments you need only to ask)

later write in and we'll send you the badge of whichever side you defected to. No recriminations, no sidelong glances, just understanding smiles is what you'll get from us. ¶ If you're a novice, though, this great, brilliant world of Irish Whiskey is likely to set you quite agog with its variousness. There are nine grand brands. It'll do no harm to list them [if you'll excuse us for a moment while we draw lots to see whose name shall go first]: Murphy's, John Power, Old Bushmills, Tullamore Dew, Paddy, John Jameson, Gilbey's Crock O' Gold, John Locke, and Dunphy's Original Irish. Now...

(please turn to page 105)

The dignity of age . . .



The dignity of age . . . the wisdom of experience . . . the pleasures of reflection—these are but a few of the blessings that come with the passing of the years. And how wonderful it is to reflect on the number of those years that have now been added to the span of life—and on the health and happiness with which they have been filled. The achievements that have made this possible are the achievements of science and of medicine—antibiotics and hormones to fight disease and ease pain . . . tranquilizing agents to bring peace of mind . . . vitamins and minerals to add

strength and vigor. And written hard in the history of so many of these triumphs, you will find the name Pfizer. With an ever-accelerated pace, Pfizer research has devoted itself to creating newer, better medicines and better methods for their production. Today, with nearly a thousand scientists and with a world-wide network of manufacturing facilities, Pfizer is a recognized leader in virtually every phase of biochemical engineering. This, then, is Pfizer. Its taskmaster, disease. Its watchword, progress. Its inspiration, the dignity of the human life.

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stores. Often as much as a half hour is consumed in buying a single item after the customer selects it. But at least efforts are being made in large cities to speed up the preparation and distribution of food products. Slot machines vending catables, soft drinks, and — curiously enough — perfumes have been introduced, and frozen foods have been discovered. Self-service stores and cafeterias are coming into vogue, and at long last the Soviets are catching on to house deliveries of essential staples such as milk, bread, and vegetables. Even whole meals completely cooked may be bought in some localities.

Soviet fashions

Though improvements have been made in wearing apparel since the understandably low point in the early post-war years, there is still an obvious lack in quantity, and the quality and styling remain rather shoddy. It seems surprising that a country which produces some of the world's finest airplanes, scientific equipment, and industrial machines has not yet succeeded in the mass manufacture — to take one example — of attractively designed inexpensive cotton dresses.

Soviet women, like their sisters in capitalist countries, yearn for pretty things, and an enormous potential market for them exists. Last year the sale of furs to women, according to the head of the industry, increased almost 50 per cent. And at a fancy shop in Leningrad one may see throngs of women any day eagerly waiting to inspect the models or to be fitted for high-priced dresses or suits. In fact, this establishment has justly earned the nickname of "death to husbands," for a tailored suit costs in the neighborhood of 2000 rubles and the average monthly salary of a husband is 750 rubles. Clearly, ready-made clothes, if attractively designed, would take care of the impressive demand more satisfactorily and more economically.

Though the evidence of the drably dressed people on the street belies it,

there is really no lack of talent in brilliant fashion designing. At the regular fashion shows of GUM, the huge government department store in Moscow, one may see expertly modeled samples of the latest Soviet styles for men and women.

However, at each of these shows are some five hundred shabbily dressed spectators. To the strains of soft music they watch starry-eyed the parade of models, like Soviet Cinderellas wistfully waiting for the wave of the socialist wand that will one day bedeck them in this fashionable and expensive raiment.

The housing problem

Since the early years of the Soviet regime adequate housing has been a serious problem for the city dweller. The urban population has more than tripled since 1926, and even before the war vast numbers had to get along in no more than a single room to a family. The major resources of the country during this period were concentrated on building up heavy industry and agriculture. The immense devastation of the war intensified the housing problem: 1700 towns were either partly or completely destroyed, and 25 million people were made homeless.

The government, which has undertaken a huge program to remedy the lack, has announced that adequate housing for all will be available in from nine to eleven years. The extraordinary amount of construction which one sees everywhere in the major cities is evidence of how vigorously the program is being carried out.

In keeping with Khrushchev's new plan for economic decentralization, the central ministries have been shorn of their prerogatives to undertake building operations. New local authorities in the big cities have their own building organizations, although a certain uniformity in function, design, and standards is maintained. The government insists that every priority be given to housing and has recently ordered a severe retrenchment in the construction of other categories of buildings.

Broadly speaking, two types of building operations in housing are employed. There are the huge state projects which aim to construct vir-

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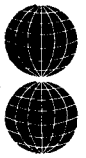
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Report on Russia



tually self-contained "apartment cities." An example is the new Chereniushki District project in Moscow, which consists of 16 blocks of buildings designed to provide 75,000 flats. The buildings are four to five stories high (the skyscraper notion has been dropped as uneconomical in a country where space is abundant), and the construction is speeded up by the availability of many prefabricated parts, which are delivered direct from the factory to the building site.

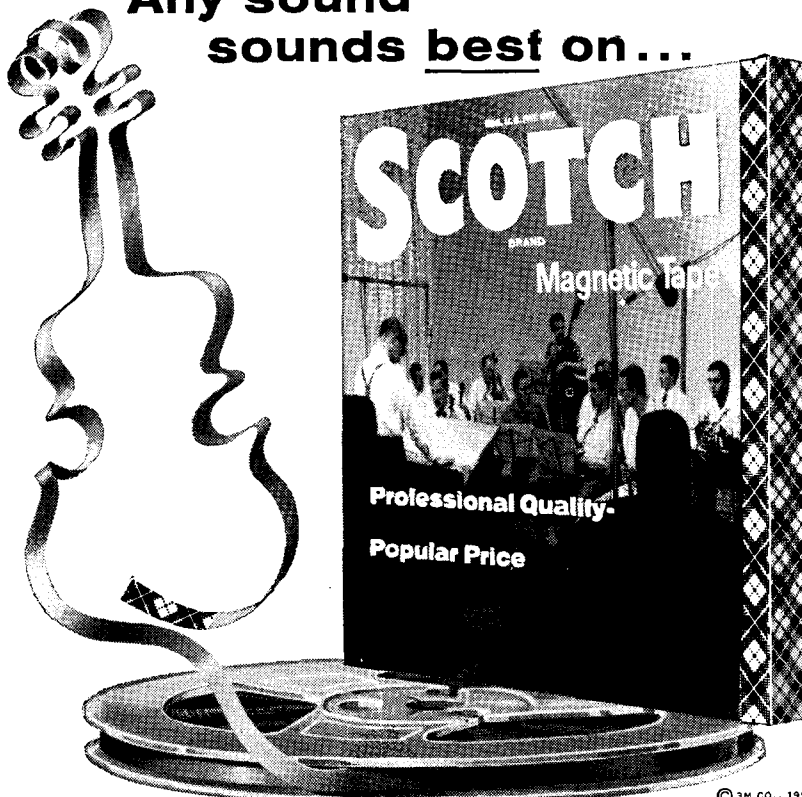
When finished, this apartment city will include various food shops, a department store, restaurants, a laundry, a day nursery, kindergartens, a school for 900 children, a telephone exchange, storerooms, drying areas, pram sheds, a cinema, an open-air swimming pool, and other conveniences. Similar state apartment house projects are under way in Moscow and elsewhere.

In the second type of construction, the state provides the land free, but private individuals build their own homes with the aid of long-term low-interest loans from government banks. Such loans, it appears, are also available to support the construction of apartment houses in which the individual flats are privately owned. It is estimated that 230,000 privately owned houses and apartments will be erected on this basis in 1958, and that over the next seven years some 6.5 million of them will be built.

Another interesting plan, designed to alleviate the congested conditions of large cities, is the construction of satellite towns not unlike those which have been built in some Western European countries. Whole industries and their workers will be shifted from the crowded cities to these model constructions. Moscow's first satellite town, Kryukovo, is already under way and will be finished by 1963, and two more are in the planning stage.

Such vigorous and extensive efforts to solve the housing problem will do much to improve one of the most

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M39

Wine Etiquette

by AMY VANDERBILT

Author of *Amy Vanderbilt's Complete Book of Etiquette* and United Features Syndicate column on etiquette.



Now that America is growing up in its drinking habits, Sherry is coming into increasing favor as a pre-lunch or pre-dinner beverage in place of the cocktail—and a very sensible trend it is, too. Another old-world custom that is gaining favor is the serving of Port with dessert.

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Report on Russia



wretched aspects of the living conditions of ordinary Soviet citizens. However, a flat in Soviet terms still consists of no more than two rooms to a family, with bath and kitchen in addition, and this appears to be the standard in all the apartment buildings under construction. And though adequate modern comforts and conveniences are supplied in this new housing, one may well question the quality of the construction, if the rate of deterioration to be observed in structures only two to three years old is any criterion.

The young intellectuals

Among the young people, one observes encouraging signs of an intellectual ferment and a desire for new forms and content in artistic endeavors. They are disillusioned with Stalinism and eagerly reach back beyond him to the twenties, the only revolutionary and innovational period in Soviet thought and art. The accumulated impact of education—even Soviet education—has developed a more questioning intellectualism, and contacts with Western thought and art and even people have become more widespread. The Hungarian and Polish revolts have also had their influence.

These young people are not disloyal to the Soviet regime. They are proud of its accomplishments and are convinced of its future progress. They believe that the artists of a socialist society must express a reality and ideals and values which are different from those of a capitalist society. But they also believe that such expression can have validity and meaning only if the artist is free to create as his artistic conscience dictates.

These youthful artists, however, grow discouraged as their efforts are repeatedly rejected or distorted by the worried party hacks who control all avenues of artistic expression and production. When anything fresh and experimental gets before the public, it is usually a happy accident, though it often turns out unhappily for the artist.

Frustrated in their desire to treat contemporary reality in an original manner, some seek relief in individualistic treatment of themes of the past in historical novels, plays, and films. Outstanding products of these efforts are the recently released two- and three-part films: Dostoevsky's *The Idiot*, Aleksei Tolstoy's *Road to Calvary*, and Sholokhov's *The Quiet Don*.

Clipping the wings of genius

Even the limited success of this youthful intellectual and artistic ferment is reflected in the party's campaign against it. For several months the press has been running numerous pieces on the duty of the artist to devote himself to themes of contemporary life and to recognize the role and inspiration of the Communist Party in all creative efforts. These editorials, which deplore the lack of original works of art and castigate the new crop of young artists for their failure to grasp the present and make it live in compelling images, reveal the old dilemma of the party: it first clips the wings of genius and then complains that it does not soar.

Khrushchev is aware of the part intellectuals and artists played in the Polish and Hungarian revolts, and the significance of the turbulent reaction of Soviet university students at that time was not lost on him. In several hard-hitting speeches to writers and artists he has harshly condemned the notion that there can be any freedom of artistic creation outside the directives of the Communist Party. The Pasternak incident is a case in point.

Khrushchev's recent demand that the ten-year school period be shortened to seven or eight years and that all who aspire to enter institutions of higher learning must work for two years in industry or agriculture is a reflection of his anti-intellectualism in relation to the youth of the Soviet Union. The assumption is that hard work at the lathe or in the wheat fields will drive out the silly notions of freedom that have been incessantly cropping up in the younger generation. Indeed the fact that Khrushchev—if one may judge from his speeches—has now usurped the position of Stalin as the universal authority on the arts bodes ill for their future in the Soviet Union.



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For further information, see your travel agent or write Commonwealth of Puerto Rico, Dept. of Tourism, Box 522, 666 Fifth Ave., N.Y. 19.

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Approaching Dorado's 18th green. Photograph by Tom Holzman.

Puerto Rico's great new resort



Ed Dudley and Russell Gilbert head Dorado's professional staff. The championship course measures 7,115 yards. Par is 72. A number of holes skirt the beach (see big picture).



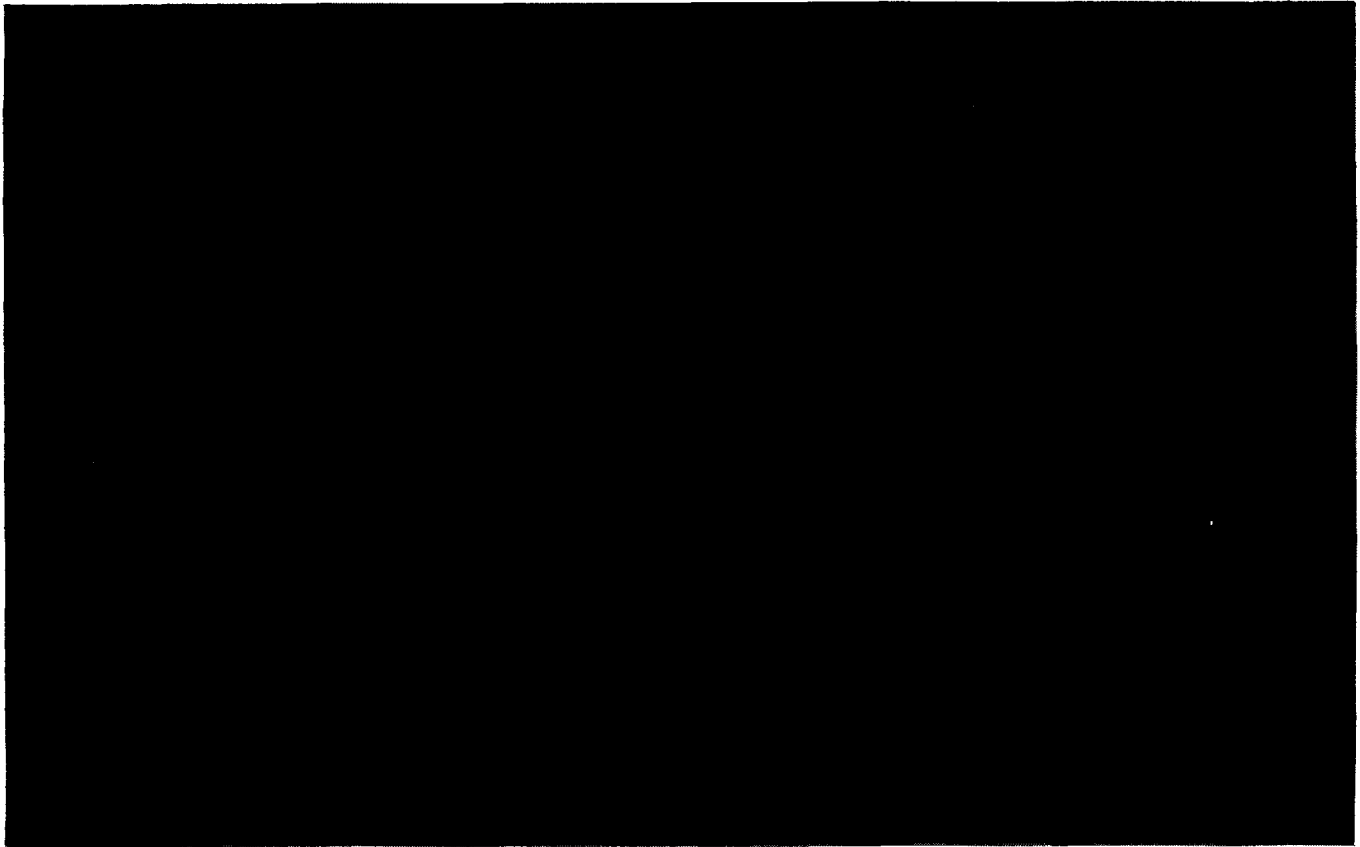
Electric golf carts glide smoothly over Dorado's manicured turf. Four holes are over 550 yards. One green is 200 feet from edge to edge.



Dorado's beach houses all have sliding glass walls and air-conditioning. At night, spotlights illuminate the surf just beyond your doorstep.

Robert Trent Jones has dreamed up some unexpected hazards. Note the palm in this sand trap. It once cost "Rusty" Gilbert a stroke.





"ECLIPSE" a recent painting by Simpson-Middleman, gifted artistic interpreters of the physical sciences. About this new expression they write: "'Eclipse' was painted as a result of watching an actual eclipse of the sun. We were particularly struck with the curious light that was both dim and glowing and the unusual pattern of the shadows on the leaves of the trees around us. We had never seen anything like it before." Painting courtesy of John Heller Gallery, Inc.

Space projects at Boeing include a weapon system based on a manned orbital space vehicle capable of re-entry into the atmosphere and normal landing. Boeing engineers have also completed a study for a Martian reconnaissance vehicle powered by an ion accelerator.

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BOEING



MANY criticisms can be made of France's Fourth Republic, that short-lived and none too happy regime, but perhaps the most serious is that it glorified irresponsibility. When the French people accepted a republican form of government in 1875, they did so because it seemed to be the one form that divided them the least. This essentially negative qualification has never completely rubbed off.

To the Frenchman the beauty of a republican regime was that it was elastic enough to be all things to all men. It could allow the disgruntled aristocrats to go on using and, if need be, inventing titles to satisfy their self-esteem in an increasingly democratic age. It could tolerate all conceivable expressions of opinion and demand a minimum of national unity and effort in the pursuit of national goals. It could allow a nation of *bons vivants* to go on living it up at home and still be a great power abroad. Or so, at any rate, Georges Clemenceau and his contemporaries thought.

The truth, as we now know, was that this was a splendid mirage created by the peculiar conditions of supremacy that the great powers of Europe had gained over the rest of the world toward the end of the last century. This was the heyday of that liberalism which could triumphantly proclaim, "Perish the republic rather than a principle!" — a magnificent piece of rhetoric, since it went without saying that principles could be stubbornly adhered to, but the republic would survive. Somehow it would muddle through.

With the relative decline of France's power in the world, however, the truth of the motto was challenged. When, last May, Georges Bidault arose and once more crowed with almost macabre relish, "Perish the republic rather than a principle!" the old formula had acquired an almost oracular power. And sure enough, a few days later the Fourth Republic collapsed, as though smitten by a magic wand. The day had finally dawned when the French could not go on eating their cake and having it too; when they could no longer maintain a far-flung empire while refusing

to make the necessary domestic sacrifices, and when they could no longer afford the luxury of an ideological individualism which had divided the country into a dozen political groupings and immobilized the normal processes of government.

No constitution can by itself eliminate political fractionalism and ensure a two or three party system. But a constitution can aggravate a political situation already confused by a multiplicity of hypercritical and individualistic parties, and this is precisely what the constitution of the Fourth Republic did. It solemnly consecrated the supremacy of an assembly, wherein these divisions were most clearly reflected. On paper the National Assembly was omnipotent, but in practice its party divisions rendered it powerless.

Since the executive branch of government had been shorn of all its powers, there was no alternative organ capable of initiating or even of executing national policy when the legislative gears ground to a halt. The result, only too often, was paralysis. The history of the Fourth Republic is the history of paralysis enthroned as the first principle of politics.

The power of the President

If, as Talleyrand once suggested, a constitution should be short and obscure, then the new constitution of the Fifth Republic can only be considered a partial success. It is longer in words, though not in articles (92 compared with 106), than the constitution of 1946; at the same time it is richer in obscurities and ambiguities. But if a constitution is to be judged by the extent to which it mitigates the possibilities of political paralysis, then the constitution of the Fifth Republic is undoubtedly an improvement over that of the Fourth.

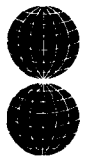
The principal difference between them lies in the significant strengthening of the powers of the President of the republic. This change has been emphasized by moving up the enumeration of the President's powers, which in the constitution of 1946 had been relegated to fifth place, ahead of those of the Parliament.

SAVE THE CHILDREN

FEDERATION



Report on France



Christos has almost given up hope

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Christos' parents were married just after the war when everyone hoped for a better future. Instead, Communist inspired uprisings spread over the country. Christos' father, joined the National Guard and took part in many battles. When guerilla bands entered his village they destroyed his house and burned all his belongings.

Life for Christos' family began all over—from nothing. They now live in a hut with a roof of straw. They own three pieces of furniture. All must sleep on straw mats on the cold earthen floor. Their only property is a

quarter acre of land which the father cultivates early in the morning and after dark. During the daylight hours he must work on other farmers' land for daily wages to buy food.

Christos sees his father's plight and thinks. "My father struggles for a better future; I must help him." At the age of 10, Christos still has hope.

Save the children and you save the family

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Yet it would be a mistake to call the new republic a presidential regime. It is, in fact, a semi-presidential regime, in which the President of the republic, who embodies "the continuity of the state" and "assures, by his arbitrage, the regular functioning of the public powers," must delegate much of his power to a Prime Minister who, the constitution specifically prescribes, "directs the action of the government."

When the text of the new constitution was finally made public last September, many people were surprised that General de Gaulle had not insisted on establishing a completely presidential regime. But here, as in other fields, the often stiff-necked general had clearly bent over backwards in his desire to avoid appearing as one who might harbor dictatorial ambitions.

A tradition of mediocrity

In France, as elsewhere, bad memories die hard. Ever since Prince Louis Napoleon made himself Emperor of the French in 1851 by staging a plebiscite in his favor, France has been plagued by an instinctive fear that a strong President of the republic, backed by a popular mandate, might once again make himself a dictator. To guard against this eventuality the liberal aristocrats who drew up the "organic laws" of 1873-1875, which became the constitution of the Third Republic, gave the French Parliament the right to elect the President of the republic.

This in itself need not have made it mandatory that political mediocrity should be the first criterion for the selection of presidential timber. But, in fact, so jealous were French deputies and senators of their legislative rights and powers that it became an unwritten rule that only deputies or senators could be acceptable candidates and that a weak personality should always be preferred to a strong one. Clemenceau gave the rule its classic definition during the presidential election of

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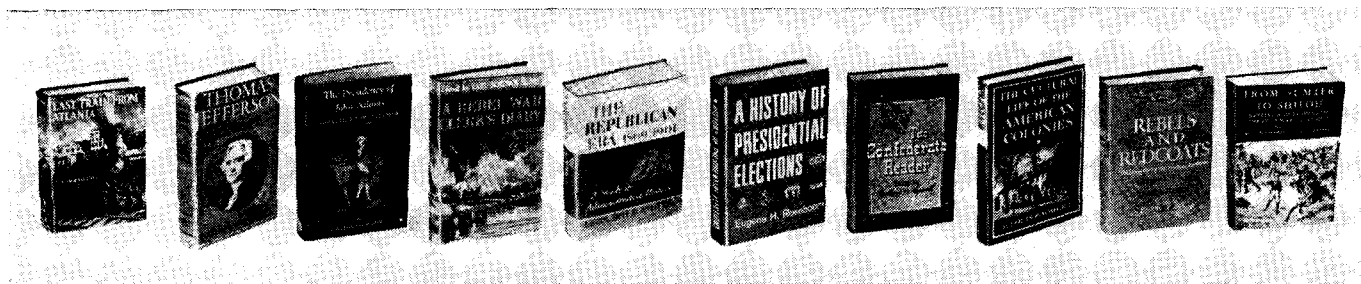
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Report on France



1887, when he urged his colleagues, "Vote for the stupidest!"

The constitution of the Fifth Republic has finally broken with the crippling tradition of almost seventy years' standing. The right to elect the President of the republic has been taken out of the hands of the members of Parliament; but it has not been placed — as would have been logical — in the hands of the French people. Instead, an interim solution has been invented whereby more than 75,000 electors, for the most part mayors or municipal councilors, will enjoy this right.

Critics of the new constitution have been heard to mutter that this arrangement will ensure the domination of the country over the city, and that it will permit the beetroot trust and other powerful agricultural lobbies to exercise an unwholesome pressure on the election of the President. As the first President is almost certain to be Charles de Gaulle, and as the presidential term extends a full seven years, it will not be until 1965 that we can judge whether these fears are justified.

But the fact that overseas member states of the new French Community will likewise enjoy the right to participate in the election of the President of the republic, who is also President of the Community, should — unless the Community collapses completely — hamper the backstage operations of pressure groups and sinister cabals and ensure the election of candidates of genuine stature.

The powers which the President of the republic will henceforth enjoy are considerable. He will have a suspensive veto, in that he can send back any bill passed by the two houses of Parliament and request that it be reconsidered. He can dissolve the National Assembly after consultation with the Prime Minister and the presidents of the two assemblies. This latter provision restores to the President a power he enjoyed under the Third Republic. However, only once in the seventy years

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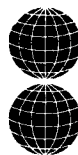
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Report on France



of the Third Republic did a French President dare invoke this power — Marshal MacMahon in 1877 — but it was done so clumsily that it provoked a furor in the country and was never invoked again. The history of the Weimar Republic, furthermore, during which the Reichstag was dissolved six times in eleven years without ensuring political stability, is a warning against the belief that the dissolution is enough to bring recalcitrant deputies into line or a working majority into being.

The Prime Minister's task

More important are the powers which the new constitution places in the hands of the Prime Minister and the government which he heads. These powers include everything from formulating the country's policy to assuring the execution of the laws. The Prime Minister is evidently intended to be the link between the President of the republic and the Parliament, and it is to be presumed that he will almost invariably be a member of one of its two houses. Though the Prime Minister is named by the President, his program and his colleagues must be accepted by the Parliament. If we were to imagine Senator Lyndon Johnson being called upon by President Eisenhower to form a cabinet, which would then meet under the President's chairmanship, we should have some idea of how the new French system of government is supposed to work.

Such a bicephalous system of government inevitably leaves a lot of questions unanswered. It is not clear whether or not the President can refuse to accept any of the Prime Minister's choices for other ministerial posts; nor is it clear just how much pressure he can bring to bear on the Prime Minister in the choice of colleagues or in the general conduct of policy.

The much-debated provision which obliges all cabinet ministers to yield their parliamentary mandates upon assuming office obviously opens the doors of the government to non-

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parliamentarian "technicians." But these technicians will still have to get their programs accepted by the French Parliament — a job which only the political professionals, the heads of the various political factions, can effect. Today, as yesterday, there is no prospect that French politics can be "depoliticized."

The constitution of the Fifth Republic, like all constitutions, is the creature of circumstance. The post of Prime Minister has obviously been given considerable scope to suit the personal tastes of General de Gaulle, who has never felt at home at the old game of slapping political backs, hobnobbing on parliamentary benches, and buttonholing reluctant voters in assembly corridors. He would much prefer to be back at Colombey-les-Deux-Églises, putting the final, perfect touches to the third volume of his memoirs. It is his evident intention to let the Prime Minister carry out the vital but for him disagreeable chores that all parliamentary life demands.

Much will depend, therefore, on whom he selects as his future Prime Minister. De Gaulle is evidently persuaded that there can be no prospect of parliamentary stability in France without a strong Socialist party. But the Prime Minister should also be someone who enjoys some measure of popularity among the Algerians. It will be difficult to find a man who will satisfy the Socialists and those on the other side of the Mediterranean.

In the final analysis, General de Gaulle is the only Frenchman who can maintain acceptable relations with Parliament, retain some control over the army high command in Algiers, and inspire any confidence in the leaders of the rebel FLN.

Today men like Ferhat Abbas, the head of the so-called "provisional government of Algeria," know — as do the Tunisians and the Moroccans — that they can no longer wait around for the present French government to collapse, so as to be able to extract more favorable terms from the next. General de Gaulle's tall, commanding presence will, whatever the future may hold, ensure some measure of that governmental stability which France has so sorely lacked during the last twelve years.

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IT HAS been more than half a century since President McKinley, trumpeting “manifest destiny” as his reason, accepted an offer of the Hawaiian Republic to be annexed to the United States. A joint resolution of Congress in 1898 made Hawaii an “integral part of the United States.”

This past summer, six days after the Senate had approved admission of Alaska as the forty-ninth state in the American union, Hawaiian Governor William F. Quinn, who had rushed to Washington as part of a delegation to press Hawaii’s statehood, declared that “the Congress can hardly shut the door now in the face of Hawaii, which has a well-developed economy, after the admission of Alaska, which is still a frontier area.”

All sorts of reasons have been advanced in the past to prevent statehood: lack of contiguity with the rest of the union (an argument now worthless in view of Alaska), a small population which would dilute representation in Congress of the larger states because Hawaii would have two senators (but Hawaii’s half million population is more than twice Alaska’s and larger than that of four states) and, finally, doubts about the loyalty of Hawaiians.

The loyalty argument, most recently revived by a 1957 Senate internal security subcommittee headed by Mississippi’s Senator James O. Eastland, is basically a question of race. And here, in fact, is the key issue which so far has militated against Hawaiian statehood, just as it has against home rule or national representation for the District of Columbia, which has a population larger than that of Hawaii and Alaska combined. In the district’s case, the issue is the growing percentage of Negro population; in Hawaii it is the polyglot population. In each case the Southern Democrats fear a lessening of their ability to control racial or civil rights legislation, above all in the United States Senate.

In the final roll call on Alaskan statehood, passed 64 to 20 in the Senate, twelve Southern Democrats and one from a border state (Mon-

roncy of Oklahoma) were joined by seven Republicans in the “no” column. Yet since Alaska seemed to be a white man’s area, despite the Eskimo, five Southern Democrats felt politically able to vote for statehood.

Hawaii, however, is different. To understand, a bit of history is necessary. When Captain James Cook, the English explorer-navigator, discovered the islands in 1778, he found them populated by people who had crossed the Pacific from Polynesia hundreds of years earlier. A few years after Cook’s visit most of the hereditary chiefs who had ruled independent kingdoms from time immemorial were brought under control by the warrior King of Hawaii, the largest of the islands. In 1795, Kamehameha proclaimed himself King of Hawaii, establishing a monarchy which lasted until 1893, five years before annexation by the United States.

It was not Cook’s visit, however, but the arrival in 1820 of New England Christian missionaries which set the course for Hawaii. These indomitable and industrious souls brought not only Christianity but Western civilization to the island paradise. Soon the white man began to cultivate sugar, and for this he needed large amounts of labor. From the middle of the last century on, there was large-scale immigration from Japan, the Philippines, and China.

A polyglot population

The result is today’s polyglot population. The 1950 census showed the islands’ largest racial group to be the 37 per cent who are of Japanese ancestry, with 12 per cent Filipino and 6.5 per cent Chinese. Native Hawaiians and part-Hawaiians accounted for 17 per cent, and Caucasians — that is, whites from mainland America — totaled 23 per cent. Of the total population in 1950, some 84 per cent were native-born American citizens.

The Caucasians long have dominated the business and political life of the islands. It was Sanford B. Dole, of the missionary family (later to be associated with the pineapple industry), who

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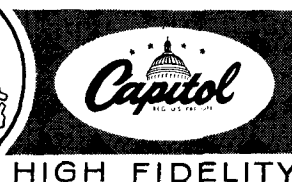
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Report on Hawaii



in 1894 became President of the Hawaiian Republic, admittedly a rather high-handed move to end the monarchy and put the islands under the American flag. Yet racial harmony has been excellent, and members of many races have held and do hold public office. Hawaii's fine public school system sprang from the mission schools and has had much to do with welding together the many races from both sides of the Pacific. The missionaries, too, embodied in Hawaiian law and custom the mainland's democratic principles.

Loyalty to the U.S.

The attack on Hawaiian loyalty is essentially two-pronged. Doubts have been cast on the loyalty of those of Japanese and Chinese ancestry, in the years preceding and immediately after the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor, and more recently as the Chinese everywhere have been divided in their loyalties to the motherland. Secondly, loyalty is questioned in regard to labor unions, specifically referring to Harry Bridges' International Longshoremen's and Warehousemen's Union, which dominates the important water front.

On the first count the evidence is impressively negative. FBI Director J. Edgar Hoover has testified to the fact that throughout the entire period of World War II, not a single case of sabotage by a Hawaiian was reported. Furthermore, the two Hawaiian units composed of Americans of Japanese ancestry, fighting in Europe, formed what General Mark Clark described as "the most decorated unit in the entire military history of the United States." Hawaiians served impressively with their fellow Americans again in the Korean War.

On the second count the evidence is also negative. The ILWU has been expelled from the AFL-CIO as Communist dominated, and Bridges' far-Left views are well known. But despite rumors during the Korean War that Communists in the union

would disrupt or sabotage supply lines to the Far East, "nothing of the sort occurred," as a report of the Senate Interior and Insular Affairs Committee stated in 1954. Further, the union leadership's opposition in 1950 to the proposed state constitution plebiscite, which contained a strong anti-Communist provision, was unable to prevent approval by an overwhelming majority. As the same Senate report expressed it, "it is apparent that the ILWU leadership lacks the power to play into the hands of the enemies of America."

Anti-statehood leaders have argued that the prosecution of Communist leaders in Hawaii revealed a dangerous underground. It seems fair, however, to accept the word of Attorney General Brownell when he said that the prosecution of Hawaiians in 1954 was "no more of an indication of the strength of the party in that area than the convictions of the Communist leaders in New York, Pittsburgh, Seattle and Los Angeles are indications of party control and domination in those areas." In March, 1957, the present attorney general said that there had been no significant change in the number of Communists in Hawaii in the past three years.

The faraway islands

The race and Communist issues aside, perhaps the most effective single reason for hesitation is distance. After all, Hawaii is "way out there in the middle of the Pacific." In fact, the islands, created by volcanic thrusts from the ocean floor, are eight in number (with some smaller ones scattered among them), with the city of Honolulu on Oahu Island, about two thousand miles southwest of San Francisco. The islands stretch some fifteen hundred miles northwest to Midway which, however, along with a number of related islands such as Palmyra and Johnston, probably will be outside the state and under direct Washington control for military reasons.

But distance is far less meaningful today than when Captain Cook or the missionaries arrived. Pearl Harbor day in 1941 forever made the islands part of America in an emotional sense. And the coming jet age will bring the senators and representatives from Honolulu to Washington in about nine hours. Hono-

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LITTLE, BROWN

lulu, in fact, is closer to San Francisco than San Francisco is to Washington.

The race issue, dominant thus far in the opposition to Hawaiian statehood, though few say so out loud in Washington, may well serve to force statehood through Congress before the next election. For majorities in both parties will be anxious to show up well on roll calls involving racial rights. This will become apparent as soon as the 86th Congress meets. For unless all signs fail, there will be a major battle in the Senate to find a way to kill the unlimited debate which the Southern Democrats depend upon to block civil rights legislation.

A look at the record of voting on Hawaiian statehood shows that there is little doubt it can pass, if there is a chance for a vote. The House has three times voted for statehood; in 1947 by 196 to 133; in 1950, 262 to 110; and in 1953 by 274 to 138. The first time the bill died in the Senate committee. The second time the committee favorably reported it, but it never got to the Senate floor. The third time it was killed by a 57 to 28 vote, when it was tied to Alaskan statehood. In 1955, the House voted 218 to 170 to send back to committee a combined Hawaiian-Alaskan statehood bill. That maneuver is no longer possible, of course, with Alaska already admitted.

In 1954, voting on the House measure passed in 1953, the Senate roundly defeated two other delaying moves to grant commonwealth status and to refer to the people of Hawaii the commonwealth question. In 1958, incidentally, a newly organized Hawaiian Commonwealth Party, calling for a status similar to that of Puerto Rico instead of statehood, made such a dismal showing as to all but bury that idea.

Early in 1959, according to current strategy, Hawaiian statehood backers will try first for House action. If the measure emerges from the Interior Committee, it must somehow get past the Rules Committee, where Southern power is great. Yet there is little doubt, especially with Alaska's star being sewed into the flag, that statehood will win House approval. The real battleground will be the Senate.



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LETTERS TO AND FROM THE EDITOR

The Teamsters

SIR:

I want to commend the *Atlantic* for printing the most thorough and comprehensive account which has been written of the investigations that have been made of the Teamsters Union. ("The Teamsters Defy the Government" by Clark Mollenhoff, November *Atlantic*.) Mr. Mollenhoff has highlighted the ability of the Teamster leaders to use their money and power insidiously to corrupt and destroy their opposition.

Next to the United States government, the Teamsters Union through its control of transportation is the most powerful organization in the country. Unchecked and corruptly dominated from the top by Mr. Hoffa, it poses an internal danger of unequaled force.

The many hundreds of thousands of honest Teamsters Union members are powerless to deal with this leadership. Unless legislation is passed and steps are taken as outlined in Mr. Mollenhoff's article, within a few years we will have an economy dominated by gangsters and racketeers.

ROBERT F. KENNEDY
Boston, Mass.

Grey seas under

SIR:

As one of your subscribers who has spent a considerable portion of his life on deep water, not invariably blue, I have been most impressed by "Grey Seas Under" by Farley Mowat, published in the September and October, 1958, *Atlantic*. Of the sea yarns I have read, there are very few which ring true. This is one. The two excerpts you have published express the intimacy with the sea of

one who has lived with it and learned to know, respect, love, and hate it.

CLIFFORD H. ROPER, Rear Admiral USN (ret.)
Alamo, Calif.

SIR:

The excerpts from "Grey Seas Under" were a fine example of the excellence of the *Atlantic*. I thoroughly enjoyed them and will be looking forward to reading the book. [*The Grey Seas Under* was published on October 20. — Ed.]

MRS. JOSEPH C. WHITE
New York City

SIR:

I have just finished the excerpts from "Grey Seas Under," and they are corkers. I was more than ordinarily interested because I once did a bit of traveling on the old bucket, *Foundation Franklin*, many years ago.

TOM HORGAN
The Associated Press
Boston, Mass.

Segregation in Illinois

The letter which follows seems to have been evoked by Fletcher Martin's article in the October *Atlantic*, "'We Don't Want Your Kind!'" — Segregation in Illinois." Bearing an Indiana postmark, it was received a few days before the Peoria bombing outrage on October 14.

— THE EDITOR

SIR:

Having lived in Peoria, Illinois, for a while, I can say, speaking not as a Negro but as a white, that there is among those who control the town an overriding contempt for individual rights. Although they find the "Land of Lincoln" slogan politically useful, they derive a certain cynical pleasure from the paradox

that they feel themselves to be rather of the Douglas persuasion in many ways. However, Douglas should not be maligned in such a way, since the people who control Peoria are really a Nazi-like clique. They will wage a campaign of terror against a non-conformist, using tactics they must have learned from or taught to gangsters.

May I ask you to withhold my name, even though I am no longer in Illinois.

Name withheld by request

The California schools

Scores of letters, pro and con, have come to us in response to Mortimer Smith's article, "How to Teach the California Child," in the September *Atlantic*. We feel that those who spoke out in defense of California schools will find their position fairly represented by Arthur F. Corey's article, "The California Schools Do Educate," in this issue. Mr. Smith's comments in rebuttal follow.

— THE EDITOR

I will deal first with what Mr. Corey thinks are errors in my article:

1. The way I heard it, it was a mock wedding that was held in the Oakland High School, but I am willing to settle for a mock wedding reception. There were present a mock bride, groom, and clergyman. Whatever the *mise en scène*, it is educational boondoggling and does not belong in school.

2. Mr. Corey contends that no such course as "How to Be Attractive and Well Groomed" is being taught in any Los Angeles county high school. In J. Paul Leonard's *Developing the Secondary School Curriculum* (sixth edition, 1952) he will find this course fully described.

3. I did not mean to suggest that only three California junior colleges offer courses in marriage and family relations; most of them do. The content of these courses is trivial and bears little relation to the serious business of getting an education. As to my suggestion that the quality of education in California schools is poor, Mr. Corey says, in effect: 1. If it is, don't blame us — we have had trouble; 2. You cannot prove it.

Mr. Corey refuses to attach any significance to the Tests of General Educational Development, which do show deterioration. As I pointed out, California educational officials thought results were significant in 1943, when the test gave a more favorable picture of California achievement. I agree that there has been no wide-scale general testing in California that would offer conclusive proof about achievement, but wanting such proof, I believe *my* straws in the wind showing deterioration are more impressive than his emphasis showing improvement.

I think even such a doughty defender of the status quo as Mr. Corey would be sobered by the tremendous volume of letters I received from California parents and teachers about my article, saying, in substance, "It was about time someone said this" and "You don't know the half of it." He might even be impressed by the number of teachers who deplore the rigid ideological orthodoxy of the California Teachers Association.

For a long time now Mr. Corey has been calling critics of California schools irresponsible and lacking in integrity, but such charges will not lay the specter of the educational deficiency in his state. One California teacher tells a story that gives some indication of how that state's public education is considered in other places. A native of Oklahoma, she recently made a journey home to find that at a state meeting of Oklahoma teachers there was a section titled, "What to Do with a California Child."

— MORTIMER SMITH

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In the United States, public schools are prohibited by law from providing such an education. (In Canada, Toronto public schools have prayers and Bible readings; Quebec public and parochial schools are both tax-supported.)

It is not uncommon in our times to see highly-educated persons whose knowledge is not "*permeated by Christian piety.*" One, for example, may achieve distinction in the field of biology while holding to the view that man has no soul to save. Another will achieve scholastic prominence in the field of human relations without believing at all in the sanctity of marriage. Some attain greatness in the academic aspects of science while refusing to concede that divine considerations have any weight in their field.

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BIG BUSINESS IN RUSSIA

BY EDWARD CRANKSHAW

The enormous growth of Russian industry has built up Soviet business tycoons, and in this penetrating paper EDWARD CRANKSHAW shows how the power of these industrialists has been curbed and redirected by Khrushchev. Mr. Crankshaw is recognized here and in Britain as a leading authority on the U.S.S.R. His earlier books have grown out of his residence in that country, and he is on his way back to Moscow as this article goes to press.

Few people outside the Soviet Union have ever had a clear image of the magnitude of the several branches of Soviet industry or of the power and stature of the largely unknown men who run them. Thus the news of the radical economic reorganization pushed through by Khrushchev in the early summer of 1957 evoked very little response in the West, which simply did not understand the issues involved. Indeed, at that time all interest was centered on the downfall of Malenkov, Molotov, Kaganovich, and Shepilov, and most people did not realize that Khrushchev's victory over the Anti-party Group (which meant the anti-Khrushchev group) was inextricably bound up with an economic and administrative revolution which was at that moment, in the grand Russian manner, convulsing the whole country.

More than a year has gone by since that revolution was made. An immense upheaval, full of grief and bitterness for a host of able and formidable individuals, has left scarcely a surface sign. Khrushchev has consolidated his position more thoroughly, although it is still erroneous to see him as an absolute tyrant, or dictator, responsible to himself alone. Soviet industry, moving ponderously and magnificently along its new

lines, continues to deliver the goods, as far as can be seen, no more and no less efficiently than before. And now that the shouting has died down, it is a good time to contemplate the operation in retrospect and consider what it tells us of the workings of the Soviet system, of the Soviet leadership, and, in particular, of Khrushchev's mind.

The outward story is quite simple. In February of 1957 Khrushchev, as first secretary of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union (Bulganin was still Prime Minister), convened a plenum of the party's Central Committee. He put before the assembly an explosive set of proposals. The development of Soviet industry, he said, was being impeded by an outdated ministerial structure. If production was to continue at the required rate, there must be a radical reform of this structure, and the central bureaucracy must be broken up.

He therefore proposed that most of the gigantic industrial ministries, the chiefs of which sat on the Council of Ministers, should be abolished at a stroke. The necessity of referring everything back to the central ministries in Moscow, the rivalries produced by the conflicting interests of individual ministries, and the absence of close cooperation between concerns working side by side in the

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various regions, but answerable to separate ministries at the center, were strangling initiative, impeding dispatch, and resulting in excessive waste and duplication. The highly centralized bureaucratic system had been adequate, he said, in the early days of industrial expansion, when drive and close coordination from the center were a vital necessity. But it was no longer the best system.

In place of the all-union and republican industrial ministries, there should be set up a number of regional authorities, to be known as national economic councils (*Sovnarkhozy*), with the task of coordinating and controlling the total industrial activity of the various regions. The underlying idea was that the various industries in each separate region should be integrated into a harmonious system based on mutual interdependence within each region. In the interests of the national economy, as expressed in the state plans, there would have to be a controlling body to give directives to the *Sovnarkhozy* in the regions. This body, Khrushchev said, should be the State Planning Commission, strengthened for the purpose; its directives should have the force of law.

These proposals, put forward in February, 1957, were first made public on March 30. From the beginning they were associated exclusively with Khrushchev and were known as the Khrushchev Theses. No other member of the Central Committee or the Council of Ministers put his name to them.

The debate was, nevertheless, sharp, far-ranging, and unusually outspoken. Although the higher leadership said nothing, the debate was reflected in the party press, and there was some fairly drastic criticism of Khrushchev's proposals from highly placed individuals, usually from the ministers affected and from factories. At the same time, factory directors seemed to enjoy letting off steam about their pet anomalies, and the press was full of ludicrous examples of the muddle and waste behind the imposing industrial façade.

At the May session of the Supreme Soviet the Khrushchev Theses, with certain important modifications, became law, and their author characteristically demanded speed. The whole structure of administration, covering most of the vast industrial machine, slowly built up over the years, was to be torn down and rebuilt by July 1, just seven weeks from the promulgation of the decree. That is to say, some twenty ministries were to be abolished (fewer than Khrushchev had originally demanded), their buildings evacuated, the *Sovnarkhozy* set up all over the Union, housed and manned, all in seven weeks.

There was clearly something more than Khrushchev's impatient ebullience behind this demand

for speed at all costs. The obvious deduction was that he had met with heavy opposition behind the scenes, that he was now hustling his opponents, and that he could afford to give them no time to regroup themselves. Within a month Molotov, Malenkov, Kaganovich, and Shepilov were dismissed from office, banished to remote regions, accused of anti-party activity, and, in the case of Malenkov, charged with a capital crime: complicity in the Leningrad "plot."

SO MUCH for the outward story; expanding Soviet industry was being freed from red tape and bureaucratic centralization carried to the point of lunacy. The great Moscow hives of unproductive and often obstructive officials batten on the active producers were overturned. The officials were scattered to all points of the compass. The ministerial overlords, men of formidable caliber and heavily entrenched vested interests, some of them as powerful as the president of General Motors, were suddenly out of their jobs. The directors of industrial trusts, the individual factory managers, the chief engineers would no longer have to wait on Moscow's decisions before varying their appointed routine in the smallest degree. Thousands of lesser officials would be freed from paper work for productive labor. The ceaseless and time-consuming journeys between Moscow and the distant provinces would be cut down. It all sounded wonderful.

A dozen or more great industrial ministries — steel, oil, chemicals, heavy machines, and so on — had, over the years, taken to manufacturing for themselves and in their own factories everything that might conceivably be needed in their work. They had done this partly in the ordinary way of empire building, partly according to the Soviet version of Parkinson's Law, but more particularly in a very natural and, indeed, necessary effort to make sure that their own plans were fulfilled and their own production schedules carefully insulated from the effects of failures and bottlenecks outside their control. Thus the ministry of coal, for example, would build its own cement works, set up its own building trusts (there were numerous separate building trusts run by different Moscow ministries in a single small provincial town), manufacture its own bulldozers and excavators and electrical machinery.

These ministerial empires, run by men who were born tycoons, were also beginning to represent centers of power which seriously threatened the one permissible center of power, the Communist Party.

Khrushchev did not mention this. Nor did he

mention another aspect of the system which must also have been giving him grave cause for concern: the development of what amounted to a private enterprise network within the elephantine and rigidly controlled state network — the development and proliferation of a new kind of Soviet man not prescribed in the textbooks, the *tolkach*, or fixer.

Khrushchev had a good deal to say about the worst anomalies, with examples from real life. "The existing structure of the industrial and construction ministries," he said in Section II of his Theses, "is a multi-stage and complicated one. Ministries and departments exercising leadership from the center over enterprises situated throughout the country inevitably accumulate round themselves numerous parallel organizations — various offices for sale and supply, depots, trusts, and so forth. The ministries have many different central administrations, departments, divisions. . . . The territorial central administrations in charge of enterprises in Siberia, Central Asia, the Far East, and other remote regions are, as a rule, situated in Moscow. . . . The workers of the ministries are forced to spend much time on inter-departmental correspondence . . . reports and memoranda. . . . The huge streams of paper coming from the ministries divert a large number of workers at enterprises from practical work. Many specialists are called to the center from the localities . . . and spend months at the ministries."

And so on. All this is a pale image of the situation vividly reflected in Dudintsev's novel, *Not by Bread Alone*. Khrushchev was correct in concluding that the "200,000 industrial establishments and 100,000 construction sites" scattered over the face of the Soviet Union could not be efficiently guided and controlled from Moscow. What he did not say, or even hint at, was how this ludicrous system had managed to work as well as it did.

THE answer, very largely, lay with the fixer. It was this merry soul who made the wheels go round. He inhabited a sort of shadowland between the law and the labor camp — that shadowland which is the true reality of the Soviet Union, where people show their real faces and behave like human beings and where everything gets done. The state bureaucracy left to itself, left to develop unhindered to its logical conclusion, would long ago have ground to a virtual standstill. But the Russians, for all their love of theorizing, are a practical race with a heavy dash of cynicism; and they are also brilliant improvisers. Thus it was that hard-pressed factory directors spontaneously de-

veloped a system to keep the wheels turning, a system which amounted to a private enterprise network operating under cover of the state enterprise network and short-circuiting it at all points.

Factory directors, the heads of trusts and combines, even the heads of ministries are not interested in the state plan as a whole. They are interested in their own careers and in making a success of their jobs. Each and every one of them is bound by his appointed plan, imposed by Moscow with the force of law and stretching his capacities to the limit. Heavy bonuses are earned by exceeding the plan; on the other hand, if the excess is too marked, planned production is increased for the following year: today's surplus becomes tomorrow's norm. To fulfill the plan at all, each concern depends on the punctual delivery of raw materials and components or machines from other factories; but in the vast civil service network, smothered in red tape and abounding in bottlenecks, punctual delivery was rare. To provide against emergencies, the directors and managers made sure that they had adequate reserves of everything they needed; but this sort of hoarding was frowned on by the center.

The answer was to circumvent the center; and this was where the fixer came in. Often he was a highly respectable and trustworthy individual, although, naturally, the profession attracted its spivs. He was the contact man *in excelsis*. He was usually paid a salary and commission, but the interesting thing is that he was often paid by two or more concerns. On the books of an electrical components factory in Kharkov, he would appear as "our representative in Ivanovno"; but on the books of a textile mill in Ivanovno, he would appear as "our Kharkov representative." His job was to ensure that the electrical factory received direct consignments of insulating cotton from Ivanovno and that the textile mill received direct supplies of electrical equipment from Kharkov — the relevant ministries being bypassed and the central planners confounded.

This is a very simple case of the fantastic and complicated barter system which flourished within the rigid framework of the state plan. On top of all this, the *tolkach*, the fixer, was often an expert at rigging books, at concealing reserves, at influencing important officials, at ministerial lobbying. He was, in effect, the unsung hero of the Soviet economic system. And he made the system work by the simple expedient of ignoring it. Khrushchev undoubtedly had the fixers in mind when he put forward his celebrated Theses. For the fixer, proliferating, was making nonsense of the planned economy. More seriously, he was making a mockery of party control.

In one way and another, and from top to bot-

tom, the Soviet industrial system had for years been developing an autonomous life of its own and moving ever further away from party control. If the party was to reassert itself after Stalin's death, it had to take action against the new managerial class, as in 1953 it had taken action against Beria's police empire. The man who had decided to stake everything on controlling and reactivating the party machine was Khrushchev. The man who was most closely associated with the new managerial class was Malenkov.

MANY failed to perceive this fundamental opposition, because Malenkov himself had risen to power, no less than Khrushchev, inside the party apparatus: for years he was regarded as the arch *apparatchik*. Further, most of the leading figures of the managerial class were themselves party members, some of them standing quite high in the hierarchy. But there is all the difference in the world between being a party member, even a senior party member, for reasons of convenience, and being a professional party functionary, or *apparatchik*.

As for Malenkov, at some time during, or soon after, the war, he seems to have decided that the future lay not with the party secretaries but with the new industrial bosses and technocrats, who were beginning to consolidate themselves into the fourth center of power — the other three being the party, the police, and the army — all held in check by Stalin personally. At any rate, he was seen to be ever more closely associated with the outstanding figures of this new class, who, in the first years after the war, during the tremendous drive for reconstruction, began to invade the higher echelons of government, quite manifestly to the disgust of the professional party functionaries. I am referring to people like Tevosyan, the man who created Russia's steel industry and who was regarded with limitless admiration by old Krupp, and Malyshev, who before his death was in charge of the automation drive. There were many more. They formed a great new class, which had suffered much and won. They were less interested in politics and ideology than in managing and making and in securing a better life for their children than they had themselves enjoyed. They had been created by Stalin's industrial revolution, and, having survived all the purges, they had built up the great industrial machine, which they alone knew how to run. They considered themselves indispensable. And they were the spearhead of what amounted to a new bourgeoisie, a brand-new middle class such as Russia had never known before, with a vested interest in stability.

Malenkov, perhaps as a result of his especially close contact with these men during the war, had evidently decided that they formed the future ruling class of the Soviet Union, a class which had moved Right, away from Leninism. Khrushchev, whether from conviction or ambition or a combination of both, took his stand on the party apparatus — on the cadres, that is to say, of a revitalized party (the party, in Stalin's last years, had lost its coherence, its drive, and its authority, and was good for nothing; there was no other authority than Stalin).

This opposition was visible even before Stalin's death, when, at the nineteenth Party Congress in the autumn of 1952, Khrushchev came forward as the champion of party purity and integrity; the party was to be purged of bureaucracy and careerism and restored to its pristine glory. It began to manifest itself in action almost immediately after Stalin's death, when Malenkov, yielding to pressures which are not yet understood, gave up his great office of first secretary of the party and took his stand as Prime Minister, or chairman of a formidable Council of Ministers. After Beria had been removed in the summer of 1953 the conflict became ever more marked, as Malenkov continued to stress the need for a more prosperous and tranquil Soviet Union and Khrushchev began to invoke the spirit of Leninism and demand that party functionaries all over the country should give more time and thought to the supervision of every aspect of life, especially industry and economics. This was not a conflict between reactionary Stalinism and liberalizing Khrushchevism, although it was made to appear so. It was a conflict between Khrushchev and Malenkov, between the man who was determined to revive the party as the force which would carry him to supreme power and the man who had hitched his wagon to the new apolitical managers, the men who were running Soviet industry on the lines I have roughly sketched.

Thus Khrushchev's 1957 Theses were by no means exclusively concerned with the promotion of efficiency. They were concerned with the reassertion of the party's grip on the economy of the U.S.S.R. — and of Khrushchev's own grip on the party.

KHRUSHCHEV won his second round against Malenkov (the first was when he took the party secretaryship from him) in February, 1955, when Malenkov retired from the premiership in favor of Bulganin, still remaining, however, an active figure and a member of the party Presidium. Almost at once Khrushchev indicated that radical changes were in store for Soviet industry. When the attention of the Western world was concentrated

on the Summit Conference at Geneva in July, 1955, he caused to be published a long and detailed report on the state of industry, which, it turned out, had been delivered some weeks earlier by Marshal Bulganin to the Central Committee. This report, which told the world more about certain aspects of Soviet industry than it had ever known before, was overlooked in the West at the time because the Summit obscured it.

For some time, however, things went on as they were, although Bulganin had demanded a radical overhaul of the whole industrial setup. Khrushchev was then very busy improving his own position, developing his foreign policy, packing the party with his supporters, and so on. There was also agriculture. Industry was at least delivering the goods; agriculture was not, and it had to be put right first. It was not until December, 1956, that it became finally clear that Khrushchev was fighting his heaviest and most critical battle on the industrial front and was within an ace of losing it.

Nineteen fifty-six was the year of the de-Stalinization. It was the year in which the Polish rebellion, the Hungarian uprising, and incipient revolt inside the Soviet Union itself brought Khrushchev very close to defeat. And the first major sign that he had lost much ground and that Malenkov was working for a comeback in alliance not so much with his own friends as with Khrushchev's enemies (Molotov and Kaganovich) was the announcement of a far-reaching reform of the central planning apparatus for industry. It was not the sort of reform which would have appealed to Khrushchev. It left the industrialist ministries intact, reduced in importance and authority the State Planning Commission, and provided for the setting up of a new body with virtually dictatorial powers over the whole industrial front: the State Economic Committee, with the deputy premier, Pervukhin, as its chairman. This reform, which was agreed to at the December plenum of the Central Committee in the closing days of 1956, marked a clear victory for what is loosely called the bureaucracy (Malenkov's private army) over the party apparatus — thus over Khrushchev himself.

But the new body never got into action. For it was only two months later that Khrushchev, by processes which remain totally obscure (though Marshal Zhukov evidently played a part in them) made his own comeback and surprised everybody and shocked many by convening another Central Committee plenum and confronting it with his revolutionary Theses. Under his plan the newly formed State Economic Committee was to be abolished, the industrial ministries were to be abolished, the bureaucracy was to be scattered, the party was to be supreme. In May, with certain modifica-

tions, his Theses became law. In July they were put into effect. And Malenkov, Molotov, Kaganovich were banished. With them went Khrushchev's own proud protégé, Dmitri Shepilov, who had clearly tried to change sides in the heat of the quarrel and paid for it with his career.

WITH this background, it is not surprising that the Khrushchev reorganization, as finally put into practice, left a good deal to be desired when seen from the blinkered point of view of the professional efficiency expert. The idea of breaking up the Moscow ministries was good, up to a point. There was no doubt a great deal to be said for establishing, or developing, regional complexes of industry grouped around local centers enjoying some autonomy and cutting across all departmental lines. I am not qualified to discuss such matters, except in very general terms. The task facing any individual desirous of rationalizing Soviet production is complex in the extreme. In the first instance he is confronted with the problems involved in making modern large-scale organizations work, of energizing them without allowing them to get out of hand, of directing them centrally without bringing them to a standstill — problems faced and only partly solved by the huge capitalist combines of Britain and America and the nationalized industries of Britain. In the second place any solution he arrives at must fit, or appear to fit, into the theoretical framework of the Soviet system as a whole.

But the solution imposed on the Soviet Union by Khrushchev and his friends is so patently bad, and so irrelevant to the real problems it purports to tackle, that it is permissible to doubt whether it was ever intended as a serious contribution to the rationalization of industry and to ask whether the whole reorganization, or revolution, was not distorted out of recognition for political ends.

The task of the *Sovnarkhozy* is to exploit and develop the industries of their separate regions as a balanced whole. Obviously it would be impossible to make each region entirely self-supporting, and in any scheme there would have to be export and import trading between regions, particularly in the matter of raw materials. But if the regional division of the vast territory of the Soviet Union were to make any sense at all from the economic point of view, the regions themselves would have to be large, and every effort would have to be made to draw the dividing lines between regions with economic considerations heavily emphasized. For example, some regions would be contrived to offer every opportunity for something approaching self-sufficiency. Where this was impossible —

for instance, in the great oil, coal, iron, and timber producing areas — the region would be contrived to concentrate, for easy export, the greatest possible aggregate of individual raw materials. There would be specialist regions, with economic councils staffed by specialists, and mixed regions.

But do we find anything like this? We do not. We find in the first place a hundred and five separate regions; we find that the map of these regions has little or no relevance to the map of the industrial economy — instead, in almost all cases the economic regional boundaries coincide with the existing local government boundaries: in the case of small republics, the republican boundaries; in the case of large ones, the *oblast*, or provincial boundaries.

Why this total disregard for economic geography? Why this rigid adherence to the local government territorial divisions which largely date back to Imperial Russia? The answer, surely, is that the virtual ruler of each region is the party secretary, appointed and controlled by the first secretary in Moscow, Khrushchev himself. The chairman of each *Sovnarkhoz* must be appointed or approved by Moscow. Either he is a local industrialist bureaucrat, already used to working under the local party secretary, or he is sent out from one of the dissolved Moscow ministries, a stranger to his region and entirely dependent for support and guidance on the established party organization. At a single blow, Khrushchev took control of industry away from the new managerial class and put it into the hands of his own party functionaries in a hundred and five separate regions.

The *Sovnarkhozy*, scarcely more than a year old, are now, we are told, working smoothly. Certainly, according to the official figures, production has not suffered from the revolution. Equally certainly the creation of the *Sovnarkhozy* has not made an end of anomalies and waste in Soviet production.

It is very hard to find out exactly what is happening. In the first place, Moscow is full of senior bureaucrats who should by rights have gone off to the regions, far or near, to take up posts in the *Sovnarkhozy*. They have blandly refused to leave Moscow, and most of them have found other jobs — many in the inflated *Gosplan* organization, the separate departments of which are, in many cases, already disguised ministries. The great industrial ministries have been abolished, it is true; but innumerable trusts and combines have kept their Moscow offices, and, on top of that, each of the hundred and five *Sovnarkhozy* seems to have its own Moscow office for liaison with the State Planning Commission, innumerable government departments, the defense and transport ministries (which were excluded from last year's reorganization, and remain intact), and each other. There

are already springing up in Moscow new bureaucratic agglomerations. These have absorbed many of the displaced bureaucrats, and they perform many of the coordinating functions of the old ministries.

On the other hand, the regional *Sovnarkhozy* are staffed, especially in the remoter areas, largely by local men, already strongly imbued with regional pride. I am not suggesting that there have been no transfers from Moscow to the provinces: on the contrary, there have been a great many. But the operation as a whole has produced nothing like the clean sweep that a stranger, unfamiliar with Russian ways, might expect from the terms of the Supreme Soviet's directive.

Until just over a year ago, waste and duplication arose largely from interdepartmental jealousy and distrust, from ministerial empire building, from lack of cooperation between ministries operating, as it were, in parallel in the same territory. Today waste and duplication are arising from interregional jealousy and distrust, from regional empire building, from lack of cooperation between the new *Sovnarkhozy*. Already there are telltale indications in the press. The *Sovnarkhozy* are proving to be reprehensibly selfish and more interested in building up their own regions than in the national economy as a whole. One particular outcome of this is that distribution, always one of the weakest features of the Soviet economy (especially in the matter of consumer goods), has become more chancy than ever before. Certainly the *tolkach*, the fixer, is still very much in evidence; but now he acts as a contact man between regions instead of between ministries.

KHRUSHCHEV has broken the growing power of the great industrial ministries; he has removed some of the more crippling anomalies of the ministerial system; without really decentralizing the Soviet economy he has given a much-needed impetus to the big provincial centers; he has provided a new framework for industry which could be invaluable in time of war and is susceptible of being modified to form a sensible and flexible adaptation to the economic facts of life. But much remains to be done, particularly in the way of reducing the number of regions and redrawing their boundaries. Meanwhile, the outstanding feature of the reorganization is the political aspect: the reassertion of party power over industry.

What do we mean by "the party?"

The party, first and foremost, is Khrushchev himself. But who are the hundred and five republican and provincial party secretaries who now play so big a part in controlling and guiding,

through the *Sovnarkhozy*, their local industries? Are they Communist fanatics who think of their work exclusively in terms of the greater glory of the Communist revolution? I do not think they are. Do they see themselves, and the great regions they control, and everything they produce in those regions, simply as part of a great ideological design? I do not think they do. Is there in fact a fundamental difference between the preoccupations and aims of the dethroned bureaucrats from the central ministries and the higher party chieftains in the provinces? I do not think there is.

The division, insisted upon by Khrushchev himself, between the bureaucracy and the party is, it seems to me, an artificial one. It has misled many, and continues to do so, in their appreciation of the forces at work inside the Soviet Union today. The late ministerial chieftain, now working in the provinces or creating a new job for himself in Moscow, and the average party functionary, developing his career inside the ruling body of the U.S.S.R., are very like each other: both are ambitious individuals sharing the characteristics of ambitious men everywhere in the world, both are good at managing, both enjoy the exercise of power. There may be differences of emphasis. The typical industrial bureaucrat may have a slightly more concrete approach to life, may be slightly more technically minded; the typical party careerist may be slightly more interested in ideas than in things. But both are nearer in interests, attitude, and attack to able men in the West than they are to the old-fashioned Leninist revolutionary.

In a word, Soviet industry continues to move, in spite of its new labels, in the direction it has followed since the war. The fight between the industrial bureaucracy and the party officials was, in a sense, a phony war. The real struggle was between individuals. And the real issue was whether the party organization, the ruling body, subordinated absolutely to the central secretariat, should allow individuals, splinter organizations — a whole class outside the party hierarchy — to develop into an organized pressure group, or whether, at the cost of some broken heads, some disorganization, some sacrifice of proved and valuable ability, the party organization should seek to absorb into itself the accumulated power and experience of the great industrial network.

Khrushchev chose the latter course. But he must know very well that his party secretaries all over the country will, in consequence, find themselves being pulled ever more strongly into the orbit of the makers and the producers and away from the doctrinaires. Probably he does not mind this so long as he controls the machinery which comprehends them all.

HOW THE BEASTS KEEP CHRISTMAS

BY PHYLLIS MCGINLEY

At midnight's stroke,
In barn, in stall,
Kneel all
The dumb folk.

Meekly bow
In reverence, then,
The silly hen,
The horned cow,

For a breath's space.
An ass and ox
Makes, each, his box
A kneeling place.

Even the dark
Forest peoples
Hear the steeple's
"Hark! Hark!"

And glory wheels
Through den and lair.
Beside the hare,
Fox kneels,

Till all on earth
Of fur or feather
Praise together
Christ's birth.

The when or why
Can none recall.
Yet kneel all.
And kneel I.

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A WORD IN THE WORLD'S EAR

BY PETER USTINOV

PETER USTINOV has turned out a new play nearly every year since he was twenty. He has scored an international success as an actor, playwright, and producer, and two of his plays, *THE LOVE OF FOUR COLONELS* and *ROMANOFF AND JULIET*, have been hits on Broadway. We are very happy that he has agreed to write an exclusive series of stories for the *ATLANTIC*, of which this is the second.

MARTHA and Vitus Grobcek were married in 1915, and had hardly exchanged a word since 1916. They had no real friends, but their neighbors, who were now and then awakened in the night by her moaning and by his raucous voice dispensing sarcasm in Czech, wondered why they had ever stayed together.

Hiram Maltby, one neighbor, a parking attendant by profession, made the following statement to the police when the time came. "He wasn't a guy you could get friendly with. You'd say Hi or Good Morning or pass some remarks about the weather, and you'd get no reply. He acted just like you weren't there. We asked him into our place when they first moved in. He said OK, but he never did come. We were never asked up to visit with him. I figure he was angry, antisocial, I don't know the right word for it, but like I say, he wasn't a guy you could get friendly with."

The neighbor in apartment 6G, on the other side, a Madame Zelda Lupcevic, had a slightly different story to tell. She was a dressmaker whose specialty was altering garments for people with inconsistent weights. She worked at home, and so had plenty of opportunity to hear all there was to

hear through the thin walls. "I pitied her," she declared in her Balkan accent. "Most time it was silence, just the noise feet, or cooking. Then she talk, nice quiet. She was nice, quiet woman. She sometime talk half hour and get no answer. Then, like from nowhere, his voice, angry, violent. Then perhaps plate fly, or break something, and then silence till next time. She was good woman, always smiling. I feel she like talk but afraid. He act like someone drink, but I never see him so he couldn't walk straight or say bad word clear. I understand few word Czech, and I tell you, language very bad."

At the time of their marriage, Martha was seventeen and Vitus twenty. In the first flush of womanhood, her consistent smiling was still very attractive, since she boasted a charming dimple on one cheek which evoked good humor in everyone who met her. Vitus was on the short side, but his natural sullenness gave him an earnestness which was impressive and which inspired the belief among his older relatives that he would go far. His father was a carpenter, but Vitus was evidently going to explore vaster horizons. The fact that he treated his parents somewhat abruptly was put down to his inner restlessness, to his impatience for success, and it was understood not only by the parents themselves but by the entire little Czech colony on 2nd Avenue and 75th Street.

Only gradually did it begin to dawn on everyone that here was no second Rockefeller in the making, but a man who enjoyed only the rewards of work, not the work itself. His wife's smile became braver, and as a consequence more irritating. In 1917 he left for the war, not because he had experienced a patriotic call but because it meant a free trip away from home. Truth to tell, he rather enjoyed the war. Life was cheap to

him, since it held so little. Apart from that, he liked the company of men. The camaraderie of the trenches afforded him the emotional comfort which he had never found with women. Swearing and drinking were for him a great liberation of the spirit, and rough talk about girls was infinitely more satisfying and less trouble than actual involvement with them. They were on the earth for man's convenience, to be slept with and to shut up.

Naturally, during the war, and after, for the brief period of occupation, he went with prostitutes, and only with prostitutes. He became very angry if they were of the sentimental type who sought to replace the absent sweetheart in his mind and who tried to play out the time with saccharine banter. He was with them for a purpose, and was in more of a hurry than the most callous of them. He would even pay them extra not to open their mouths.

His was the only face in the Victory Parade which was entirely unsmiling. He stared through the ticker tape like a hypnotist, his light blue eyes expressionless. The carefree days were over. The preparations for his homecoming were touching. There was a cake, and Czech sausages, and liquor which his parents could ill afford. Martha smiled, and wept, and smiled, and smiled. Endless relatives kissed him. Four days later he enlisted in the Merchant Marine.

He traveled the Indian Ocean and the China Sea, the Baltic and the Caribbean, seeing nothing except the inside of bars and brothels. He swore happily with his buddies, fought them and others for the sheer pleasure of fighting, and there were always cards instead of conversation. The years passed, and he gloried in his immaturity, prided himself on his loneliness, and indulged to the full the kind of emotional homosexuality which is the stamp of those who have to prove their masculinity to each other every so often by knocking each other cold and who gravitate toward the armed services and other organizations where men can be men without interference from women.

Life became a little gloomier with the outbreak of World War II, since the harbors themselves were bereft of those carefree comforts associated with them by tradition. Many of them were blacked out, navigation became more hazardous, and fights were interrupted by highly proficient, organized bodies of uniformed men who appeared from nowhere in jeeps. All the time seemed to be spent loading or unloading, or zigzagging cautiously in extreme climates under the peremptory eye of the Navy. Everyone seemed jittery, and even an incautiously lit cigarette was the pretext for a punishment out of all proportion to the crime.

Vitus detested this war. It had brought in a

new type of man, a man who somehow seemed to despise the old sweat in a friendly, inoffensive way, a man who admitted he was an amateur but who was determined to master the mystery of the sea as quickly as he was able, so that he could be of use in the war effort and return to his chosen profession as soon as possible after victory. This manner of man brought the hated fragrance of home onto the high seas. He showed pictures of his wife and kids around, his face disfigured with paternal pride, and he clamored for mail when it arrived like an animal at feedingtime.

Some of these newcomers were of superior intelligence, and they quickly gained promotion. Vitus had never wanted promotion in the old days, since his anathema in this life was responsibility, but now that fellows who had invaded his tawdry empire less than a year ago were actually bossing him around, he became wildly jealous and morosely bitter by turns.

He spent quite a time in the cells, either on board or in various seaports, and in 1943, after a stormy interview with an overworked psychiatrist, he found himself back in New York with nowhere else to go but home. That week of unemployment was to him the longest week in his life. His wife suffered a severe shock when she saw him, but when she came to, there was that sickening, ever-ready smile again, so willing to forgive, so compliant, such an invitation for cruelty.

MARTHA had lived as best she could for the past twenty-eight years, working mostly as a waitress in a branch of a vast chain of cut-price caterers. She was known and liked by her colleagues not only because she was a willing worker but because she was so easy to forgive if she made a mistake. The smile which so maddened her husband was accepted by most people as an outward mark of inner sweetness.

Vitus was gratified that she was working, since it meant that he could take some money out of her bag and sit balefully in the bars on 3rd Avenue and wait for something to happen. It never did. There weren't even any really honorable fights. Here it was all pavements, and overcrowding, and patrolling policemen, all familiarity and dreariness, and no ship waiting with funnels smoking to carry him out of trouble if trouble came. After a week he got a job in a garage. He was given a pair of blue coveralls with the words "Klein's Friendly Garage Service" stitched back and front, and never can such winning sentiments have been more roundly contradicted by the face which crowned them. What really gave him the job was the fact that he volunteered for the night shift.

This would mean that he saw his wife only on Sundays.

Martha had suffered greatly since her marriage. The gossip of the community, although aimed at her husband, could not fail to affect her. His parents had been very good to her, but their ready tears were hardly a consolation for her rancid hopes. She lived in patience, conquering her body's frantic desire for children with a peasant dignity. The local priest comforted her as best he could, by suggesting that God moves in mysterious ways, and she agreed, allowing herself to reflect that the ways of God were hardly as mysterious as those of her husband. The priest had understood her natural anguish, and she had been encouraged to take her mind off her personal tragedy by helping him in many ways.

Gradually she had come to be known as a saintly woman, and the local hatred for her husband grew. It was, however, during one of her visits to a hospital that her saintliness was put to its severest test. She met Jiri Smetacek, a young invalid who knew he was destined to die and who had become calm and wise as dignity was thrust upon him prematurely. It was 1917. The emotional stability of all nations was threatened. Husbands were away from home. The impermanence of existence was on every mind. The most unexpected desires gripped the most sedate people. This might even be the end of the world, so why not sing, dance, make love? The documents at the Last Judgment would be in such confusion that they would take years to sort out.

What began as a platonic romance, a bringing of magazines to the hospital every other day, suddenly blossomed into something much more dangerous when the doomed youth began to recover rapidly against all the prognostications of the doctors. His love for Martha seemed to have produced a miracle, and by December of 1917 he was out of hospital. The rest was only natural. The tidal wave of love which Vitus had refused so coldly was unleashed on Jiri. They spent hours in each other's arms, whispering of a future which both knew could never be. Every gift of nature was expended lavishly in those few months — laughter, tears, silence, poetry, physical ecstasy, and sweet sleep. It proved too much for Jiri. When spring came round again, Martha was a woman, and he was dead.

She had known what it was to love, and therefore she had known what it was to live. No one could ever take that away from her, and her permanent smile had a pride about it. When Vitus came back in 1919, she braced herself to meet him, and although she wept, she fancied that she met his eyes without appeal, on equal terms. It took her by surprise, however, when he left again so

soon to join the Merchant Marine. Then, in her new solitude, she began to have a doubt. Had anyone told him about Jiri? Did he know? Was he really a decent man at heart; had the war cured him of his disturbing sullenness; had he been ready to come back to her again, and start afresh, when some gossip had told him about another man?

Nothing is less conducive to peace of mind than questions which have no chance of being answered. For twenty-five years she had gone to the cemetery once a week to put flowers on Jiri's grave, always choosing a time of day in which the place would be relatively empty, and loitering among the graves until she felt she was unobserved before she whispered the few words of love which kept her memory of him alive. Afterwards she would invariably surrender to a feeling of guilt about the man she knew so much less intimately than she had known her lover. The desire to forgive and be forgiven are an integral part of love; they are the rocks which humans use to trouble waters which have become stagnant by force of habit. And yet, here there was nobody to forgive, just an endless doubt, an endless pang of guilt, a memory of happiness, and solitude, which makes thoughts unhealthy.

It was natural for Martha to faint when Vitus came home without warning, after so many years in the Merchant Marine, but when he decided to go on night shift rather than enjoy the comfort of his wife, she began to wonder if that was his way of censuring her infidelity. She had nowhere to turn. The old priest had died. His place had been taken by a young man who could have been her son. One doesn't talk of such things to a stripling, without experience of life.

Sundays seemed to last forever. She cooked, and Vitus ate. She washed up while he sat looking out of the window. Not a word passed between them. Eventually she bought a small television set out of her savings, just for the pleasure of hearing a human voice. He didn't seem to object. All he did occasionally was to change the program.

ABOUT this time, a man renowned for his goodness, a certain Professor Odin Strang Newville, acquired a television program of his own. He had given syndicated advice to those in need of it for many years, and his beaming face was so well known to the nation that a couple of sponsors had deemed it worth their while to donate such a public service every Sunday on one of the channels. The program had the slightly ambitious title of "A Word in the World's Ear," and the idea behind it was to subject some personal problem to a committee of experts, who would give their advice

freely. The person in need of help was shrouded in dramatic shadows on one side of the screen, while Professor Strang Newville himself, a certain Dr. X, who was a psychiatrist, and a man named George Q. Nash, a public figure renowned for his sparkle, listened to the tale of woe and then debated the merits of the case before millions of listeners.

This program was a very popular one in the Grobchek household, because Martha could derive some comfort from the misery of other people, while Vitus watched the proceedings with a look of icy hatred which strengthened his conviction that even if Heaven is up there, Hell is right here, and not a step down. Occasionally he would mutter something like "Serves her right" or "I know what I'd do if I was that bitch's husband," which gave Martha the opportunity of hearing his voice.

Martha regarded Professor Strang Newville with the greatest reverence. Those round horn-rimmed glasses which often caught the studio lights gave him at those times an all-seeing quality, a radiance, which was amplified by the incessant murmur of the Hammond organ into something very close to divinity. His voice was so calm, so sure of itself, that it could only be transmitting the inflexible orders of another, still more beautiful voice, which only he could hear. Dr. X was more tortured, more hesitant, with his face of a Saint Bernard forced to travel with its cask empty, but then, he worked down among men, in the mud and grime of the secular spirit. George Q. Nash tried to look grave when the organ boomed its most inspirational chords, but something about him suggested that he knew he was being paid for his contribution and was, after much wrangling, satisfied with the fee.

It was the compelling presence of the Professor, however, which drove Martha to commit the most reckless action of her life. She did as she was told at the end of the program and wrote her application on a plain post card to "A Word in the World's Ear," being careful to give as an address her place of business. Having taken this step, she felt reborn. Around the clock she prepared what she should say, how she should present her case. In her dreams she was already on the program and the Professor touched Vitus with his magic wand, so that her husband was suddenly all smiles and forgiveness and whispering that it was not too late.

A week later she received an answer, which asked her to come for an interview. Taking time off from her work, she went to a penthouse on Madison Avenue, where she was disappointed not to see the Professor himself but only a formal young lady wearing an explosion of rhinestones on her glasses, which appeared to be the only source

of light in the cell-like room. As her eyes grew accustomed to the subdued lighting, Martha saw that the walls were covered with diplomas and awards which the Professor had received for being a television personality, and his greatness seemed to her confirmed.

She answered the dispassionate questions of the interviewer as best she could. To her surprise, the interviewer gave no indication of being impressed, but just said, "We'll let you know."

"I'd be grateful," said Martha, "if there was no reference to my being Czech. It might make my husband suspicious."

"OK," answered the interviewer, "we can settle all that with the Professor when the time comes. Would Italian do?"

"Sure, anything but Czech."

"I'll pencil in, Italian."

Six weeks later, when Martha was beginning to feel rejected not only by her husband but also by society, a second letter arrived, telling her to appear at the studio on Sunday week. She began to make elaborate plans for explaining her absence to her husband, which were all quite useless since he evinced no interest in her activities whatsoever, and if she had announced that she was leaving forever, he would only have growled a request that she hand over her pay check for the week before going.

On the Tuesday before the show, she saw him for a few minutes before he left for the garage and announced that her Aunt Maria had asked her for tea on Sunday, and wasn't it nice of her. She had even called her aunt to tell her that if there were any inquiry by Vitus, they were having tea on Sunday. Aunt Maria was surprised, since she had not talked to Vitus since World War I and had no hope or intention of renewing the acquaintance, but agreed that she would be willing to supply an alibi if it were needed. Vitus, however, didn't react to the news of the imminent tea party.

WHEN Sunday eventually came, Martha became desperately uneasy. She began to wonder if she had done the right thing. Her life was hateful, but it was calm. Her husband never spoke. He only cuffed her, or shouted at her when she was in his direct path and proved an obstacle to his progress across a room. A sudden thought of Jiri could dispel all pain. Now she was going to uproot all the memories, risk awakening emotions which had lain dormant, review the whole panorama of her disenchantment, in public, before millions of people. She kept looking at the clock in the kitchen. Often she thought it must be broken, since the minute hand moved so slowly. She

made breakfast and washed up. She made lunch and washed up. Eventually, at half-past three, she summoned up all her courage and announced brightly that it was time to go. Vitus put his feet on the table and shut his eyes. She went.

There were two hours to kill before she had to report, so she walked. The weather was glorious, but she didn't notice it. She was busy pleading her case to an imaginary jury of wise and tolerant men. Strong arms came out to sustain her, noble faces mouthed words of comfort to her, the whole world understood her plight and cried out her heroism until the organ music in her head rocked the tears from her eyes and she saw only the sidewalk dancing before her. A taxi driver cursed her. "Make up your mind," he shouted. She walked on, heedless of the traffic and of other people, until she reached the gigantic edifice in which she was to beat her breast and hear voices like Joan of Arc.

The Professor was in the make-up room when she first saw him. There was a little hedge of tissues in his collar to prevent it from being soiled by the make-up, which was being cautiously applied by a man dressed as a surgeon. The Professor's secretary sat by him as they planned the last details of the program together.

"First is a Mrs. Wilefski," said the secretary.

"What's her problem?" asked the Professor. "Is she the one with the frigid husband?"

"No," answered the secretary, "she's the one who can't help herself from stealing."

"Oh, yes. She's been in prison?"

"Yes."

"And it's OK to mention that? Have we a written clearance from her?"

"Yes, we have."

"Good. And then?"

"Then, Mrs. Grobchek."

Here Martha stepped forward and announced that she had been sent to be made up.

"There must be some mistake," said the secretary, "because we never see your face. We just hear your voice."

"I'm glad," said Martha.

The Professor beamed. "You are Mrs. Wilefski," he said, "and we're going to do our level best to straighten out your problem. People who steal the kind of merchandise you've been stealing don't just do it to get rich quick. You do it because there's something inside you tells you to steal."

"I'm Mrs. Grobchek," said Martha.

A little later, over coffee, the Professor explained to her the format of the program. "You come on," he said, "just after the station break and the second commercial. That redhead over there, Betty, will beckon you in, and you will take your place in the armchair center stage. This is so lit that you will

be seen in silhouette only. Then you tell us a capsule story of your life in five minutes, after I have introduced you as Mrs. B. We don't give away names on this show. Then both Dr. X and Mr. Nash will have the opportunity of asking you some questions, and I finally sum up our mutual impressions, and we send you on your way with our blessings. It's quite easy and quite painless. If you should feel yourself breaking down or upset, don't try to hold it back. This is a human interest program, a show in which I try to reach people through people, that is my motto, reach people through people, so that we all may benefit from the experiences and the tragedies of those great enough in heart to share them with their fellows. And I want you to know how much I appreciate your visiting with us this afternoon."

Soon afterwards the show began with a swirl of organ music. The Professor faced his multitudinous flock and said, "A Word in the World's Ear — and this is your moderator, Odin Strang Newville. Today we have two more cases with which to touch the conscience of society, two more words to whisper in the ear of a world too often callous, too often obsessed with its own everyday problems to heed the pleading of those rejected hearts which claim our attentions from the fringes of life. But first, a word from our sponsor."

Here everything stopped while two small animated gentlemen comically extolled the virtues of a deodorant on the screen. When they had finished, the wretched Mrs. Wilefski was led to the fatal armchair and was introduced as Mrs. A. She told the story of her kleptomania in a small, quivering voice. When she had finished, she was gently cross-examined by the panel and eventually dismissed by the Professor with some ringing words of comfort.

Martha was about to step forward but was restrained, since the second half of the program was presented by another sponsor, and the screen was temporarily occupied by a young lady in a bathing costume performing some embarrassingly carefree antics in a mountain pool, while a female chorus chanted a jingle about mint in a cooler-than-just-cool cigarette. At last the commercial was over, and the redheaded girl led Martha to her place of execution.

She was terribly nervous, but when the Professor smiled at her and said, "Good evening, Mrs. B," there was such warmth and compassion in his voice that she felt strong again. "Mrs. B, you are Italian," said the Professor.

"Yes."

"Will you now tell the panel what brought you here?"

With rising emotion, Martha told her story, and when it was indicated to her by an impatience in

the gestures of the Professor that her five minutes were up, she didn't feel she had managed to tell the half of it.

"Let me get this clear," said George Q. Nash. "You married in 1915, and you noticed almost immediately that your husband's love for you, his attentions, shall we say, were abnormal in that they were nonexistent."

"Yes."

"In 1917 he volunteered to go to war, and four days after his return he entered the Merchant Service, and you didn't see him again until 1943?"

"Yes."

"Did he write?"

"No."

"Never?"

"Never."

"And the word 'divorce' was never mentioned by either party, either before 1917 or after 1943?"

"No."

"Are you very religious people?"

"I don't think he is. I used to be."

"You used to be — until your love affair with the other man?"

"Yes."

"But why did you think that your lapse would debar you from the comfort of religion? Surely the fact that you had sinned would be calculated to make you even more needful of that comfort which only religion can bring to those who are blessed with belief?"

"I didn't think I was worthy of the Church — and in any case my husband hates the Church. I don't know if he hates the Church really, but he hates priests."

"Don't you think that a visit to a priest would help as far as you are concerned?"

"Not really, no. No longer."

George Q. Nash shook his head gravely. He disliked priests too, and hadn't been to church since his confirmation, but he was a public figure, with a public following.

Dr. X asked a few questions. "Tell me, do you have a sneaking suspicion that your husband knows about your affair with the other man?"

"I don't know. Sometimes I do, at other times I don't."

"Do you occasionally wonder if it isn't some small detail which has poisoned your relationship? Don't you sometimes try to pin it down to one single event or fact?"

"Yes."

"You say he is an uncommunicative man. Well, sometimes men are uncommunicative because they are at base shy, even timid. This could also account for his abruptness, his sudden changes of mood. Men who vacillate, and who know they vacillate, will often try to hide their weakness by

overdoing the illusion of strength which they wish to create. He may well have known all about your infidelity but be too basically timid to bring the subject up, and his own irritation with himself leads him into this sullenness you speak about."

"Yes, that's possible," said Martha, although she hardly recognized this as a portrait of her husband.

"You see," said Dr. X, "everything you say about him points to a certain immaturity. You say he was always somewhat sulky in manner, but when you married he was still very young and unsure of himself. It could be — I'm not saying that it is — it could be that his discovery of your infidelity flung him back into that mood in which he found the greatest security and which prevented him from ever really growing up."

"If this is so, what can I do?" asked Martha, horror-struck.

"This affair of yours took place in 1917. Surely by now there is only one thing to do. Tell him about it. That is perhaps what he is most longing to hear. He can't bring himself to accuse you of it, especially now that so much time has passed. It would sound almost ridiculous. But if you did it, it might well, even at this late stage, bring out all the love and affection which are at the moment bottled up inside him. There must have been a reason for you two to have married in the first place. Since then, those emotions have been forcibly hibernating. Make a clean breast of it, tell him, honestly and fearlessly, of your lapse, and if he is half a man, it's my guess he will forgive you there and then, and you will both have a chance of happiness which is the birthright of us all."

"I quite agree," said George Q. Nash. "If he has a vestige of a sense of humor, you will be laughing about all this tomorrow. It's a very sad story, but it also has its amusing side, or would have if it were a work of fiction instead of fact. Nearly forty years of silence occasioned by one misunderstanding! Of course you must tell him. After all, things are bad enough, Mrs. B. Ask yourself, what have you to lose?"

As the organ broke into an ethereal coda, Professor Strang Newville added his own wisdom to the verdict. "Yes, go home, your head held high, Mrs. B, and find it in yourself to look your husband in the eye and to tell him that you are human, and being human, you have sinned. Ask his forgiveness, with humility but not without dignity, for he too has sinned in his treatment of you. Do this simple thing, and you will find an old age replete with the comfort which youth and maturity have denied you. It is never too late to start living."

Martha rode home in a bus, her head awl with so much psychology. Things were never

what they seemed in this modern, complicated civilization into which she had survived. Wonderful what man had invented for his use, and sad that she could only obey without understanding.

When she reached her apartment block, she was suddenly obsessed with a fear that Vitus might have watched the show. Her accent wasn't Italian, whatever the Professor might have said. And her voice might have given her away. The pundits had made a great point of the fact that her story was unusual. If Vitus had been listening, he could hardly have failed to recognize it. It was not until just after nine o'clock that she entered the apartment, white and haggard, to find Vitus in a flaming temper. He shouted, roared, and smashed some plates, then sent her flying across the room into a chest of drawers.

Trembling, she asked him, "Did you see the show?"

"What show?" he cried. "Think I've got nothing better to do than watch TV when you're not around? I've been out, and I came back at eight for dinner. What are you trying to do, starve me or something?"

The neighbors started hammering on the wall, and Vitus hammered back like a madman while she was cooking. The moment was not propitious for a confession of infidelity.

ALL that week she tried to summon up courage, but there was hardly the opportunity. She was forced to wait until next Sunday, when perhaps the glowing face of the Professor would inspire her once again to look deep into her soul and find the necessary strength there. And so it happened that late the next Sunday afternoon, she switched on her television set. Vitus was reading a science-fiction comic he had bought at a back-date magazine emporium, and he seemed to raise no objection to the television. When the set warmed into life, the kindly face of the Professor appeared.

"A Word in the World's Ear," he said, "and this is your moderator, Odin Strang Newville. Today we have two more cases with which to touch the conscience of society, two more words to whisper in the ear of a world too often callous —"

Suddenly the urgency of this brilliant man's message came alive to Martha. She remembered every word of the panel's advice to her as though it had just been told her. "He will forgive you there and then, and you will both have a chance of happiness which is the birthright of us all." "You will be laughing about all this tomorrow." "Find it in yourself to look your husband in the eye and to tell him that you are human, and being human, you have sinned."

"Vitus," she said, in a loud, clear voice.

"Shut up."

"Vitus, there is something I must tell you."

"Can't you see I'm reading?" But he looked up in spite of himself, so surprising was her tone of voice.

"I am only human," she declared.

"So what, who isn't?"

"I am only human, and being human, I have sinned."

"What's the matter with you? Got religion or something?"

"I want to tell you what I think you already know, only I want to tell it to you in my way."

She was speaking with great difficulty and tremendous intensity, and he couldn't find words with which to interrupt her.

"I haven't always been a good wife to you."

Now he could relax. "Who cares?" he said.

"You remember Jiri Smetacek?"

"No. Now shut up."

"I slept with him. I gave myself to him."

Vitus looked at her and laughed, almost merrily.

She could scarcely believe her eyes. His face seemed human. The wise men had been right.

"When?" asked Vitus.

"In 1917."

"When I was away . . . at the war?"

His face clouded with rage, and his blue eyes protruded. Viciously he pushed a chair away with his foot, then grew calm as ice and left the room.

"Where are you going?" cried Martha, petrified.

He came back with a kitchen knife and killed her with a single blow. Her scream echoed through the still Sunday, and the neighbors phoned for the police of their own accord, without consulting each other or bothering to inquire what had been going on.

Vitus was reading his comic book when the police arrived, and he seemed surprised to see them. He was quite calm and friendly and told them for their benefit as they examined Martha's corpse, "If I'd been younger, I'd have fought the lot of you, and won. I ain't afraid of you. I ain't afraid of no man."

The only trace of bitterness in him came at one moment when, out of the blue, he said, "Women, can't trust 'em," and spat on the floor.

In the drama of the moment, no one had thought of turning off the television set, and so it was that, as they led Vitus away and covered Martha with a sheet, the Professor's reassuring face was still visible on the screen, and he was saying, "If you wish to put your case before the panel, write to me, Odin Strang Newville, A Word in the World's Ear, Box 75157, New York, and remember, write your problem on a plain post card. I will repeat the address . . ."

THE LESSON OF IRAQ

BY WILLIAM R. POLK



The author of WHAT THE ARABS THINK and co-author of BACKDROP TO TRAGEDY, WILLIAM R. POLK is a member of the Center for Middle Eastern Studies at Harvard. As a fellow of the Rockefeller Foundation he lived for several years in the Middle East, and this article was written in an American interval before he returned to the area under discussion.

CRASH programs seldom result in a sound policy. Too often our State Department has waited until the United States was involved in a new crisis before it began to improvise a pact, a doctrine, or a show of force; too often we have reacted in the heat of emergency, under circumstances not of our own choosing.

The problems of the Middle East will be with us for the foreseeable future. They are primarily the responsibility of the peoples of the area, but they also affect us closely, for the Middle East provides 80 per cent of the oil required by the European economy, is crossed by the major trade routes between Asia-Africa and Europe, and could be the seedbed of a war. The question then is whether we can find in the steps leading up to the Iraqi coup d'état any clues to what lies ahead for Jordan and the Arabian peninsula.

The keystone of the Iraqi arch of power was Nuri as-Said. Observers had long realized that if he should be removed, the whole structure would crumble. Nuri ranked as one of the more able politicians in the Middle East, and perhaps his last great compliment came from the rebel leaders when they announced to their followers that the revolt would fail if Nuri were allowed to escape. But a man who is bitterly hated by a large proportion of his people is always in danger of assassination. Nuri was more than seventy years of age, in bad health, and would probably have been forced to retire soon. In case of his retirement, which Washington should have foreseen, upon whom or what were we planning to rely? Nuri built no party organization and had no follower of sufficient ability to succeed in command. The hatred directed toward his government, which was held in check by the fear he inspired, could not be controlled by any of his

associates or followers. Finally, the sort of rule at which Nuri was so adept had come to be an anachronism in his own country.

Iraqi society has changed radically in the last decade under the stimulus of one of Nuri's own reforms, the investment of oil revenues by the Development Board, which made possible a better education for a whole generation of Iraqis. At the rate of about five hundred persons a year, the pick of the post-war generation of men and women have been sent to European and American universities to acquire technical skills and advanced degrees. Returning to Iraq with their new knowledge, they brought with them Western ideals and Western expectations. The Iraq to which they returned was also changing under the impact of other programs of the Development Board, but at a far slower rate than these people had changed. And their cumulative disillusionment with the conditions they encountered at home generated that acute and widespread sense of frustration which so often precedes a revolution.

Trotsky once coined a vivid expression as he studied the events of the Russian Revolution. In the rising prices of bread and the less sharply rising level of wages, when plotted as curves on a graph, Trotsky saw a pair of scissors closing on the government. In Iraq, one might have plotted two such curves showing the social insecurity level or the frustration gap. The more level of the two curves would represent the growing means of gratification — industrial production, increased land productivity, and a rise in wages — made possible by the capital outlays of the Development Board. The second curve, rising at a steep angle from the first, would represent the bursting new expectations from life, expectations which have resulted both from increased contact with the

outside world and from the internal improvement at home. It is axiomatic that at certain levels of living standards, slight improvements give rise to greatly exaggerated expectations. These were the scissors of the Iraqi revolt. There was nothing unusual or obscure about them, for they followed a classic pattern analyzed by social scientists in many other comparable situations.

Political repression in Iraq had been relatively severe. Severe enough, that is, effectively to close to the opposition all peaceful means of change and to deprive the younger generation of any overt means of giving vent to its dissatisfactions. It was the emerging middle class which was grievously conscious of this oppression; these were the people who had been most exposed to Western life and thought and upon whose technical abilities, acquired during that exposure, the old regime depended. Thus, while the government depended upon the newly educated generation for all of its schemes of economic and social betterment and indeed for all of its technical functions, from the operation of the telephone company to the weaving of cloth, yet the government was immune to the political ideas of this new generation. Only one recent election was fairly free, and that resulted in a Parliament which Nuri dismissed after one day. Leaders of the opposition parties were frequently in prison or exile; their means of expression were severely limited, as their newspapers were confiscated or banned outright; and their supporters were under various restraints.

Student demonstrations, the traditional street forum of Middle Eastern nationalists, were suppressed by expulsion from schools, by jail sentences, or by bullets. Teachers were forced to report to the secret police on their students, and the reverse was probably also true. Graduates found their circumstances no freer. In a society of little industry, the government was master. Anyone with a higher education, especially in those fields in which Western learning counted most, was likely to have to work for the government or for a company in which the government itself or Nuri and the Regent were large stockholders. Political opposition was thus a bar to professional advancement. At all levels, the younger and better-educated people felt stifled under the minute observations of a paternalistic government. Recently discovered police records indicate that in the city of Baghdad alone nearly 20,000 agents for the secret police kept watch. When one takes into account the Iraqi literacy rate, this means that virtually every educated man had a police double.

And not only among civilians but in the military, too, discontent was strong. Like the civilians, many officers had studied abroad, and all had

acquired more than the manual of arms from the British and American military missions. In the process of acquiring Western technical skills, they also acquired Western values and expectations. In addition to those desires felt by their civilian counterparts, they were also haunted by the shame of the army's performance in the 1948 Palestine war, and they placed the blame squarely on the government. Secretly they formed a free officers movement. Of this the government was aware and showed it distrusted the army by purges, political promotions to safe sinecures, and by such obvious devices as keeping the troops short of ammunition. The marriage of suspicion and fear seldom begets loyalty, and it did not in Iraq.

Given this frustration, the obvious lack of trust, the need to rely upon a large secret political police force, the lack of organization and personnel to take the place of the aging premier, the collapse of the arch could not have been long in coming.

Now, turning from Iraq to Jordan, what do we find to reassure us? Is the Jordanian government more popular, better able to satisfy the growing expectations of its elite, and more self-reliant than was the Iraqi government of Nuri?

Whereas Iraq had the potential to satisfy at least some of the desires of its growing middle class, Jordan is both a poor country and a refugee country. As Aneurin Bevan accurately if unkindly said in the Parliamentary debates on the Middle East crisis of July, "Jordan is a kept country and King Hussein is a kept king." Just how true this is probably few Americans realize. Since 1954, the American government has given Jordan over \$100 million, which is about \$100 for each nonnomadic person in the country. From the end of the war until 1957, Britain gave Jordan (or Transjordan, as part of it was known in the earlier years) over £82 million, or the equivalent of \$230 million. Since 1950, the United Nations has spent approximately \$110 million in Jordan, sustaining and providing work for the Palestinian refugees settled there. And, when Jordan broke with Great Britain and fired General Glubb, the Arab states began contributing lesser amounts. Saudi Arabia, for example, gave \$14 million in 1957. In the current year only one quarter of the Jordanian budget of nearly \$100 million can be met from internal resources, and in default of funds expected from Iraq, Jordan has become an American ward.

For whatever long-range objectives our money is spent, its short-term effect is to shore up the government of King Hussein. Our wholesale support of the King necessarily brings to us whatever assets and liabilities he has in the public

mind, for if we are willing to pay his bills he must surely stand for those things we wish to achieve in the Middle East. And whatever our aims are, they are not likely to be achieved in the face of overwhelming public hostility.

The Jordanian population of 1.5 million divides into three groups of almost equal size. One third is Bedouin, mostly illiterate, uninterested in ideology, and affected neither by Arab nationalism nor by the general stimulus of Western culture. This group is incapable of performing the semi-complex functions required even by the simple economy of Jordan, and if trained to perform these jobs the Bedouins would become subject to precisely those currents of thought which have so agitated their urban cousins. Thus the Bedouins are neither a short-term nor a long-term support for the government except in the way they are now being used, as the policemen of the state.

The Bedouins are the stuff from which romances are cut. Legends of their military prowess and of their loyalty "to the death" have made many think of them as the good Arabs, while their urban counterparts are the bad Arabs or the mob. But even a casual student of Arab history can quote too many examples of Bedouin fickleness for one to credit the legends with their face value. The most recent example is Iraq, in which the Bedouins, although loyal to the *living* King, were among the first to pledge allegiance to his living successor. We may reasonably expect, therefore, that if the King begins to lose power in Jordan he will find the Bedouins a broken reed; their support may itself be that which will "go into his hand and pierce it."

The second group in Jordanian society is composed of west bank (of the Jordan) Palestinians. Few of them make any pretense of loyalty to the state of Jordan; fewer feel any devotion to the Hashimite ruling family who, in their eyes, not only bungled the defense of Palestine in 1948 but gave the *coup de grâce* to what remained of Arab Palestine by gerrymandering it, without reference to the wishes of the population, into the petty state of Transjordan.

About 125,000 to 150,000 of this group live along the frontier of hate between Jordan and Israel. This is a strip fifty miles long to the north of Jerusalem. As a result of the so-called Shuna Agreement of March, 1949, King Abdullah, under threat of an immediate attack from Israel, ceded to Israel some one hundred square miles of valley land. The inhabitants, living in hill villages, were thus cut off from their farmlands. They are not, however, legally classed as refugees, since they still live in their original houses, and so do not benefit from United Nations charity. Formerly among the most prosperous farmers in Palestine, they are

now destitute and bitter, are able to look from their hills into Israel and to watch others reaping what they regard as their crops. In their enforced idleness, they spend much time brooding on their fate, and for it they blame not only Israel but also the Hashimites, who failed to stop the Israelis.

The third group, also numbering about half a million, is pure refugee. Some of these people have made new, a few even better, lives for themselves, but nearly 350,000 of them are still, a decade after the war, living in camps on a United Nations dole. Even those who are relatively well off, in objective terms, have lost their homes and feel a sort of Zionism not less intense than that felt by European Jewry. The fabric of politics is not woven of strands of objective thought, and even among the objectively well off the longing for scenes of childhood, for the security and honor of the old days, is intense, as intense as is the shame and humiliation of the present. For their sorry lot, they also blame the Hashimite government. A refugee, it will be remembered, assassinated King Abdullah; now the only representative of the old order is King Hussein.

THE Jordan government is well aware of the sentiment of its people, but, if it is to aspire to be more than a satrap of some more powerful state, it must use the services of the most educated and capable among its population. Our dependence upon them, for the sort of plans we have elaborated, is indicated by a recent press dispatch. *Newsweek* reported that "Western officials on the spot believe it is possible to undermine Hussein's opponents by pouring in economic aid and transforming the barren desert kingdom, which now needs an estimated \$58 million aid annually just to survive, into a 'showcase.'" Even in flood proportions, this pouring in of money would probably be useless, for the only people who could run the showcase are those now politically disaffected. The economic problems of Jordan are severe enough, but we cannot solve the political problems by economic means.

Hussein has shown his awareness of this fact by his concentration on repression and his preoccupation with security. Allegedly, he keeps a helicopter ready for a quick getaway, and even his bullet-proof Cadillac is driven not by a Jordanian but by an English driver. As Benjamin Wells reported in the *New York Times*:

The King, tough old Premier Samir el-Rafai and his closest Bedouin aides have stationed 20,000 troops in Amman itself. They are purging the army units and civilian population with increasing severity. The prisons are bulging and normal administration of the country has virtually halted.

This reliance upon force can only intensify and aggravate the underlying causes of the present situation. This is of course a Jordanian problem, but our close alliance with Hussein, which probably will not save him for long, will necessarily involve us in his fall. Our lavish expenditures of money or even, in yet another crash program, our use of force can have no future. Our policy has been reduced to a mere holding action.

There are those who agree with this analysis but who also say, "True, we are in a mess, but how do we get out without a terrible loss of face? If we simply ditch Hussein, our friends will never again rely upon us." It is gratuitous to point out that this might have been considered some time ago. To start from this moment, one must draw the sort of distinction made in the *Observer* in an editorial on July 27. "We [the British] now have a moral obligation to ensure the personal safety of King Hussein and those of his supporters whose lives might be endangered, but it does not extend to maintaining him on the throne indefinitely against the wishes of his people." Surely no democracy can accept such an obligation.

If this is an immediate and expensive problem in Jordan, it is likely to be a coming, even more expensive problem in the Arabian peninsula. To Kuwait, Qatar, Bahrain, and Saudi Arabia now are spreading currents of thought, emotions, and new desires similar to those which have so agitated the rest of the Middle East in recent years. Arabism or Arab nationalism has already shown itself to be sufficiently strong in Saudi Arabia to force the virtual abdication of King Saud following the abortive attempt by the latter to have President Nasser assassinated. But it should be realized that at least as revolutionary a force in these lands as Nasser's Voice of the Arabs is the image of America presented in our own propaganda, in our movies, and at the installations of our oil companies. And, as in Iraq, a new middle class of merchants, technicians, and professional men is growing. The better the governments, the faster such groups will grow.

If these governments do not evolve politically, if they continue to want to ride the airplane of Western-style progress and yet retain paternalism, they cannot avoid losing the loyalty of their subjects. It is, of course, with the recognized governments that we must deal; we cannot and should not foster revolutionary movements even if they are movements toward our style of government. However, we need not go to the sort of extreme we have seen in Jordan, where our identification with the old regime is complete. If we are again caught relying, as we did in Iraq, on the inertia of the status quo, we will again be caught in the hatred of the people.

The problem of Arab-Israeli relations has been purposely avoided here. It seems to me that no significant progress can be made by direct means, but that a lessening of hostility may come as a by-product of a more healthy domestic situation in the several states. Complex enough in itself, the issue of Arab-Israeli relations is rendered impossible of negotiation by the emotional context in which it is viewed. On the Arab side, this is mainly due to the fact that the Arabs regard Israel as the symbol of their inferiority and lack of standing in our eyes. No peace made by a Hussein would be lasting. Where governments gain self-respect and make significant attempts to deal with the pressing domestic problems, a far greater possibility of peace exists.

As we look ahead to what may be a succession of "scissor" revolts in the future, we must also ask ourselves what it is that we have really lost in Iraq. This question does not admit of easy answers, partly because we never decided what was our essential aim there and partly because the situation is still fluid and we may yet influence the course of events to our advantage or disadvantage.

If we regard our essential aim in Iraq to have been the preservation of the status quo, as our government statements suggest, then we have lost utterly and completely. But surely we can recognize that this was not in itself an aim, but rather a tactical means toward a larger aim. The Iraqi government under Nuri was no more akin to our political ideals than any other dictatorship. Our reasons for identifying ourselves with it were three: it existed, it was prepared to agree to join our side in the Cold War, and it was able to assure the flow of oil. Other governments could conceivably do the latter as well or better (indeed, the flow of oil has increased since the fall of Nuri's government); the new government is at least as akin to us ideologically and seems to be a movement which might accomplish many of the sorts of reforms we would advocate; and the new government is not founded on a single, aging personality but is representative of a whole generation of those we may rightly regard as our intellectual foster children.

If we accept these conclusions and act accordingly, we could gain from the Iraqi revolt; if, on the contrary, we continue to treat the new regime with hostility, giving color to reports that we would like to overturn it, we will find ourselves opposed by more able adversaries using our own intellectual weapons against us. And we must face up to the fact that even if we had sent in our marines, or if King Hussein's Arab Legion had invaded and conquered Iraq, we would have been

forced to come to terms with Iraq's present rulers, for they are not just individuals but representatives of a new generation and a new class.

Youth is perhaps the most significant feature of the new government. The new minister of development is only twenty-six; his director general, one of the few army officers in the new government, is about thirty; the secretary who holds the key administrative position is twenty-eight; and the director general of the petroleum industry is thirty-two. Not less striking is the extent of Western education. One minister is a graduate of the London School of Economics, another of Columbia, another of Sandhurst. The secretary of the Development Board finished his D.Phil. at Oxford last year and now, having published a chapter of his thesis under the title "Economic Causes of the Iraqi Revolution," must hold some sort of international record in speed of publication and sales of a thesis. The director general of petroleum is a graduate of both Robert College in Istanbul and Georgia Tech. And even those who did not study in Western universities studied from the West, for the colleges in Baghdad are patterned on our institutions, even use our textbooks, and their staffs impart what they learned firsthand in Europe and America.

In addition to youth and Western educations, the new officials are notable for the determination and honesty they bring to their new jobs. They are determined to end the causes of inferiority and backwardness they had so keenly experienced under the old regime. They are stunned by the corruption they have already uncovered — and, they emphasize, they are new at their jobs. For example, former officials had put their household servants on government payrolls. This has turned up so much surplus personnel that the new officials are at a loss to know how to dispose of it. The Broadcasting Station, "where the journalists used to be paid off," as the new director put it, had according to its books £250,000 in the safe, but the safe when opened was found to contain only £50,000. And from the Development Board, where the big money was, one can expect some serious scandals. In one case, some \$20 million was appropriated for airport construction; no airports were built, but over half of the funds are missing. This sort of corruption, in the belief of the new officials, is responsible for much of the backwardness and inferiority of the country. This they are determined to change.

Above all, we need to know what the native critics think. It is lamentable that we do not. We are not helped in getting this sort of information by the fact that almost half of our diplomatic corps have no useful command of a foreign lan-

guage. More than half of our foreign service officers are unable to converse in any of the languages of Asia or Africa. Among our journalists the percentage is even lower. We cannot really expect native critics, especially those in the semi-suppressed oppositions of such countries as Jordan, to provide us with their plans, yet we make little effort to meet with the opposition. In fact, it is an open secret that we do not allow our foreign service officers the freedom to ferret out this sort of information. Almost none of the new officials of the Iraqi government, even those of considerable reputation before the revolt, know American officials; Kamil Chadderchi, editor of the influential newspaper *Sada el-Ahali* and head of the Populist Party for many years, has yet to meet an American official, and he is now the man considered by some to be a likely candidate for President of Iraq should Iraq not federate with the UAR. Equally important, many of our foreign service officers sincerely believe that their dispatches have proved unwelcome to those who frame our policies. Why jeopardize their careers by producing what might be construed as a critique of our policy?

Where governments have popular support, even if their mandate is not given according to our electoral means, we can advantageously consider aid programs. The more these approach commercial transactions, the more acceptable they will be and the more they are likely to accomplish the aims for which they are intended. Massive airlifts of arms do not, of course, fall into this category; development projects do, and these — if made through the World Bank, the United Nations, or even directly by us in a proper political atmosphere — will be welcome.

What, in effect, do we want from the Middle East? Any answer must be tentative and subject to revision periodically. At the present, the answer seems to me to be sufficient peace to prevent a world war and a sufficient flow of oil to maintain the European economy. The first is the common interest of most Arabs, who are in earnest when they insist on "positive neutralism." Of the second, two points must be made: on the one hand, Europe now depends for 80 per cent of her oil on the Middle East, but she could be supplied, admittedly at greater cost, from other sources. On the other hand, the sale of oil is the major source of revenue for many of the Arab countries and is the only hope for those who plan, as does the new generation of nationalists, large-scale development programs — and the only customer for all of the Middle Eastern oil is Europe. Let us not forget that our essential policy interests are identical with those of the Arabs.

NEW GOALS



FOR THE UNIONS

BY SUMNER H. SLICHTER

Crooked labor leaders in their cynical misuse of funds have incensed the American consumer, and the unions in too many instances have not been able to eliminate corrupt officers. SUMNER H. SLICHTER, the noted economist, takes the long view: Will the labor leaders regain a responsible authority, without which there can be no productive cooperation in this country?

TRADE unions have been one of the great instruments of progress and reform in American society. They have introduced the equivalent of civil rights into a large part of industry, replacing personal management with management based upon agreed rules and procedures, and they have established in much of industry the practice of determining wages by negotiation instead of by the employer's unilateral appraisal of the market, thereby giving employees a chance to bargain over the gains of technological progress. Most important of all, trade unions have broadened the decision-making processes in the American economy by adding a third power center to the two previously existing centers, business and government. This three-way division of power and influence gives the American economy an admirable diversity of viewpoint and promotes moderation and stability in economic policies by compelling important decisions to be reached by compromise and agreement.

Helped by government policies designed to encourage collective bargaining and by the war, trade union membership has increased more than sixfold in the last twenty-five years. Trade unions have nearly eighteen million members, or about 34 per cent of the nonprofessional and nonsuper-

Drawing courtesy of Excelsior Press.

visory employees of American industry. Unions have been particularly successful in organizing the production workers in large plants. The largest groups of nonunion workers are the employees in small plants, the white-collar workers, and government employees. Almost half of the twenty-one million "blue-collar" workers (craftsmen, operatives, repairmen, and laborers) are union members.

But today, in spite of their brilliant success (indeed, in large measure *because* of it), trade unions are suffering a great loss of prestige and moral influence. This loss of standing is manifested in various ways: by the mounting volume of critical editorial comment on unions; by the considerable number of states that have passed "right to work" laws, which are a sort of symbol of community hostility to unions; and, most of all, by the reluctance of workers to join unions and by the virtual cessation of the growth of union membership.

The conspicuous economic success of unions has not led workers to organize unions on their own initiative, as they did on a large scale in the thirties. Members must be gained in large measure through high-pressure organizing campaigns in which organizational picketing and other forms of economic pressure are often used to force men to join. Unions still win a comfortable majority of the elections conducted by the National Labor Relations Board, but the proportion of elections lost by unions has risen from 25.5 per cent in 1949-1950 to 39.2 per cent in 1957-1958, and the proportion of nonunion votes cast in all elections has more than doubled since 1950 to an all-time high of 39.2 per cent in the fiscal year which ended June 30, 1958.

Unfair labor practice charges brought by individuals against unions have been skyrocketing. They more than doubled to 2000 in the last fiscal

year. In the four years ending June 30, 1953, they averaged only 584 a year. There is no record of the proportion of cases in which the complainant won his point, but the back-pay awards against unions in unfair labor practice cases increased from \$128,950 in the four years ending June 30, 1953, to \$283,959 in the four years ending June 30, 1957. These figures are not large relative to the nearly eighteen million union members, but the trend is significant.

THE loss of prestige and moral influence by the trade unions is only partly explained by the exposure of corruption and racketeering in the labor movement — though the corruption has been far more widespread than anyone had suspected. No less than ten international unions have been shown to have been headed by corrupt officials at some time during the last twenty-five years, and there has been considerable corruption at the local level. The disillusionment of the public with trade unions springs mainly from two causes: first, unions have turned out to be much stronger than the public expected them to be, and second, they have turned out to be much less democratic than they were represented as being.

The policy of encouraging union membership was urged on the community on the ground that unions were needed to balance the economic power of big business. Unions have done much more than equalize the power of business and labor. When eighteen million workers are organized, a union of a given size becomes considerably more powerful than when only three million or four million men are organized. The union's capacity to influence the wages paid by non-union firms is greater, and this means that its capacity to get concessions from union employers is greater. As a result in large measure of the great power of trade unions, the hourly compensation of nonagricultural workers in the last ten years has risen more than twice as fast as the increase in output per man-hour.

The influence of unions has been particularly apparent during the period of credit restraint in 1956 and 1957 and during the recession, when the demand for labor was shrinking. Twenty years ago, unions were champions of the underdogs and were fighting for very elementary rights, such as recognition, a contract, machinery for handling grievances, and the like. Today, unions are fighting to get more pay for the very workers who already enjoy the best wages and conditions in industry. Twenty years ago the public wondered whether unions could hold their own against powerful employers; today the public wonders

whether unions can be prevented from forcing creeping inflation on the community.

Strangely enough, the conspicuous success of unions is now hindering their growth. Many workers, especially those in prosperous companies, are not interested in joining because their employers, out of fear of unions, give union rates of pay and other union conditions. Still other workers, especially those in small and weak concerns, do not wish to be organized because they are afraid that a union would put their employers out of business.

The public has also become disillusioned with unions because unions have not turned out to be the instruments of industrial democracy that their early leaders, friends, and well-wishers said they would be. The more or less standard description of a union was that it was an organization through which the individual employees participated in determining the conditions under which they work. But the average worker has a very limited desire to participate in determining the conditions under which he works. He wishes a union to bargain for him, but he demonstrates his unwillingness to participate in determining his conditions of work by his refusal to attend union meetings, in spite of the efforts of officers to encourage attendance. He assumes that the union officers know roughly what he wants, and he is content to let them handle dealings with the employer.

The officers of unions know in a general way the wishes of the rank and file and try to gratify these wishes. But the officers have a better idea than most members concerning what is possible and practicable. Hence, the officers may discourage certain types of demands, such as proposals to fight technological change. As a rule, the officers are more conservative than the small part of the rank and file that takes an active interest in the union. Subject to this qualification, the officers usually do a pretty good job of representing the rank and file. Only in this limited and indirect fashion do workers "participate" in determining the conditions under which they work.

Although union officers, on the whole, do a good job of representing the members, they do not take kindly to criticism of their policies from the members — particularly from members who are suspected of aspiring for office in the union — and, especially at the national level, union officers are exceedingly hostile toward efforts to displace them. The result is that, while there is a fair amount of competition for local union offices, competition at the national level is unusual. Professor Philip Taft found that among seven national unions which held 764 elections for national office in the thirty-one-year period of 1910 to 1941,

there were contests in only 130 cases. In three unions (the teamsters, the bricklayers, and the street railway workers) there were no contests for national office in the thirty-one years.

In a few unions control of districts or locals by national officers has been greatly overdone, usually as the result of internal political differences. Parts of the pressmen's union, of the operating engineers' union, and of the musicians' union that challenged national officers were deprived of self-government and kept under appointed officers for years. In the United Mine Workers, the officers of most of the districts are "provisional" officers who for many years have been appointed by John L. Lewis. Every convention of the union sees many resolutions from the districts asking that they be allowed to elect their own officers. At the 1952 convention a delegate said: "Give us opportunity; give the young men opportunity to aspire to something in the organization. Give them something to plan for and look forward to, to study the movement and know something about it. This way we don't have any initiative. You don't allow us that right — the members have become apathetic, for somebody higher up is going to do everything for us . . . they don't bother to attend meetings." But Mr. Lewis still appoints the officers of most of the districts.

THE upshot of all of this is that, though unions are democratic in the sense that they strive for what the members want, they do not fulfill the ideal of giving workers a chance to participate in determining working conditions or even to run the unions, especially beyond the local level. The indifference of most members toward union affairs and the hostility of officers toward competition for their jobs mean that unions are run by the officers, not the members. Particularly at the national level most unions are oligarchies, not democracies.

The great power and influence of the officers in unions create important problems and dangers. Certainly they increase the difficulty of keeping out corruption, since freedom from corruption must depend upon high personal standards among officers rather than checks from the rank and file. Furthermore, they hinder unions in gaining members, since many workers do not care to put themselves under the direction of men about whose judgment and purposes they know little. Finally, they produce disillusionment and lack of sympathy for unions on the part of the public, since unions fall far short of meeting the democratic ideals that the public has been taught to look for in them. But in spite of these disadvantages, trade unions are bound to remain oligarchies. This is

what a majority of the members desire, and they are not likely to change their minds.

IN REGARD to the excessive economic power of trade unions and their tendency to raise money wages far faster than is justified by the growth of output per man-hour, public policy can do little, though employers and public opinion could do much. Amending the Taft-Hartley Act to limit the right of unions to conscript neutrals in industrial disputes through secondary boycotts would end injustices but would have little effect on the economic power of most unions. Attempts to equalize the bargaining power of unions and employers by using monetary policy to create unemployment would inflict as much injustice as they would prevent and would obviously be wasteful. Recent experience indicates that a fairly high rate of unemployment would be needed. In the recent recession, with unemployment running from 5 per cent to 7 per cent, hourly earnings in manufacturing rose by about 2.9 per cent in the twelve months from September, 1957, to September, 1958.

Equally impracticable is the proposal that national unions be broken up so that they would be unable to shut down whole industries or to whip-saw employers by selecting one competitor to shut down while rivals take away his customers. Breaking up unions would not necessarily prevent concerted action among the parts. Furthermore, this remedy is too drastic to command popular support, and it is a remedy that is worse than the disease. Hence, the tendency of wages to outrun productivity must be dealt with by other methods.

Employers can do much to limit the tendency of hourly earnings to outrun production per man-hour. The great need is to raise output by methods which do not at the same time tend to raise wages by increasing the demand for labor. Perhaps the most commonly thought-of way of raising productivity is through the use of labor-saving equipment. But labor-saving equipment must be made by labor. Hence this method of increasing productivity has the immediate effect of increasing the demand for labor, and thus it tends to raise wages as much as it raises productivity. But there are other methods of increasing productivity which economize equipment and which, therefore, do not increase the demand for labor. Examples of these equipment-economizing methods are better selection and training of workers, better scheduling of production, better maintenance of equipment, better control of raw materials, redesign of products to simplify their fabrication and assembly, better setting of production standards, and better supervision in general. All of these

output-increasing methods are used in industry today, but industry in general needs to improve greatly its capacity to economize in the use of equipment.

Can public opinion, over the course of time, affect the outcome of bargaining between unions and employers? Union members naturally expect their leaders to get the best terms that can be obtained without precipitating a strike or lockout, and most members do not particularly care whether or not the public likes the bargains that their organizations drive. But, except for a few very strong unions, the members do not like to incur strong public indignation. Hence, if the public shows that it is outraged by wage settlements that exceed the average rise in output per man-hour, union leaders will become less insistent upon inflationary wage increases. But until the public shows strong and definite hostility toward inflationary wage settlements, we must expect rising labor costs to push the price level slowly upward. Public apathy is the ally of inflation.

WHAT can be done about the internal government of trade unions, and who can do it and how? It is important to remember that there is no broad demand from trade union members for democracy in unions. Since union members are quite commonly not sufficiently interested in the affairs of their unions even to attend meetings, it is unrealistic to attempt to force democracy on them. The objective should be a modest one: to protect the members from the abuses of oligarchy rather than to convert unions into democracies.

In the main, the problems must be solved by government action, in spite of the fact that a large majority of trade union leaders are sincerely interested in fair and honest trade union government. In fact, standards of honesty are higher in most trade unions than in many city and state governments, where the politicians have discovered many legal but dishonest ways of plundering the taxpayers. But trade union leaders with high standards of honesty can do little outside their own unions. They are fatally handicapped in dealing with problems of union government by their lack of authority to interfere in the affairs of other unions. Thus, the AFL-CIO has no authority to compel testimony or reports or to prevent the destruction of records, and it has no effective sanctions to enforce any recommendations or orders which it may attempt to apply to constituent unions.

Five principal steps by the government are needed:

1. Prohibit the holding of union office by per-

sons convicted of felony. Since union members are often perfectly willing to keep crooks in office, this prohibition is needed to protect employers and to discourage the invasion of the trade union movement by professional criminals.

2. Require honest and reasonably frequent union elections. If this requirement is to mean anything, simple means must be provided for union members to challenge elections and to get new elections under government auspices in cases where investigation reveals fraud.

3. Require unions and union officers to file certain financial reports, with penalties for omissions and misrepresentation. Most unions now make fairly elaborate financial reports to their members, but so long as the officers can determine the classification of expenditures, these reports may be meaningless. And officers do not disclose income that they or members of their families may receive from dealing with the union or with employers whose employees are represented by the union.

4. Restrict the right of national unions to deprive local unions and districts of self-government. There are frequently good reasons for the national union to appoint "trustees" to run local unions; but the trustees should be required to report regularly, and the trusteeships should be limited to two or three years, subject to the right of the national to extend the trusteeship if special conditions warrant.

5. Provide an outside and neutral source of appeal for union members who are disciplined by the union officers. This protection is important if union members are to feel free to criticize their officers and the policies of their unions and to run for national offices against incumbents. When the national secretary of the bakery workers' union made charges of corruption against the national president, the national executive board exonerated the president and deprived the secretary of his job. Later the Ethical Practices Committee of the AFL-CIO sustained the charges of the secretary, but it could not give him back his job.

These proposed regulations would mean considerable paper work for both unions and government, and they would have no great effect upon the operation of most unions. Nevertheless, the proposed regulations would be worthwhile. They would help keep crooks from invading the labor movement; minorities and dissenters would be given considerable protection; union members would have a better chance to change their officers if they desired, and the officers, in turn, would be made somewhat more sensitive to rank-and-file opinion, especially to opinion among radical and dissatisfied minorities. The public should realize that the proposed reforms would tend to make the trade unions more aggressive and more radical.

Hence, unions would have a stronger tendency to produce creeping inflation. But a slightly faster creep to inflation would be a small price to pay for increasing the influence of the rank and file in the unions.

AMERICA needs a trade union movement that is strong, that commands public confidence, and that is a source of responsible and well-informed criticism of our economic institutions. In order to gain the esteem and confidence of the community, unions will have to do much more than use their power to get more for their own members, who already have so much. They will have to embrace new and broader goals.

Fortunately for unions, they have an opportunity to adopt goals that will please their present members, attract new members, and gain for unions the strong approval of the entire community. This opportunity comes from the need to reform the present organization of production in American industry. The unions, if they desire, will be able to play a major role in raising the productivity of industry, helping both consumers and their own members.

The present organization of production in most plants will not bear rational examination. The production process is in large part a contest between management and workers over how much will be turned out — management trying to get as much as it can, the workers holding back to avoid producing any more than they regard management as entitled to receive. The wastes of this process are appalling, because the workers devote part of their skill not to improving methods but to concealing the fact that they are restricting output. And worse than the wastes are the moral effects upon the workers, who are unable to gain the satisfaction of doing their best to promote worthwhile objectives.

The next forward step in industrial relations will be to replace the present contests between management and employees with organized cooperation — a change that will be as epoch making as the establishment of civil rights for workers in industry. But what pressures and inducements will bring about this change? The opposition is formidable from both managements and unions. Managements fear that formal cooperation would diminish the authority and prestige of supervisors and enhance the importance of the union; unions

fear it would weaken the militancy of local unions and would develop strong loyalties to the company that in turn would weaken the influence of the national union with its members.

But though unions may be slow to help their members gain the chance to raise their wages by using their brains as well as their muscles, the members are bound eventually to insist upon having this opportunity. The strong need for cooperation has already led to considerable experimenting with plans for giving the employees the opportunity and the desire to participate in promoting technological progress. The best-tested and most promising plan is the well-known Scanlon Plan, under which employees earn a bonus by reducing the ratio of plant payroll to income from sales. The plan does not work automatically — it requires enthusiasm and effort — but it does give management and employees a common interest in reducing labor costs.

When rank-and-file workers become eager to raise their pay by cutting labor costs, amazing things begin to happen. The workers display a remarkable capacity to make technical suggestions pertaining to the product and to methods of operation. They improve their interest in the quality of work. Their attitude toward each other and toward management changes. The worker who was previously regarded as smart because he “got by” doing less than a fair day’s work is regarded as the antisocial person that he really is. The workers become critical of shortcomings of management, such as failure to do a good job of production scheduling or of controlling quality. No longer are the easy-going supervisors the popular ones; the workers come to desire supervisors who are efficient and technically competent and who are good at keeping down the payroll-sales ratio. Some managements have difficulty in adjusting themselves to the new critical attitude of workers.

The opportunity to help transform the organization of production in American industry is precisely what unions need. It gives them a good chance to serve their members — a must for any labor organization — but it also gives them what they now lack, a goal that can command the approval of the community. No institution can prosper in the long run unless it enjoys the esteem and support of the public, and trade unions can never win the needed esteem and support merely by devoting themselves to getting more and more for the best-paid workers in industry.

BEACHCOMBER Thirty Years of Uproar

BY T. S. MATTHEWS

American critic and author now residing in London, T. S. MATTHEWS is a most discerning and experienced journalist. He began his career as a proofreader and make-up man for the NEW REPUBLIC. In 1929 he took the book editorship of TIME, eventually became managing editor, and after twenty years retired to do free-lance writing. He is now at work on his autobiography.

IF TRUTH and humor kept company more often, life would be jollier and newspapers better reading. Here and there it does happen, even in our own un-jolly and sheep-like era. One of the most truthful humorists in journalism today is unknown in America; he speaks out in a daily column published in the slickest popular newspaper in Britain, the London *Express*. The column is called *By the Way*, and is written by a man who signs himself "Beachcomber."

"I don't care what you write about me," said Beachcomber, "as long as you say that I'm a young, tall, good-looking, red-haired Cornishman, thirty years of age." In fact, he is small, sixty-five, and looks by turns startled and helplessly, overpoweringly amused; the little hair he has left is gray and close-cropped, and he was born in London. His manners are kindly and gentle, and his voice deprecating, but he is a man of the most violent enthusiasms and violent antipathies. He regards the late Hilaire Belloc as "the best writer in my time" and says "I hate everything that's been invented since I was born." His earliest recollection is of lying on the grass, when he was a year and a half old, with a dog named Ibsen. He and his Irish wife, Mary, who was a practicing doctor before their marriage thirty-one years ago, are a heartening example of how to be happy though married; they shine with merriment and are the best company imaginable. They laugh when they feel like it, which is often, and sing at the lunch table if memory moves them.

Beachcomber must be one of the most durable columnists in the history of journalism, for he has been writing *By the Way* since 1924 and has outlasted every rival in the British press. Though the *Express* prides itself on smartly sensational lay-

outs, Beachcomber's column is not an eye catcher. It is tucked away in small type in the middle of the editorial page, a chunky box of three or four paragraphs, with modest headlines that are swamped by the waves of big type roaring through the rest of the paper. But the *Express* shouts are often less arresting than Beachcomber's murmurs: *Nothing to do with me; It is impossible to concentrate; Oh, I say, look here!; I only want to help; Trumpeter, what on earth are you sounding there?*

And what are these paragraphs about? To an unaccustomed reader they may seem a bewildering farrago of cleanly written nonsense — like an unfamiliar comic strip in which you don't know the cast of characters or the plot. The clue to Beachcomber is simple: his column is a satirical commentary on everything that is happening. Unlike most of us Americans, Beachcomber believes neither in progress nor in reform — except as a return to older and better ways; he thinks the world is mad and has been going to hell for some time. And he would much rather go to hell in a hack than in a motorcar.

He never has to look far afield for his material: he gets most of it from reading one London newspaper which he considers "absolutely idiotic." One of his favorite gambits is to take (or invent) an almost bald news item, pat it a bit, then suddenly clap a Harpo Marx wig over it:

Nature is wonderful

If a day-old gosling sees a human being it may go through life thinking it is a human being, or that human beings are geese.

(National Geographic Society of New York.)

The reason for this little known fact is said, by the society, to be that young birds identify themselves

with the first thing they see. "It has resulted in ducks thinking they were motor-boats." Yes, yes. And I knew a tiny ostrich, brought up in a zoo, which thought itself a hippopotamus. This got on the head keeper's nerves, and he ended by thinking he was an ostrich. He ate nails, old boots and braces, and slept with his head in sand. They cured him by telling him he was a hippopotamus.

He loves the advice columns in newspapers:

Dr. Rhubarb's corner

N.T. writes: A gentleman friend took me to a restaurant last month, and drank his soup through a straw. I felt very uncomfortable, as everyone stared. What should I have done?

Dr. Rhubarb says: You should have ordered spaghetti and eaten it with a buttonhook. Then he would have been the one to feel uncomfortable.

N.L. writes: We found a strange man asleep in our dustbin the other morning. We woke him, but he wouldn't get out, so we gave him a cup of tea, and he went to sleep again. What should we do?

Dr. Rhubarb says: If he is not claimed within 48 hours, he belongs to you.

BEACHCOMBER has invented a small army of characters, most of whom represent a trade, profession, class, or popular fad; he keeps thirty or forty always on call. These are a few of them: Prodnose (the British public, who sometimes interrupts Beachcomber's wilder flights by asking calm, flat, heavy questions); Rustiguzzi (a formidable female opera star, built like a battleship); Dr. Smart-Allick (headmaster of Narkover, a school that caters to juvenile delinquents); Captain Foul-enough (a rascal who lives by his wits and pursues Vita Brevis, a beautiful rich girl who is too smart for him); Dr. Strabismus of Utrecht (omniscient and omni-inventive scientist, whose name is always reverently attended by the parenthetical phrase, "Whom God Preserve"); Mr. Justice Cocklecarrot, with his attendant barristers, Gooseboote and Snapdriver; Sol Hogwasch (Hollywood magnate); Dawn Kedgaree and Trivia Tansy (film stars); the Khur of Kashdoun and Getaweh (a Middle Eastern potentate, rich in oil); Little Bo-Pest (a child who asks embarrassing questions about "deterrents" and H-bombs).

This is how Prodnose, after long and patient silence, feels compelled to observe that things are getting out of hand:

Was the "round white thing" seen in mid-air over Mexico a whitewashed football or an albino hedgehog?

A leading scientist has said, with admirable impartiality, "there is no cogent reason to suppose that it was either. Moreover, the claim that the baby rhi-

noceros born at Whipsnade is Indian, not English, is sound sense. If a cow calves in an enormous dustbin, it isn't refuse, and the council cannot claim it." "I see what he means," commented a spokesman, "but he has got things mixed up a bit. It would have been more accurate to say that if a sow has a litter in an ironmonger's shop, the little pigs are not saucepans." "They are not even mowing machines," added a passer-by, raising his hat and smiling through his tears.

Interlude

Prodnose: What you have written above seems to me to be completely confused.

Myself: That's because you are not taking the long view and facing the facts.

Prodnose: The long view of what? And what facts?

Myself: I have no space to argue with you. Put aside your prejudices and read it all over again.

Prodnose: But why did the passer-by smile through his tears?

Myself: He was an unhappy man, and was trying to put a brave face on it.

The solemn cavortings of the law delight Beachcomber. I have put these paragraphs together, like the ones on Dr. Rhubarb, so that the reader can get the drift, but in Beachcomber's column they might appear days or even weeks apart:

Odd occurrence

A man who went to bed in his boots in an hotel was accused of leaving muddy marks on the pillow. He said he had to be up early in the morning, to which the management replied that he appeared to have slept with his head at the foot of the bed and his feet on the pillow. The man said that this unusual position was bound to wake him in time for his early start. They refused to accept this explanation, and the man said: "Very well. I will tell you the truth. I am a contortionist, and my legs were round my neck several times during the night. Hence the marks on the pillow." They said: "Why can't contortionists take their boots off at night?" There was a long silence, and then the man burst into tears.

Sensational disclosures

Cross-examining Mr. Colehouse [the contortionist], Mr. Humphrey Gooseboote, for the defence, as opposed to the prosecution, asked whether the defendant had mentioned at the reception desk that he was a contortionist.

Colehouse: The reception desk did not ask me.

Cocklecarrot intervenes

Cocklecarrot: We seem to be losing sight of the main issue. These irrelevances about men with their elbows in their mouths and their heads in flower-pots are wasting the time of the court.

Snapdriver: M'lud, I am trying to establish the frontier or borderline between voluntary and involuntary contortionism.

Cocklecarrot: Nobody has suggested that the defendant twisted his body out of its normal shape involuntarily. He admits to having slept in his boots with

the object of facilitating the arrangement of his legs around his neck. The action was premeditated, and what we have to decide is whether it was, as the plaintiff claims, malice aforethought, or simply habitual foolishness.

Since Beachcomber's imagination, like the mad world about him, boggles at nothing, why not imagine a "List of Huntingdonshire Cabmen" published in seven volumes — and why not a further "anthology" from this great work, translated into French and Italian?

Twelfth edition exhausted

A storm of praise has greeted the publication of the anthology compiled from the "List Of Huntingdonshire Cabmen." Here are some opinions:

Packed with integrity, awareness, and a sense of values. (Daphne Mound.)

... Not one superfluous name. . . . (Daily Howl.)

A realistic presentation of incontrovertible facts. (Abbott and Costello.)

Admirably true to life. (Braceplug-Setters' Gazette.)

Vital statistics raised to a fine art. (Rocky Marciano.)

A mine of information for the student of cabmen's names. (Yehudi Menuhin.)

Impartial, unembittered, uninhibited. (New Zealand Times.)

Here is no cheap sensationalism. (Hardware Argus and Messenger.)

Can be safely left about a house where there are children. (Singapore Sentinel.)

Dr. Strabismus of Utrecht has apparently settled in an English village, for he is sometimes referred to as "the sage of Wagglng Parva":

To end it all

Dr. Strabismus (Whom God Preserve) of Utrecht has invented a typewriting machine which, while boiling an egg, plays classical records, grows mushrooms in a dark corner, releases a steel hand to blow your nose, tells your fortune, registers your weight, puts on your hat, washes plates, scrapes cobwebs from the ceiling, paints a watercolour, opens your umbrella, sifts charcoal, mends your shirt, draws a weather chart, ejects hot steam, shouts the times of trains, piles up cardboard, neighs like a horse, lifts a wheelbarrow, sponges meat, makes the bed, shreds beetroot, works an electric lift, traps ferrets, stirs tea, feeds the cat, pulls things away, discards mince, yodels, polishes jade, and keeps the wind away.

Beachcomber shows a complete lack of sympathy with statesmen and their delicate problems:

A subtle policy

"Since countries can only negotiate from strength, it is obvious that there can be no attempt to discuss the present situation until we have overtaken and passed the Russians in the arms race. When that

happens, and the Russians are in the position we are in at present, they will refuse to negotiate until they have overtaken and passed us again. It will then be our duty to overtake and pass them again."

(From a statesmanlike speech.)

If I were choosing an anthology to suit myself, for the peculiar Beachcomber quality that most appeals to me, these are some I would pick:

Here is the best news for aesthetes since the invention of the Gothic, stained-glass shaving-mirror with a lapis lazuli border.

Ink which smells of fresh fruit is on the market in America. The advantages of such a commodity are so many that it would be ludicrous to mention them. The real fun will begin when grocers sell fresh fruit which smells of ink. Those who care deeply about all this are invited to a fork-lunch at the Wroxton Hall Annexe, to launch a new brand of charcoal which reeks of stale fish. Mrs. Kande will be in the chair, and her dog Bapchild under it.

Windfall (By Private Wire)

The treasury has received a tiny little shrivelled apple from a Mr. Gowfe.

Missed by Reuter

A ten-year-old Yugoslav boy has 831 teeth. They are all very small, and do not inconvenience him. His mouth is the normal size, but when he whistles through his teeth he can be heard a mile away, and can blow out a candle at 40 paces distance. His name is Gustika.

Nose-bags for women

Dear Sir,

How could a woman look her best in a nose-bag, however artfully designed? Moreover, conversation would be impossible, unless she kept on taking her head out of the bag every time she wanted to talk. Only the most poised and sophisticated women can do this without appearing ridiculous. A noted psychiatrist who has conducted experiments with mangers fixed to restaurant walls, has found that the women tend to paw the ground impatiently if kept waiting. This enhances neither the charm of social intercourse nor the ease of gracious living.

Isobel Frant.

BEACHCOMBER is a happy man. He actually likes to write. "Oh, I wouldn't write if I didn't enjoy it. I love to write," and he lives a more contented life than most men. His friends, who call him "Johnny," know that his real name is J. B. Morton (though perhaps they don't all know the full extent of his name: John Cameron Andrieu Bingham Michael Morton) and that his daily column is only a small part of his writing life. His first novel, *The Barber of Putney*, was published nearly thirty years ago, and since then he has written forty-three other books: novels, essays, verse, fairy tales, history, and biography.

He and his wife live in a handsome Georgian house, with a Tudor back, set in two acres of garden on the edge of Tenterden, a town in Kent. The garden, a characteristically English, unspectacular, and charming labor of love, contains a flourishing bay tree and a pond and is sometimes visited by a shy hedgehog. Flowers bloom there all the year round. There is no railway station in Tenterden, and the Mortons have no car. London is sixty miles away, and usually stays there.

Though he has been a journalist, on the side, for thirty-five years, J. B. Morton has never learned to use a typewriter ("a fountain pen is the nearest I can get to managing anything mechanical"), nor drive a car, nor even ride a bicycle. After breakfast every morning he goes to his second-floor study, a big, square, high-ceilinged room lined with bookshelves and prints of scenes and characters of the French Revolution, and writes his column in a small, barely legible hand. This takes him usually not much more than an hour. He then posts his copy, always five or six days ahead, to the *Express* office, and that's that. No changes are ever made in what he writes, though the newspaper's lawyer always reads it for libel, and sometimes a paragraph may be dropped for lack of space.

With the column out of the way, the rest of the day is his, and he works on the book he is writing — sometimes he has two or three going at the same time. He has just finished a life of Marshal Ney, the latest of half a dozen books on the Napoleonic era in French history, his favorite study, to which he brings a lifelong knowledge of France, its language, countryside, and wines. As a young soldier he saw it from the trenches: he enlisted in 1914 and won a commission two years later. For the quality and quantity of his writing he was recently honored by the Queen, who made him a C.B.E. (Commander of the British Empire). But he would still like to write a successful *novel*. No good writer really wants to be a best seller, he just wants to be read by a great many more people. Beachcomber's only other unfulfilled desire is to turn the clock back to the Edwardian times in which he was a small boy.

The Mortons live a quiet life — an occasional evening of bridge with village neighbors, a day-time trip to London, an annual holiday on the Continent. Every weekend Mrs. Morton makes a packet of sandwiches for her husband, and he goes off on a ten-to-twenty-mile walk by himself. As he walks he sings, composing the music as he goes; sometimes songs, sometimes "more serious stuff." When he comes home again, he whistles the tunes over and writes words to fit the music.

Getting fun out of life must have become a settled habit of J. B. Morton's at an early age.

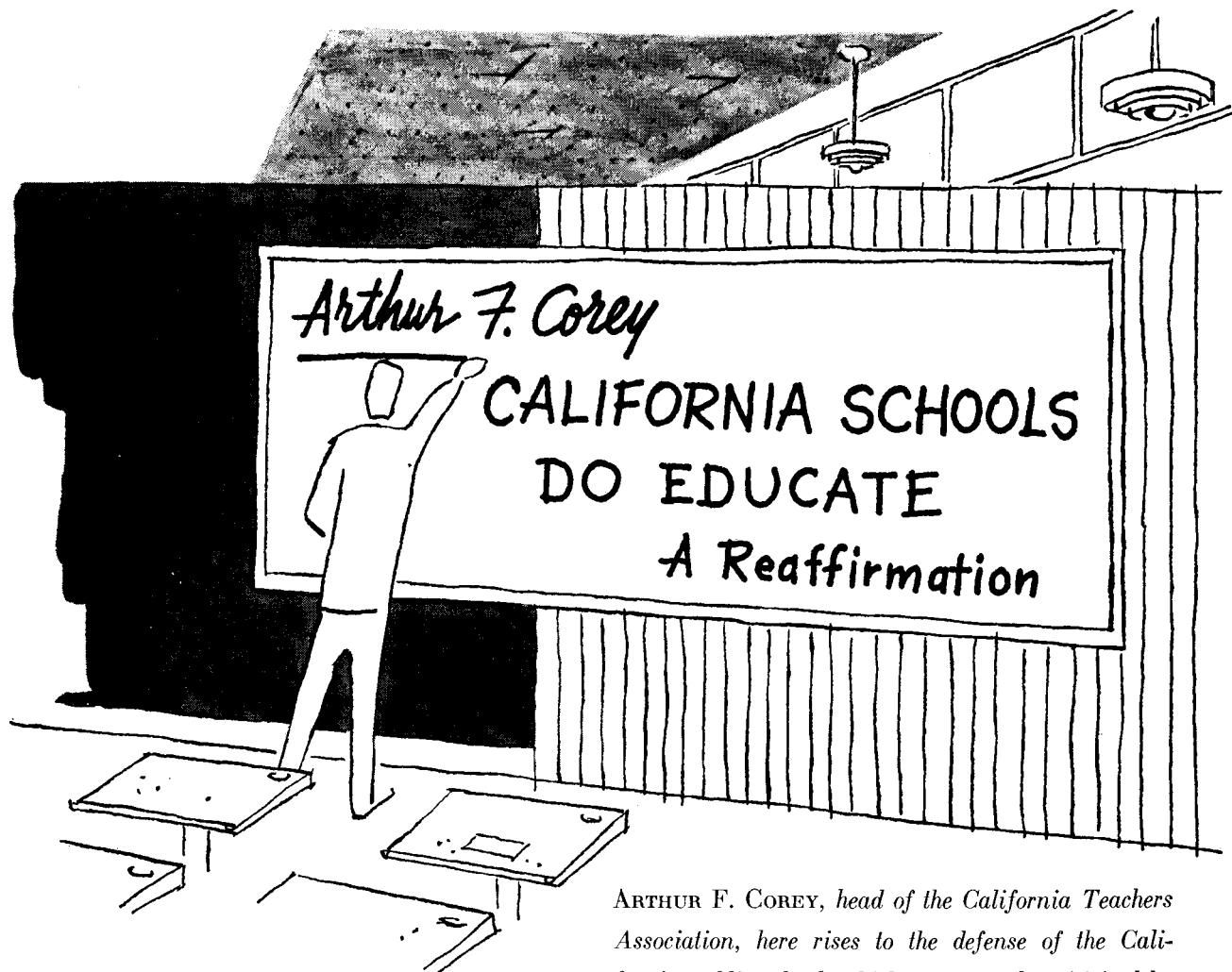
After Harrow he went up to Worcester College, Oxford, where he dipped into various courses of study, failing in all of them, and thoroughly enjoyed himself for a year.

As a young man in London he lived with some other "wild men" in a flat on Elizabeth Street. "If we made the kind of row in which everything got broken and the neighbors were muttering, one of us just leaned out the window and said firmly, in a loud voice: 'If this row doesn't cease I'll send for the police!'" On one of these evenings someone threw a fish through the window. An open car was parked directly below, with a man and a girl sitting in it, and the fish hit the man in the face. Instead of apologizing, one of the wild men leaned out the window and said to the girl, "In that case, please come up and cook some bacon and eggs for us." She came without a murmur, simply asking as she entered the door where the frying pan was. When the man, still showing no signs of resentment, sheepishly followed her, they were very fierce with him, asking him if he had never been hit in the face with a fish before, and why he made such a fuss about being hit with *one* fish.

J. B. Morton knows what's funny when he sees it, and spends a lot of his time laughing, but if you ask him whether he can define, or describe, a sense of humor, he says: "O Lord, no. Well, if I had to: a sense of proportion." Measured against his own sense of proportion, the whole modern world is ludicrously, uproariously — sometimes damnably — out of whack. He thinks modern democracy a ridiculous sham, and would like to see the return of an absolute monarchy in England (he doesn't like the words "Britain" or "British"). He wants the scientists "put in their place and trying to make us happy instead of trying to destroy us." He has no idea how many people read his column. "The hell with the public. I don't care a damn about that." One of his favorite dreams is that all oil supplies should be dried up.

And what about the United States, a country he has never visited? "I don't like the idea of it at all." (At this point Mrs. Morton interjects: "Johnny has always talked against America and adored every American he's met.") He has a feeling that Americans "are bad for civilization. And they're leading the modern business altogether." But surely, even though humor may not travel any better than wine, satire is tougher. Doesn't he ever read the *New Yorker*? "I glance at it occasionally, *but I can't understand a single joke.*" (*Italics mine.*)

I sometimes despair of Anglo-American relations, but I have a serious proposal to make on that subject: abolish the English-Speaking Union, and get Beachcomber to lunch with E. B. White.



ARTHUR F. COREY, head of the California Teachers Association, here rises to the defense of the California public school, which was severely criticized by Mortimer Smith in his article, "How to Teach the California Child," published in the ATLANTIC for September. Mr. Smith's rebuttal will be found in the ATLANTIC Reparlee.

It is certain that in education, as in other fields of human endeavor, California lives up to its reputation for devotion to the cult of the cock-eyed," declared the official spokesman for the basic educationists in the September *Atlantic*.

California teachers were shocked by this irresponsible broadside. Many parents who have been pleased with their children's schools were perplexed. One who professes a deep devotion to intellectual training and scholarship is inconsistent when he engages in this kind of sensational generalization.

What is a man's motive when he reports decisively a mock wedding reception (not a mock wedding) as representative of the curriculum of a high school which has been one of the highest in the state in the academic achievements of its graduates at the University of California? This event occurred in a homemaking class comprised largely of foreign language background and minority group pupils. Most of the girls in this class marry before or soon after graduation. American customs and social amenities may not be learned in many of their homes. Any fair observer would conclude that for these girls, the hour was instructive and well spent, and that this mock reception was not a representative sample of curricular offerings in that high school.

How must one assess a man's intellectual integrity when he reports a Los Angeles county course on how to be attractive and well groomed, when no such course is being taught in any Los Angeles county high school? The only basis for this claim is found in a home economics course of study printed several years ago. One subtopic of one unit suggested that the teacher might spend the equivalent of one class period showing how lack of good grooming could destroy the effect the girls were attempting to achieve with the clothes they were learning to create.

How must we evaluate a writer's scientific approach when he reports the popular work-experience program (popular with employers, parents, pupils) by stating that a Sacramento high school gives academic credit to students for serving as supermarket carry-out boys and service station attendants? A youth may perform such tasks as one part of his job-holding training, but the part of

his work experience for which limited academic credit is given is related closely to the four hours of daily classroom instruction he receives at the high school.

California's junior colleges (erroneously described as state controlled) were damned on the evidence that three of them offered courses in various aspects of marriage and family relations. Because a college offers young people an opportunity to study and discuss these problems under a competent instructor rather than in the dormitory bull session is not prima-facie evidence of anti-intellectualism or low academic standards.

Many of these locally controlled and largely locally financed institutions offer buildings, equipment, library facilities, and faculty which compare favorably with many well-known and highly respected liberal arts colleges. In addition, they offer excellent terminal vocational programs in various technical fields.

The quality of academic work done in the junior colleges is substantiated by the record of their graduates who transfer to the universities. High school graduates who are qualified for university entrance but choose to take their first two years in a junior college do just as well subsequently in the upper division of the University of California as do the students who entered the four-year institution as freshmen.

DISCUSSION about the quality of schooling is futile and frustrating when there is no agreement on the purposes for which the schools are maintained. Most teachers today would agree that their aim is to contribute to pupil enlightenment.

California teachers, in their policy statement on the purposes of education, define an "enlightened person" this way:

He has the skills, knowledge, and *attitudes* essential to success in everyday living. He is effective in expressing his ideas. He reads, writes, and handles mathematical tools as competently as may be required to meet his needs. He possesses wide acquaintance with the physical universe and with the ways in which it works. He knows the society in which he lives and the history of its development. He understands and appreciates other persons and has both the will and the social skills to get along with them. He has knowledge of the arts and crafts, together with the capacity to appreciate them and to participate in some of them. He is competent in an economically useful occupation.

All of these skills and all of this factual knowledge will not, of themselves, guarantee enlightenment. They make their best contribution under the guidance of worthy moral standards and spiritual values. The enlightened person loves his country and is devoted to the preservation and progress of its way of life. He willingly assumes civic and personal responsibilities.

He carefully analyzes problems and proposals, gives thorough consideration to all sides of every issue, and intelligently formulates and tests his conclusions. Above all, the enlightened person has a burning desire to know, and he finds high adventure in his continued search for truth.

This concept of the function of education puts heavy emphasis on intellectual development, but it recognizes that human behavior is motivated by a combination of thinking, feeling, and believing. The human mind is the most important element in education, but it cannot be isolated and does not operate in a vacuum. There are other aspects of the school's responsibility which are not essentially intellectual.

A similar philosophy is briefly stated by Paul Woodring in these words:

In a society of free men, the proper aim of education is to prepare the individual to make wise decisions. The educated man is the one who can choose between good and bad, between truth and falsehood, between the beautiful and ugly, between the worthwhile and the trivial.

The mastery of subject matter is vitally important because a great variety of facts and skills is necessary as a basis for wise personal decisions. Subject matter is not taught as an end in itself, but because it is useful in living the good life. Children should be taught to be or do something, not taught just something.

The basic educationists hold that the school's only important function is to train the minds of the pupils, that the traditional scholastic disciplines offer the only satisfactory means of training the human mind, and that any deviation from these traditional subject areas is indefensible.

The September *Atlantic* article contended that:

1. Schools are bad because they don't restrict themselves to the traditional intellectual disciplines, implying that actually today's schools are not teaching these academic subjects at all.

2. Schools have this weakness because they are dominated by an educational conspiracy which places no value on academic achievement.

3. California schools are especially bad, despite liberal financial support; thus added financial support will not solve school problems.

California teachers deny and resent all three of these contentions. Yet no responsible voice within the profession would assert that our schools should not be improved, or that money alone, without its wise application to school programs and services, will spell progress automatically.

Though California's schools should not escape criticism or evaluation merely because the state's problems have been severe, there have been distressing educational challenges facing the teachers and the public in the past few decades. California

has undergone a continuing influx of more than a thousand permanent residents a day for some years. The population is increasing more than half a million each year. The task of absorbing a million new pupils within five years has been a staggering problem. Another unprecedented difficulty is the staffing of the new schools, which are being opened at the rate of one eighteen-classroom building per day, 365 days a year. Even relatively high salaries have not solved the teacher supply problem. Though every attempt is made to be selective in recruiting and employing teachers, the shortage of supply has been permitted to excuse lower standards of preparation and competence than leaders in the profession would approve.

The sociological impact of this migration and growth has been dramatic. Communities which until recently were almost exclusively upper-middle-class areas are now predominantly low-cost housing tracts. Though statistics for obvious reasons are not released, there are many school districts in which the median I.Q. of twelfth graders has declined eight to ten points in the last ten years. The teachers have been forced to reconstruct their offerings to meet the needs of new and different students.

Had the quality of California's educational program really deteriorated between 1943 and 1955, most observers would tend to be tolerant if the teachers should plead, "Bear with us a while. We have monumental problems, but we are working on them, and with help, we'll recover past standards."

But California teachers are uttering no such pleas. Despite results of the General Educational Development tests, which are often cited, there is *no conclusive evidence available to indicate that the quality of California's educational program has failed to advance in the past decade.*

Sponsors of the GED tests have proclaimed that they were not intended to indicate the relative achievement of states and that the method of administration makes such use completely invalid. Any statistician inspecting the tests themselves, the method of sampling, and the size of the sample would recognize that the difference between California achievement in 1955 and 1943 is meaningless.

CRITICS may well ask, "Have you any positive evidence that California schools have *not* deteriorated or that they are offering a program equal or superior to other states?" The answer must be "No." There has been no general testing reported which would offer conclusive proof on either side of such an argument. Yet there are other straws in the wind which suggest conclusions

quite the opposite of those charged by some critics.

Statistics compiled recently by the University of California office of admissions support the claim that California high schools have improved their college entrance training during the past twenty years. Comparative grades of freshmen during their first semester of university work on both major campuses of the university (Berkeley and Los Angeles) show that while 63 per cent of Los Angeles campus freshmen and 70.99 per cent of Berkeley campus freshmen achieved grade point averages above "C" in the fall of 1936, in the 1956 fall term the respective averages were 73.29 and 74.78. Records show further that this improvement was gradual and consistent.

Dr. Herman A. Spindt, director of admissions, declared that "Certainly the high schools have nothing to apologize for if we accept comparative grades as valid measures."

Similarly, Arthur Marmaduke, director of admissions at Occidental College, reports that while his college has been "toughening up" on classwork, freshman grades have risen steadily since 1955. "The 350 entering freshmen this year, representing 120 California public high schools, scored exceptionally high in the college board examinations — in the top 25 per cent, far above the national average," he said.

School districts throughout the state carry on testing programs to evaluate their effectiveness. Local autonomy produces lack of uniformity in testing instruments and procedures. There is no way to consolidate results and obtain any valid state-wide measure of pupil achievement. Although not conclusive, it is at least indicative that testing results in individual districts generally show not retrogression but improvement and compare favorably with national norms. Los Angeles city schools, for example, just recently reported that in the Iowa Tests of Educational Development, seniors in the thirty-four high schools tested achieved the seventy-third percentile. In other words, their average achievement in fundamental subject areas puts them well within the top third of the nation's high schools.

In Oakland, the same Iowa tests administered to all one thousand and twenty-five seniors of three high schools showed scores at the national average in two areas, well above national norms on six tests, and slightly below the national norm in one — ability to interpret literary materials.

No general or comparative figures are released in the national merit scholarship tests or the College Entrance Board examinations, but so many schools and districts have reported gratifying achievements that charges of California inferiority become unbelievable.

Another charge is that the teaching profession

has achieved a coup to destroy standards and entrench a philosophy of anti-intellectualism and self-aggrandizement. Teachers now are engaged, it is claimed, in a conspiracy to protect the status quo. This whole thesis is false.

Active leaders in the California Teachers Association were amazed to learn via the *Atlantic* that the CTA and the State Department of Education are in collusion. Differences between the official agency and the professional organization have been frequent and, in some instances, vigorous. Teachers were amused at the assertion that the association rarely "permits a dissenting voice to be heard." Obviously the author never listened to the sharp debate in any of the association's governing councils.

Far from being an administrator or teacher-educator dominated process, the current move to reform credentialing structures and practices in California is a culmination of the ground swell of teacher opinion. Six hundred local chapters of CTA, embracing ninety-five thousand members, now are studying the credential revisions proposed by a committee on which they were represented. School boards and parent-teacher associations are engaged in similar study. Their organizations also were represented in the Council on Teacher Education, which prepared the proposals.

Although the organized profession in California has insisted that a reasonable minimum of professional courses is essential to a professional teacher, it has never attempted to increase this beyond one seventh to one fifth of the total preservice preparation program. The association has studied and urged steps for eradication of overlapping in education courses, making currently offered courses more rigorous and meaningful and increasing the laboratory phase of teacher preparation into a more valuable internship.

In 1956, the *CTA Journal*, official publication of the association, stated:

We will need a better general education for tomorrow's teachers. The expanding store of human knowledge and the broadening educational goals now demand . . . that teachers must be educated people. This means that we will be forced to require a prerequisite general education for teachers which covers adequately the major aspects of our culture. Not just any bachelor's degree will meet the need. The undergraduate program must provide work of relatively high caliber in language, literature, science, mathematics, history, fine arts, sociology and political science. The program will require a full four years of college work . . . causing limitation of actual professional education to the graduate level.

The CTA constantly has preached that increasing the rigor of the teacher preparation

program is needed to challenge our best youth, and that it will increase, not diminish, the supply of qualified young people choosing the teaching profession.

Teachers must avoid, however, even the appearance of assuming that public education is perfect. While we decry the reckless attack, it is time for the organized profession and the friends of education to increase their effectiveness in assisting the American people in deciding what is wrong with the schools. As a beginning, I propose again that we join forces to face these obvious weaknesses:

1. Our schools, though striving in this direction, fall far short in their efforts to provide for the differentiated needs of pupils. Prevailing class size, tradition, and inadequacies in teacher preparation have mitigated against solution of this problem. Adherence to the preaching of basic educationists would drive us still further from the goal.

2. American schools have accepted too much responsibility with too few resources. Every time some new function has been added, it has been pressed into the same school day and year, and usually the same budget.

3. Priority in function is seriously lacking. It is easy for critics to define priorities when they assume that the school has but one major function. It is not so easy when we visualize a school as having a number of subsidiary but necessary functions and as comprised of children with widely varying needs and resources.

4. Intellectual competence is not given high place in the scale of values held by our society. How can this ominous danger be attacked effectively, both by teachers and by thoughtful citizens?

5. How can we improve all teaching on the college level so that teacher preparation will be intellectually more challenging and more meaningful? There is an ample body of knowledge and skill which a professionally competent teacher should possess. Although teacher education has shown great improvement, there is serious doubt that present programs are equipping teachers with that knowledge and skill.

6. How can we work with other disciplines in the universities and colleges to develop depth courses on the graduate level specifically for teachers in subject areas?

These are a few significant questions. Each suggests several others, all directed at improvement of the quality of service that teachers and schools can render to the community's children. We cannot expect to come up suddenly with all the right answers. We dare not stop trying. The public expects help from its teachers.

A PILFERING BY POE

BY CHARLES D. STEWART

A regular contributor to the ATLANTIC in his middle years and best remembered for "The Bee's Knees," "The Breath of Life," and other nature studies, most of which were written in Wisconsin, CHARLES D. STEWART now has a rather embarrassing question to ask of Edgar Allan Poe.

IF YOU have read Charles Dickens' interesting novel *Barnaby Rudge*, you will recall that poor Barnaby had a pet raven named Grip. The raven was almost a part of Barnaby because Barnaby carried the bird in a cage on his back. Thus Grip went along when Barnaby was thrown into Newgate prison at the time of the Gordon riots. The bird, having a somewhat limited vocabulary, was constantly repeating himself, and one of his favorite statements was, "I'm a devil, I'm a devil." As Dickens tells it, Grip would sometimes combine the phrase with another, saying, "Polly put the kettle on — I'm a devil, I'm a devil."

This reminds us of what Poe says to his own bird in his poem "The Raven." Beginning with the fifteenth stanza he says, "'Prophet!' said I, 'thing of evil! — prophet still, if bird or devil!'" and at the beginning of the next stanza, as if for emphasis, he repeats the line.

Dickens calls attention to the bright red shining in Grip's eye as boy and bird sit in their prison cell, looking out at the light from the burning

buildings. "As if," Dickens says, "it were a spark from the fires of the Gordon riots."

Poe, sitting in his dreary chamber at midnight, had little illumination. The fire in the fireplace had almost gone out. "And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon the floor." There was a lamp above the bust of Pallas upon which the raven sat — such a meager flame as lamps gave before the days of kerosene. There was not much light there — hardly anything "fiery" — and yet Poe pictures himself as sitting in the lonesome chamber looking up at the visiting fowl "whose fiery eyes now burned into my bosom's core." From what source of fire or conflagration would these fiery eyes get such notable reflection? It would seem here that Poe was thinking more about Barnaby's bird than the one he was writing about.

Poe said that the fascinating quality of his visiting raven was due to its prophetic nature — a brainless bird giving an answer that fit right in with the question asked, and especially an answer with such a doleful future as "Nevermore."

Barnaby's mother sat with him during much of the time that he spent behind the bars. She expressed the hope that they would soon be given their freedom. "You hope," said Barnaby. "Ay, but your hoping will not undo these chains. I hope, but they do not mind that. Grip hopes, but who cares for Grip?" The raven gave a short melancholy croak. It said "Nobody" as plainly as a croak could speak. Later on, Barnaby asked the question, "But who cares for Grip?" Again the raven answered "Nobody." "Nobody" and "Never" were among his favorite words.

Here then we have that same prophetic quality and the same doleful meaning coming from a brainless bird which Poe, in his essay on "The Raven," said was so necessary to the success of his poem.

How are we going to account for these coincidences between Dickens' novel, published in 1841, and Poe's "The Raven," which came out on January 29, 1845? Coincidences are just chance, and they hardly occur so often in such short space. As yet we shall not accuse Poe of plagiarism. He himself accused too many of plagiarism. He was noted for finding literary thieves and liars to right and left of him, and he made many enemies thereby. He summed up his activity in that line by speaking of "Longfellow and other plagiarists." And New England retaliated by calling him "the jingle man."

Let us now consider what likelihood there might be that Poe would take ideas from Dickens, and especially from *Barnaby Rudge*. Poe knew more about the novel than anyone else living, so it was said. The *Encyclopædia Britannica*, eleventh

edition, under the heading "Charles Dickens," tells us: "The plot [of *Barnaby Rudge*] is of the utmost complexity; and Edgar Allan Poe, who predicted the conclusion, must be one of the few persons who ever really mastered it."

As the novel came out serially in an American publication, Poe attracted much attention when he successfully predicted, from early numbers, the course and outcome of the story. He was therefore deeply familiar with every detail of the passages about Grip, Barnaby's raven.

When the book came out, Poe reviewed it. In the review he shows evidence of being much impressed by the raven. He said, "The raven, too, intensely amusing as it is, might have been made, more than we now see it, a portion of the conception of the fantastic Barnaby. Its croakings might have been *prophetically* heard in the course of the drama." (The italics are Poe's.)

So now what have we? We have Poe, sometime before he wrote the poem, beginning to have ideas. The two vital and fundamental ideas of the poem are here quite explicitly expressed — the ideas of having a brainless bird who could give answers that would happen to fit in with the question asked and that would strike the imagination as being prophetic. And then a word of a doleful nature. Dickens provided such words. Grip's favorite words were "Never" and "Nobody." Poe made his raven's "Nevermore." They were both prophetic in their use. Shall we accuse Poe of plagiarism?

To be sure of our work we must look into it a little more deeply. In 1845 "The Raven" made its appearance in the New York *Evening Mirror*. It soon became the best-known poem in America. When "The Raven" was an established success, Poe wrote a review of it himself. In the review he undertook to explain to the public that every idea, every line of the poem, seemingly inspired, was a work of pure reason. Each step was thought out. It was shrewdly devised. It was an achievement of intellect. He had calculated the effect of each word and sound and image. The poem was not the result of mysterious inward promptings or suggestion from without; this he is careful to have you understand. And this, it would seem, is his reason for writing a review of the poem himself. It is a sort of confession to the public of how such things are done.

His thoroughness in implanting this point of view is interestingly exhibited in the so-called review. He starts with the word "Nevermore" and the effect to be worked by its reiteration. And so problem number one is to choose a speaker. First

he thought of using a human being, but decided that it would not do to use a reasoning creature. The effect of brainless reiteration would be hard to contrive. Then he took up the parrot and thought that over. It would not do; he said it was "unnatural." Then he hit upon the idea of using the raven; he said it was "equally capable of speech with the parrot" and "infinitely in keeping with the intended tone." Thus he goes on with his review, or confession, and never once mentions the raven with which he became so familiar in reviewing *Barnaby Rudge*.

Now, must we force ourselves to believe that never at any moment while he was writing "The Raven," and then writing his review of "The Raven," did he recall that other raven named Grip? Did he forget what he had observed so carefully in Barnaby's bird: the effect of prophecy that could be achieved by the reiterated word? Did he never think of Grip's words "Never" and "Nobody" and compare them with his own "Nevermore"? Would it be possible for a man with any memory at all to have had so much to do with Grip as Poe had and then forget all about it? Did Poe forget that Barnaby's bird was repeatedly calling himself a devil, and that he, Poe, made his own bird a visitor from the nether regions? Was all this so far gone from Poe's mind that when it came to choosing a mouthpiece for "Nevermore" he had to think it all out — first a human being, then a parrot, and finally, at last, a raven?

Poe had made quite a reputation by attacking other writers as plagiarists. Now that his own poem was a great success he would naturally begin to feel uneasy. He would want nothing that might be called plagiarism attached to that. And so what would he do? He would head it all off by writing a so-called review of his own poem. He would be careful not to say a word about *Barnaby Rudge*.

Poe was a detective in the sense that he was the originator of the detective story. He would now use his craft in throwing literary detectives off the trail. But he overdid it. When a detective has a culprit in hand, the wrongdoer will keep away as far as possible from the object of the search. A detective is often able to tell by little moves of the culprit's hand or arm, little opposed pressures which the detective can feel, just where the object is.

That is just what Poe is doing in this so-called review. He is keeping the public mind as far as possible from Barnaby Rudge's raven.

Mr. Poe accuses himself of plagiarism.



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An Atlantic Serial

SIGH FOR A STRANGE LAND

BY MONICA STIRLING

An English writer who spent most of her girlhood in France, MONICA STIRLING represented the ATLANTIC in Paris in the months immediately after the Liberation. We have published her short stories and her first novel, LOVERS AREN'T COMPANY, and have saluted with respect her biography of Ouida which appeared earlier this year. This is the second installment of her tender, valiant novel which was sparked by the Hungarian Revolution.

Summary

This is the story of a people who have lost their freedom, but not their character, behind the Iron Curtain. It is told by Resi, an appealing adolescent, not yet woman; she is sensitive, hungry for what life has not given her, resourceful in the face of the police. An orphan, she has been living since the war with her Aunt Natasha, once a beauty of the old order and still impervious to the discipline of the new. As the story opens, Resi is prowling the wards of the Racnik hospital searching for her aunt, whom she rightly suspects has been on a binge. On their way home they notice men running, they hear rifle shots and people shouting, the shops have all been closed up, and when they reach the block of their grim apartment, it is in flames.

Boris, Aunt Natasha's dearest friend, has been searching for them, and he secretes them in his big truck with his three circus horses, which are his livelihood. That midnight they drive away from the revolution and cross the border into the free world; when Resi wakes, they are being installed by the Red Cross in a municipal dormitory. Now they are refugees in a land of unpurchasable plenty. In the intervals of their escape, Natasha has been telling Resi of her lifelong love for Boris and of the scandal which prevented their marriage. With Boris to guide them, they climb out through the lavatory window to examine the city in which they have taken refuge.

IT HAD rained earlier, but now the sun was shining, and green roof tiles, gilded shop signs, immaculate plate glass threw off sparks of refracted light, so that the air seemed to be alive with golden confetti. Neither Boris nor Aunt Natasha spoke at first, but tilted their faces to the cool bright sunshine with tentative enjoyment, like convalescents. Anxious to discover what was happening, yet dreading doing so, we walked circumspectly, trying to prolong this moment, to limit our attention to our linked arms and the sunshine on our faces.

Halfway down the next street, which was full of traffic — I'd never before seen so many motor vehicles in one place — we were attracted by a prodigious delicatessen store. The vast window's centerpiece was a glass-fronted silver machine in which a chicken roasted on a revolving spit. Either side stood massive hams, their outsides neatly bread-crumbed, their insides the color of dark-pink roses. Spread around these in tiers were shallow white china dishes containing black and green olives, soft-fleshed tan mushrooms, smooth-skinned coppery sausages, the harlequin colors of vegetable salad, artichokes with gray-green mauve-topped leaves firm as if sculpted, beetroots with their darkly crimson juice turned cherry color where it dissolved into a moat of sour cream, pies with richly glazed and crusted tops.

"What will it be?" asked Boris, with a look of modest triumph.

"We haven't got any of this money," I said regretfully.

Boris put his hand in his pocket, and produced a jingling sound.

"There's something to be said for the habits acquired by a lifetime of looting," said Aunt Natasha.

"You overestimate me, my dear. In fact I was paid the day before yesterday and had the money on me, and a jockey down at the stables changed it. What shall we have?"

"Pie's best for eating with fingers."

We bought three slices of pork pie, and two bottles of beer, to be kept for later. We ate the pie as we walked, chewing each mouthful as long as possible and not dropping a crumb.

"We'd certainly better spend this money," said Boris, "otherwise it may be taken off us or devaluated. Refugees are pouring in."

"And being sent where?" In spite of sunshine and pie, I was still full of dread.

"Nowhere. We're not allowed to move for the moment. Otherwise," Boris sounded apologetic, "this country would be overrun — we're in the position of rabbits."

"What ought we to do?"

"Stay put." Boris looked from one to the other of us, almost accusingly. "Some who came across yesterday are already talking of going back."

"What did they leave behind?"

"Their hearts. So they think now." Boris spoke angrily, for him. "But I don't want either of you listening to oratory. Insofar as in us lies, we three are going to stay together — and stay put. From now on they can count us out. You and I are too old, Natasha."

"We've left our hearts across frontiers before," she agreed.

"And Resi's too young."

"People younger than I am fight." I thought of that fifteen-year-old partisan whom they hanged in the forest.

"Do you want to fight, Resi?"

For a second I hesitated. One is often told that it's difficult to speak the truth, but it seems to me that the difficulty lies in accepting the truth oneself before speaking. Dishonesty being contagious, I should not have admitted at school that I dreaded fighting, hated and feared violence. But here, beside Aunt Natasha and Boris, I could accept my cowardice and admit that all I wanted right now was for us three to be left together, to be left alone.

"Just stick to that," said Boris, anxiety in his voice and look. I took his arm. Presently he relaxed and said, "I suggest we find a café where we can read the papers. That will be our best way of finding out what's happening. I seem to remember

a big place in the center of town where no one pays any attention to anyone else."

"Have you been here before?" I asked, surprised.

"A long time ago. When I was another person, and it was another country. But I dare say the café is still there. Cafés are likely to outlast governments."

"One of the few facts that suggest man is not completely insane," said Aunt Natasha.

She and Boris smiled at each other, and suddenly I saw a young girl skating with a young officer in a Russian city of glittering bulbous roofs. Their narrowly booted feet slid forward, leaving silver tracks on the ice's powdery surface. They were as vivid to me as if my own memory had supplied the picture, and when I looked from them to Boris and Aunt Natasha in their present state, the latter were aureoled for me by the fact of owning pasts in which there had been enough love to allow for emotional extravagance. Knowing myself incapable of it, I particularly admired extravagance, and this admiration gave my love for them a new dimension. They had always satisfied me; now they disturbed my imagination. I had always loved them as they were; now I was falling in love with what they had been.

BORIS' café was still where he had left it and not, he said, much altered: a comfortable place with steamy plate-glass windows, damson-colored chairs plushly upholstered, shining spittoons, and potted plants. A tiny, yellow-eyed boy in a green baize apron was polishing leathery leaves with drops of liquid which he carefully shook onto a red cloth. Big gilt-framed mirrors, which gave the room visual extensions, had plump nymphs enameled over their surfaces, and no one seemed to be spying on anyone else. Which didn't prevent our choosing the table furthest from everyone, just to be on the safe side. On it was a bowl half full of lumps of sugar, which we quickly divided and pocketed.

Boris and Aunt Natasha ordered beer, and I had chocolate, which came in a thin china cup. This tasted rather different from thick china, and very different from plastic. A little way behind where we sat hung a score of newspapers, each fastened into a chunky wooden stick with a metal hook at its top. Having fetched several of these, Boris gave us each one. Smiling at a Swiss paper, Aunt Natasha said, "Do you remember that day in Geneva? Resi must see Geneva sometime."

She had never before spoken as if there were any likelihood of my traveling. Now here we were abroad, and, all at once, it was home that seemed foreign, the unfamiliar home evoked in

big letters on the front pages of the unfamiliar newspapers drooping like flags at half-mast from their wooden spines. Reading the dogmatic headlines patrolled by exclamation marks, I could think only of details unmentioned here: a policeman smiling dreadfully on a doorstep where he was not welcome; a ragged toothless old woman mending a useless chair beside a wrecked tank; the smell of human sweat and of horses', the former more acid, the latter more pungent; the crackling sound of burning and the sensation of smarting eyelids. From such fragments of confusion these papers had created a "long-expected uprising" about which everything was clear at a first reading — but less so at a second one. Long expected by whom? By "all thinking people" said one paper, in an article illustrated by a photograph of crowds shaking their fists. "That's the spirit" was the caption under this. "The eyes of the world" were upon us, stated another paper.

Looking round the room I felt fiercely glad of the players' absorption in their chessmen, of the look of complicity the barman gave his glasses, of the yellow-eyed boy's careful polishing of the leaves — of all these evidences of private preoccupations. Boris remarked that we'd better check on happenings at our billets.

It was just after passing the royal stables, which Boris pointed out to me with pride — nothing concerning animals is alien to him — that we collided with Ladislaus, carrying a rucksack and looking wretched. Seeing us he turned first red, then white, and began shouting greetings and slapping our backs. "What's happening?" we asked him, while he was asking us.

Shaking his head and running his hands over his elbows, Ladislaus said that on "that morning" — already these words held particular significance for us; until the next disaster we would date events in our lives as before or after "that morning" — on that morning, then, Ladislaus had stayed home late to watch his cactus, one that flowers only every four years and was due to do so around then. Ladislaus had for this plant the feelings of both a lover and a policeman, and when at last he had to go out, to pick up tickets for the Saturday football game, he'd run all the way. Yes, the streets had been a bit emptier than usual. But he hadn't paid too much attention to this at the time, what with the cactus and the football game. Ladislaus paused, shook his head gloomily, said, "It's probably flowering now," tugged at his right ear, and added incredulously, "Saturday's *today*, isn't it?" Then he went back to yesterday, when he had found the ticket office shut, which it had no business to be at that hour, and as he ran home he noticed a shop with a broken window, so immediately crossed the street, because thanks to the cur-

rent obsession with juvenile delinquency anyone under twenty needs to watch other people's steps. On the way he had run into our chemistry master, who had collected half a dozen boys and urged Ladislaus to join them. At the time he hadn't been quite clear what it was all about. But now here he was. "I always act without thinking," he concluded sadly.

"Not this time, you didn't," said Boris.

OUR lavatory window was still open, and Aunt Natasha and I got back to the main room without our absence rousing more than a few suspicious glances from persons who feared we might have been securing advantages. Once one is a refugee, one starts developing an exaggerated form of queue mentality. I could already feel it in myself. I would have gone to any lengths to secure an advantage, however unfairly, for Aunt Natasha.

A Red Cross woman came and asked if we were all vaccinated. By chance, Aunt Natasha and I had been done recently and, before going to the Racnik, I'd put the certificates in my purse on the you-never-can-tell principle. Some people immediately bared their arms and held them out, others cried that it was not their fault, others simply cried. Although vaccination is compulsory at home, some of the peasants still try to evade it on the grounds that it is the mark of the beast. The dogs barked, and an old woman exclaimed in a plummy but resonant voice that God would punish them *and* us, nodding to herself as if she found this very satisfactory.

Rumors began spreading like circles round the spot where a stone has dropped into a pond. The room grew stuffy with fear. People hurled questions at their neighbors but went on talking through the answers. Someone said *they* were burning everything, someone else that, on the contrary, *they* had been taught a lesson. An emotional voice expressed a wish to go home and spoke of rats and sinking ships, whereupon an even more emotional voice flared up and said, "Speak for yourself," and the words "Huns, Mongolians, Tartars, barbarians" flew through the air like shapes of things to come. Just then a siren went off, making us jump and clutch each other. Feeling in her pocket, Aunt Natasha found a piece of bread and pressed it into my hands.

"Have you noticed that one's appetite grows as food gets scarcer? I don't know why people are constantly extolling nature's way."

"But we've had a lot to eat here."

"That won't last."

"Why not?" I asked stupidly, trying not to listen for the bombs I expected to follow the siren.

"Because people soon get tired of refugees. The pattern seldom varies. First welcoming looks, eager handclasps, food and drink, all sincerely offered. They not only mean but *want* to wash our feet. But if crises last too long, if there are too many of us for existing charitable organizations — and there always are — then refugees are suddenly discovered to be ungrateful and given to intrigues. And of course we often are. We start by bringing out the best in some people, and end by bringing out the worst in everyone. I didn't tell you this before, because back home it would have caused you nothing but nagging regret, but do remember now that whenever they close frontiers and stop individual travel, voluntary travel, which produces pleasure and commerce, then the next thing is mass involuntary travel — refugees — which produces only trouble. Look at us."

The siren was mute now, and no bomb had fallen within earshot. Suddenly a door was slammed, footsteps rattled down the passage, hands were clapped, and a harassed voice said, "All together, please! *Together*. Don't let's have any stragglers. We want everyone out of here in half an hour."

The voice continued explaining, but I stopped listening. Aunt Natasha was right. They were tired of us already, and although they were not responsible for our plight I felt angry, which I hadn't yesterday: angry and frightened, and therefore eager to be unfair. The first stage of our outward journey was accomplished, and I was no longer an innocent traveler.

HUDDLED outside was a crowd of people in clothes that, though of different shades, now looked predominantly dun-gray. White-knuckled hands clutched nervously at suitcases, bundles, rucksacks, and baskets, and distress made every face angular. An official voice, as rational as its owner's uniform, explained that we were only being transferred to the other side of town because these premises were actually needed for incoming refugees; things must be organized in stages, the screening process, buses will be provided, now will everyone just cooperate? But the voice's moderation was powerless against the tornado of rumors.

Next to me an old woman, crying almost silently, whispered, "They're going to send us back." Immediately, a long-chinned neighbor contradicted her. "To a camp, more likely," she said, then added briskly, as if deriving gratification from her own bitterness, "I knew we shouldn't escape. All my family've died in camps. We're intended for the crematorium, all right." At the word "crematorium" the weeping woman gave the begin-

ning of a thin scream, but quickly popped her rheumatism-twisted hand over her mouth. "Nothing personal intended," grumbled the woman whose family had died in camps. "What kind of talk is that?" asked a dog owner. "Why exaggerate? So ungrateful. Enough to provoke destiny." An argument started. But instead of spreading, as it usually does in crowds — those who know nothing about the matter under discussion being the most vociferous — this was restricted to half a dozen voices. The rest of us merely pressed closer together, trying to oppose destiny to calamity.

There were lampposts all along the street, and I told myself that if I could count them before the return of the uniformed woman, who had gone indoors to look for a missing number, then everything would be all right. I knew nothing could make everything all right, but this did not prevent my being relieved when I won my bet with myself. At last two big blue autocars drove round the corner, stopping in front of us. Instinctively we all drew back, as if these vehicles were dangerous animals crowned with luggage racks. Along the autocars' smooth blue sides were metal letters, the words "tours" and "Venice" catching the light. As we climbed into the second one I asked Aunt Natasha if she had ever been to Venice, and she nodded. "One's eyes are never hungry there; churches like great pearls, trees springing out of marble, the sound of water lapping against stone and, in the autumn, the taste of mushrooms and walnuts and cheese — the Venetians used to call tourists 'the autumn people.'"

Squeezing her hand, I whispered, "Maybe we'll go there together one day?"

"We're moving in the right direction. But," looking worried, "Venice is not a good place for horses. Even the fire engines are motorboats."

We were driving through what seemed to be back streets. There was scarcely more traffic than at home and, here and there, fingers of grass showed between cobbles, wisps of straw blew out from wooden doorways, and a group of children stopped singing "Ringel, Ringel, Rosenkrantz" to stare as we passed. Then back to macadamized surfaces, traffic stagnant between clifflike warehouses. Next came more shops, well-covered women carrying baskets, and the road widening into a huge statued *platz* with a great church spiring up on the other side, its roof grass-green.

Sunlight had made way for grayness, and it was evening when at last we stopped in a narrow street of brick houses, old-fashioned rather than old, with nibbled stucco around doors and windows. We climbed out into a snow-carrying wind and were marshaled into a hall decorated with photographs of men in frock coats and commanding attitudes. There were also several notice boards.

Even without these, one would have known this was a school from the smell of chlorine, chalk, and stale clothes.

The room where we were to sleep was very large, and contained army blankets as well as straw. Having arranged ours, Aunt Natasha and I sat down and did what Elsa's father called casing the joint. Wooden bars striped the opposite wall, and in front of them stood a vaulting horse, a springboard, and a basket of Indian clubs. Ropes hanging from the ceiling were looped to the walls. I hoped we shouldn't be awakened by gyrating athletes.

Suddenly my heart missed a beat. "Did we leave the schnapps in our broom cupboard?"

Aunt Natasha patted her coat. Reassured, my thoughts returned to her past. As we waited for cabbage soup, the smell of which was drifting into the room, I asked, "Darling, didn't you see Boris again between your marriages?"

"But of course. I saw him again soon after my first marriage — and realized I had made a terrible mistake. But by then I had grown up enough to know my own foolishness was to blame, not my kind old husband. I had grown very fond of Anton. He allowed me to carry out all my plans for our peasants — which was more than they themselves did — and even took me traveling, which meant many sacrifices from a sportsman's point of view, although of course our itineraries included a certain amount of animal slaughter."

"But Boris?"

"Still in the army. We had parted sorrowfully yet pleased with ourselves. When one's young, one can get a great deal of satisfaction out of an attitude, providing one's not hungry. Later on it seemed impossible that I hadn't missed Boris, but at the time I wasn't dissatisfied with what I had. Inside the close quarters of marriage one is bound to love unless one hates — and I didn't hate Anton. I came to have the tenderest feelings for him, and I shall never forget his gentleness when my mother died."

"You mean my grandmother?"

"No, my father married again. Your grandmother was his second wife, Maria."

"Did you know her?"

"Very well. As a girl I greatly admired her. She was the daughter of Czech friends of ours — their country was still part of the Austro-Hungarian empire in those days, so you see one's always in trouble of some kind — and she held *views*, which my mother considered unsuitable in a young girl. Maria was only a few years older than myself, tall and sallow, with beautiful yellow-flecked dark eyes, rather like yours. And there was something about her that suggested a captive — a fierce captive for whose imprisonment one was in some

mysterious way responsible. She was a member of the intelligentsia, and made a point of speaking Russian."

"Why not?"

"People of our kind usually spoke French. But Maria thought that wrong, like the way society was organized."

"Did your father — my grandfather — feel that too?"

"Until my mother's death, father sincerely believed everything a person of his class was expected to believe. Then loneliness made what amounted to a chemical change in him. He became a reading addict, discovering ideas as boys discover stamps; and Maria's fierce young believingness was one of these stamps. Before he knew where he was, clandestine leaflets were as thick inside the house as autumn leaves outside and, shuffling eagerly among them, he became re-acclimatized to love."

"What was my father like as a child?"

"I didn't see him after we'd left Russia. At the beginning of the 1914 War my husband had an honorary post at our embassy in Paris, and we stayed on. He died there just as the revolution was starting. Maria didn't get in touch with me for several years." She sighed. "I'd never seen your father when it all began, he was about five and they were living in the country then, near Moscow. One day a band of revolutionary soldiers arrived to requisition horses. Being pro-revolutionary, my father had no objection to handing over his horses. But the soldiers either thought his acquiescence suspect or were drunk — whatever the reason, they shot him, began to loot, then suddenly vanished without either explanations or horses."

"All Maria's energy went to getting Vadim — your father — and herself out of Russia. San Remo was her goal. There was still a large Russian colony there, mostly people who had removed their money from Russia before the war, let alone before the revolution. Maria became *gouvernante* in a hotel there, and Vadim was sent to a good Italian school and became for all practical purposes Italian."

"Did you see them often?"

"Not very. The world is a small place only for people with big incomes. Next time I went to Italy it was to see Vadim married."

"Oh! What was my mother like?"

"You're very like her."

"Was she Russian too?"

"No, Italian. Well, French really. Her grandparents had been exiled from France after the Commune, and they had settled in Pisa. Your parents thought of themselves as Italians."

"And that's where I came in. But then, I was

born a refugee.” I remembered Anna of the delicatessen store crying out, “I always thought refugees were other people.” “It doesn’t say on my papers that I was born in Italy. Did they have to move on again?”

Aunt Natasha shook her head. “It was you that moved on, my darling, after they were dead —”

“Did they have natural deaths?”

Stretching out her hand, Aunt Natasha touched my face, running her forefinger over the bones’ outlines. A wave of useless longing swept over me. My parents were gone, and no matter how much I loved Aunt Natasha I could never have as a companion the young girl she had been; I had come too late. “I do love you,” I said, squeezing her hand and trying to thank her in kisses.

“Natural is such an ambiguous word, my pet,” she said softly. “Your mother’s death was natural — childbirth.”

“Of me?”

Aunt Natasha nodded.

“What happened to my father?”

“His misery took the forms of guilt, mysticism, of feelings that made him ill because his mind repudiated them. He became less and less capable of thinking what he was doing, or where he was going. In the end he was knocked down by, of all things, a tram. Here . . .”

Aunt Natasha dipped into a pocket and handed me a piece of bread, crumbs of wool clinging fluffily to it. I could taste tears and wool as well as bread, but the act of swallowing quieted me. “How did I get to you?” I asked.

“Your parents’ lawyer, Spiro, arranged things. I had told him to get in touch with me in case of trouble. I wasn’t going to have you in an institution. We could still travel then, you see.”

“Wasn’t it wartime?”

“The brink only. I got you home just before the Germans took us over. When that happened, Boris and I thought you had better have false papers.”

“Then I’m really Italian?”

“Really? Well, no. Technically you were, but really you’re a quarter Russian, a quarter Czech, a quarter French, and a quarter Italian.”

“No wonder you thought false papers were indicated.”

“It wasn’t so much that as the fact that your parents came under the heading intellectuals — and Vittoria, your mother, was half Jewish.”

Anti-Semitism was often discussed at school. Most people were against it, at least in theory. Reading about the war I had pitied Jews. Those poor people, I had said, seeing the star of David stamped into their flesh. Now they were no longer they. They had become we. For the first time I wondered why self-pity was generally de-

plored. It had been permissible for me to pity them as them. Why was it wrong for me to pity *us*? The situation was not radically changed by my participation in it. I understood now why Aunt Natasha had not spoken of this before. At home everyone has a police record, half of it secret, composed of other people’s denunciations, the other half a four-page questionnaire one fills in oneself or has filled in by one’s owner in the case of a child; and the most important part of this questionnaire concerns one’s origins: for example, artists are permissible, but teachers suspect, as are peasants if they ever owned more than twelve acres.

“Could we ever prove I’m me if we wanted to?” I asked.

“Your birth must have been registered at Pisa, though there’s been a lot of bombing there since. But if Spiro’s alive . . .”

“But, Aunt Natasha —”

“What, duck?”

“You were still in Paris. What had happened to get you here — at home, I mean — by the time you took me over?”

“An accident. One day I came out of that theater in the Champs Elysées where the Pitoeffs had just started acting, and jumped into a taxi. The driver kept craning round to look at me, but I took this as a tribute to my new hat, a cloche it was, all little blue-green feathers, how I loved it — never let anyone tell you, my pet, that there are better clothes than in Paris.

“Then suddenly, halfway down the Avenue du Bois — such a handsome avenue, smells of forests, and has a pink palace in it — suddenly the driver turned round and said in Russian, ‘So you are going to the Yusupovs, princess?’ and he stopped the taxi and it turned out that he had been a friend of my brother Yakov, so long ago it seemed, and we embraced and both sobbed a little.

“I discovered the driver knew Boris, too. He had got across the frontier to the nearest republic, where he found a job with a circus. Once I knew where he was, of course I had to join him.”

“How could you afford such a long journey?”

“I still had two pictures by Renoir. Anton had paid about five thousand francs for them, but by this time they were worth eighty thousand.” She sighed. “Though I was sorry to part with them. The people in Renoir’s pictures always seem to be having such a delicious time.”

“Wouldn’t it have been better for Boris to come to Paris?”

“He wanted to be near home, so as to cross the frontier if things changed. He always meant to go back. For years we lived as if in a station waiting room. In a way we still do. Though we know now that that particular train’s never going to come.”

From nearby came the rattle of plates. All round the room talk subsided, like gas fires popping out. Sitting there, I thought of my parents in the land where the orange tree grows, of Aunt Natasha in a cloche hat of blue-green feathers, of a taxi driver carrying news of Boris across Europe to a pink palace. I suddenly saw a picture of something that had happened to me at school. I was in the cloakroom, looking for my skating boots, when all at once Ladislaus, who wasn't in my grade and had at that time not spoken to me more than twice, came up behind me, put his hands on my shoulders, swung me round, and kissed me. At first I was angry, partly because I hate being taken by surprise, partly because Ladislaus obviously expected me to be flattered. Then he kissed me again, and although still annoyed, I was less so, and thought more of the kiss than of the situation, and then my annoyance melted into a new, an exquisite sensation that made me tremble and enjoy trembling. For several days afterward I longed to re-experience this sensation and, at first, was able to do so merely by remembering this kiss. But, perhaps because I employed it too often, this method soon lost its efficacy, and I began wanting other kisses, not from Ladislaus, yet I didn't know from whom. But this phase didn't last long. I won a chess championship — this and geometry were the only school subjects at which I always did well — and soon forgot those few days of feverish longings. I hadn't thought about them since, until now, when in a way I could not account for, they helped me understand Aunt Natasha's story.

After we had drunk our soup, and I had told Aunt Natasha to finish the schnapps because she felt cold and the floor was drafty, we made ourselves comfortable and slept.

THE snore-filled room was still dark when I awoke, but the skylight had turned from black to gray. As I grew accustomed to the heaving sea of sleep around me, I realized that Aunt Natasha was breathing with a peculiar, light creakiness. I sat up and leaned over her. Her forehead was hot and dry, and she moved restlessly, as if trying to shake off a weight.

For a second I sat still, my heart thumping. Then I got up and crept out of the room to look for help: to look for people who weren't strangers here themselves. In the entrance hall, between two large baize-covered notice boards, I spied a door marked "Porter." I knocked, got no reply, turned the handle, and kept on rattling, muttering angrily to myself, "What are they paid for? Just like an official. Oh, hurry, blast you, hurry, hurry,

hurry." Light appeared behind the curtained glass upper half of the door, and presently the curtain was pulled back by an elderly man in pajamas, his eyes bleary with interrupted sleep. I immediately began to grumble. At home I should have thought twice before doing this.

The porter patted my shoulders, first one, then the other, as if anxious to be fair to both. Then he tugged a uniform jacket over his pajamas, put a peaked cap over his few but tousled hairs, sat down at a rep-covered table, motioned me to do the same, and drew the two-piece telephone toward him.

When he laid down the receiver, he wiped his forehead and said, "Thank God, the ambulance will come. Perhaps it would be best to have the poor lady waiting here." Shuffling in carpet slippers he opened a cupboard at the back of the room, tossed aside some flowerpots and half a dozen mousetraps, and produced a deck chair and an army blanket, with which we improvised a stretcher.

Daylight was seeping into the gymnasium by the time we crept back. But no one stirred. When we lifted Aunt Natasha onto the chair she only muttered in an odd, soft, clucking way, like birds' talk. She was very flushed over the cheekbones, but I thought the empty schnapps bottle might account for that.

While we waited for the ambulance, the porter told me his name was Horst, that we were all in the Lord's hands, but that this was no reason for not helping each other. Which didn't prevent my worrying as to whether or not he would tell his syndicate what had happened. To my surprise he said he didn't belong to a syndicate. He had this job because he was a veteran. I wondered if Boris would count as a veteran. This was when I began wondering if we three couldn't find ourselves a porter's lodge here, for a start.

Ten minutes later Aunt Natasha was in the ambulance, and Horst helped me climb after her. I begged him to look out for Boris and tell him where we were, and he reminded me to remember, should I forget his name, that he was Herr Chief Night Porter at the Empress Elizabeth Gymnasium.

At the hospital Aunt Natasha was taken through a door marked "Emergencies," and a young man in a white overall led me round the building into a hall with a checkerboard floor of black-and-white marble. Across it, at a large desk, sat an older man in a white overall. My escort went and spoke to him in a low voice. The older man shrugged his shoulders, took off his horn-rimmed spectacles, wiped them with a piece of yellow leather, and beckoned to me. "Good morning." He cleared his throat as if I were an audience. "I take it you have your mother's identity papers?"

For a second I stared at him. Of course I hadn't my mother's papers; but equally impossible demands have to be met every day. Then the young man said, "Probably her mother has them on her," and I realized they meant Aunt Natasha. I also realized that, as we kept important papers locked in the tea caddy that once belonged to Olga Knipper, and as this tea caddy had almost certainly been burned along with the rest of our belongings, we could therefore say anything we liked about our identity without anyone's being able to prove here and now that we were lying. For a second I had an exhilarating sensation of freedom, including freedom to fool these two men. Shaking my head regretfully, I said, "I'm afraid our papers were left behind."

They asked our names and home address. I gave Aunt Natasha's maiden name, thinking that if we had the same surname no one could doubt our being blood relations or deny me the right to visit her in the hospital. They also wanted to know when we had arrived, by which route, and if there had been any incidents at the frontier. When the man behind the desk had written all this down in triplicate, I asked in a propitiatory tone if I might join my mother.

Taking me by the elbow, one of them led me to an elevator and down a clean white-walled passage with numbered doors on one side, and on the other windows overlooking a park. At the corner we met a pretty young nurse in a starched cap and apron.

When my companion asked about Aunt Natasha, this nurse gave me a glance, dubious but amiable, and said that, as there had been no room in the appropriate ward, the patient had been put in a private room just vacated by an appendix case. She called my champion "doctor" and obviously liked him. Looking relieved, he told her I was the patient's daughter, that the circumstances were unusual — here he paused, then said "refugees" in a hasty ashamed tone — so although he wasn't, of course, asking her to break regulations, he did wish she would look after me. The nurse said of course, I could wait in her room until my mother was ready for me.

Her room was extremely elegant: white walls, uncracked ceiling, basin with running hot and cold water, shiny linoleum, bed with clean sheets and blankets, white chest of drawers, two cane chairs, and a desk. The nurse told me to try and relax, to wash if I felt like it, by all means to use her brush and comb, and she would be back presently.

On the desk was a framed snapshot of a young man, whom I recognized as the doctor, in white shirt and shorts, carrying a tennis racket. This cheered me. The toughest people can be induced

to break regulations when in love. On the wall by the bed hung an ebony cross with a sprig of box tucked behind it.

Going to the basin, I saw myself in the glass. My face was pale and grubby, and my hair, which I'd grown in preparation for the permanent wave, looked untidy and worn out. Having found a pair of scissors, I very carefully gave myself a pudding basin cut, after which I looked as if I could get past most people without attracting notice — as was presently confirmed by the tone in which the nurse said, "That's better," trying not to sound surprised. But instead of leading the way to Aunt Natasha, she sat down and asked my name, which she had already been told.

"I'm afraid your mother won't be up and about for a while. She's tired, of course, after all you've been through. By the way, as you haven't any papers, could you tell me her age? It would be a help medically."

Fear pinched at me. Could they prove Aunt Natasha was too old to be my mother? Surely not. I had heard of women having children in their late forties.

"Is there no one else with you?"

Unprepared for this question, I hesitated. I didn't want to deny Boris or make it difficult for him to gain admission to Aunt Natasha when he turned up, as I didn't doubt he would; on the other hand, I could see the nurse was already sorry for me, and I knew I must make her even sorrier and therefore likelier to break rules in our favor. Looking her straight in the eyes to show I was speaking the truth, I said, "My father's dead, and there's no one else except my uncle Boris. We couldn't find him — leaving so hurriedly — but he's sure to turn up."

"I see. You don't think," she sounded apologetic, "you'd better stay with the other refugees? We'll let you know —"

"Suppose she needs me?" Suddenly I hated the nurse, the doctor, and the man behind the desk, hated the whole harassing world.

"Well, we'll see." She led me down several whitewashed passages hung with crosses and pictures of historical characters in halos, then put her finger to her lips and softly turned a doorknob.

There was Aunt Natasha, sleeping in a high white bed. She was still flushed over the cheekbones, and her breathing was very light and quick. A blank temperature chart was fastened to the bottom of the bed. Controlling myself, so the nurse would think I could be trusted here, I asked, "What is the matter with her?" The nurse looked at me thoughtfully, then said, "Pleurisy." A wave of relief swept over me. Aunt Natasha had had pleurisy before, and Boris and I managed to nurse her through it, despite a cold winter and

inadequate heating. So she was bound to recover quickly in a place like this.

"May I sit here awhile?" I asked, wishing the nurse would go away. She frowned, looked at her watch, then said, "Just for a little while. I'll come and fetch you before the doctor starts his rounds." She looked so uneasy that I pulled myself together and said, "If anyone should come in I'd say I slipped in without asking permission." Putting her hand on my shoulder, she said, "Do try and relax." This seemed to me a futile suggestion, so I said nothing.

After the nurse had left the room, I knelt by the bed and laid my head against Aunt Natasha. Her breathing was lighter than dried leaves skittering in the wind, and now and then she gave a harsh little cough. I was so frightened I couldn't hold my tears; but I managed to keep quiet except for my breathing, which sounded gross in comparison with hers. Then I closed my eyes and clenched my teeth and hands and tried, until my ears tingled from the effort, to will all the love in my body out and into hers.

WHEN the nurse told me to leave, I knew it would be useless to resist. Also I couldn't have spoken just then, and needed privacy in which to finish crying. Crying in the street might attract notice. Luckily there was a dark corner two passages away.

I was still crouched there, vaguely aware of distant footsteps, of doors being opened and shut, of a gust of music from a radio, and of a newly diffused smell of roast meat, when someone tapped past on high heels, stopped abruptly, came back, hesitated, and a clear voice said, speaking German with a foreign accent, "Is something the matter?"

As she stepped nearer, I saw that the voice's owner was tall and slender, about Aunt Natasha's build, and had the prettiest, cleanest curling white hair I had ever seen. As her skin was soft and smooth, this white hair didn't make her look old, but did make it difficult for me to guess her age. She wore a gray frock and coat, black hat, gloves, and bag, had three rows of pearls round her neck, and was accompanied by a faint sweet smell of scent. "Can I help you?"

Wondering how to turn this incident to account, I heard myself say, "Would you let me walk with you to the exit, and if anyone speaks to you say I'm a relative? Because I ought not to be here now."

"Very well." She spoke briskly, as if she saw nothing unusual in my request, and immediately led me down the passage. Now that I had a protector, we met no one except a dwarfed maid

pushing a trolley of shining soup tureens. Their domed lids offered us contorted reflections of ourselves, like ones in fun-fair mirrors.

Once we were outside I thanked her, holding out my hand. But instead of shaking it, she held it between her hands and asked: "Where do you live, my dear?"

I pulled my hand away. For all I knew she might be an official in disguise. I had never before met an official who smelled delicious, but that might be part of the disguise. Resenting her, I named our billet.

"I see." She looked at me speculatively. "There must be something I can do . . . whom are you with?"

"My mother's in this hospital."

"I see. Let's get in the car. The street's not the best place for talking."

She led me to a small gray car and told me to sit beside the driver's seat. Just then, to my horror, a policeman came up, tapping his notebook with a pencil in a suggestive way and eying us with the mixture of distaste and satisfaction that suggests one has been caught in the act. But the woman beside me seemed unmoved, barely allowed him to mouth a phrase about parking, and produced papers at the sight of which the policeman touched his hat, bowed, smiled, and removed himself.

"How did you do that?" I asked distrustfully.

"UNESCO still has its uses."

After watching me for a second, she sighed, then said, "Listen, my child, is German your only foreign language?"

I admitted I could manage in French or English.

"Oh, well, that simplifies matters," she said in English. "Now, my dear, you look brimming with alarm and despondency, and no wonder. Shouldn't trust anyone an inch if I were in your place. So I'll give you some data about myself, and you can decide if you feel like trusting me."

Her voice was higher in English than in German, and she spoke faster, in a kind of hilarious rush, so that although I understood the gist of what she said, I found keeping pace with her a strain.

"Well, I was in Venice when all this started, attending some film festival with my son, Joe. But the moment trouble started up here, Joe insisted he had to come and see for himself. By the way, what's your name, my dear?" I told her, adding, "I don't know yours."

"Ruiz. Kitty Ruiz. Won't you tell me a little about yourself?"

Remembering Aunt Natasha's advice never to tell a lie, but not to tell everyone the truth, I gave a censored account of myself. Ever since Mrs. Ruiz routed that policeman, the idea had been

growing in me that she might be able to provide penicillin or other black market products, should Aunt Natasha need them. So I described her symptoms in detail, ending with, "but the trouble is, she has no business in that hospital."

"Why ever not?"

"Because they're afraid we may bring infectious diseases. They're going to set up a special quarantine camp for us."

"How do you know that?"

"Horst, the porter, told me."

"Well, but — how did your mother get into the hospital?"

"Because the girl who answers the emergency calls at the hospital is married to Horst's son. They combined it between them. And there was a nice doctor. And once she was there, ill," I stopped, misery rushing back over me. "Will it take her long to get over pleurisy there?"

"Possibly not. Now listen to me, my dear, there doesn't seem much point, all things considered, in your going back to that school. Yes," as I opened my mouth to interrupt, "we'll stop by and see your porter so that no hue and cry is raised. Then I suggest you come back to the hotel and stay with us for the time being. They can easily put a camp bed in our sitting room, and why sleep on the floor when a bed's available?"

I was so astonished by this offer that for a few seconds I said nothing. At home we are not allowed to accompany foreign visitors up to their hotel rooms. We may visit them in the lobby, under the porter's eyes, but not go upstairs. Misunderstanding my expression, Mrs. Ruiz said, "I assure you it will be all right. My papers are in order; no one will think I'm kidnaping you."

It hadn't occurred to me that anyone might kidnap me, since neither financial nor political benefit could be obtained by doing so; but it immediately struck me that kidnapers, like most people engaged in illegality, would be sure to have their papers in order.

"I must let Boris know."

"Who's he?"

I hesitated, not wanting to lessen the alone-in-the-world-ness of my situation in Mrs. Ruiz's eyes before making sure of the penicillin. "An old friend and neighbor who helped us get away. He's bound to turn up."

"Then he's bound to go to that school, and the porter will tell him where you are."

Mrs. Ruiz stopped the car in front of a big hotel as full of lighted windows as a government building on a reception night. Although there were only a few drops of rain in the air, a large man in a frogged, plum-colored uniform held a large plum-

colored umbrella over us as we walked to the revolving door, which was set in motion for us by a small plum-colored pageboy. Inside were a great stretch of thick, soft, plum-colored carpet and waterdrop chandeliers like the ones used in the *Sleeping Beauty* ballet. Upstairs, too, the carpet was so thick that our walk down the passage would have been made in silence if the radiators hadn't been gurgling like hungry stomachs.

The sitting room into which we were shown was full of luxury: a large pneumatic-looking sofa, a low table of shining wood half covered by newspapers and magazines with glossy covers, a shallow black china bowl of anemones.

"We'll have dinner up here, Resi, don't you think?" said Mrs. Ruiz. "And you'd better have Joe's room."

"Won't he mind?"

"Mind? My dear, he'll be delighted." Again, I was aware of something unusually persuasive about Mrs. Ruiz. Unlikely as it sounded, I could not help believing, for that moment, that a foreigner still unaware of my existence would be delighted to find himself obliged to sleep on a camp bed because I had his room.

I also — and this impressed me more — had the use of his bathroom, the like of which I had never seen outside Elsa's magazines. I was still examining it, turning taps on and off and fingering the thick soft-ribbed paper on which men were requested to wipe their razors, when Mrs. Ruiz came in with a toothbrush, washrag, and cake of honeyed-smelling soap. She also brought a long white nightdress.

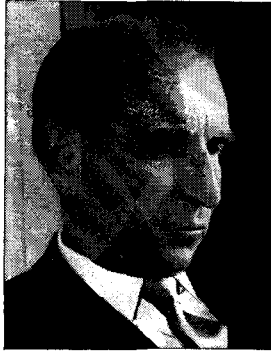
After I had bathed and dried myself on a thick towel, warm from having been spread over hot pipes, I got into Joe's bed, the most comfortable I had ever been in, and was brought a tray laid with rolls and butter, a wing of chicken, lettuce, oranges, and a decanter of red wine. While Mrs. Ruiz was out of the room I wrapped a buttered roll and part of the chicken in a lettuce leaf, and the lettuce in a piece of the razor paper, and put that under my pillow. They might give Aunt Natasha enough to eat in the hospital, but I had no guarantee they would.

Then I ate and drank with concentration. The rolls were wonderful, soft white ones, quite fresh, with caraway seeds scattered over their golden brown outsides; and there was plenty of butter arranged in smooth curls, like tiny rolled-up golden fish, on a cockleshell of splintered ice. I began to feel as if there were a glass wall between me and the events of the last twenty-four hours. I half expected to wake up at home and find I had been dreaming of Mrs. Ruiz, smiling beside me.

(The third and final installment will appear in January)

BOOKSHELF

THE ATLANTIC



Karsh

The Peripatetic Reviewer BY EDWARD WEEKS

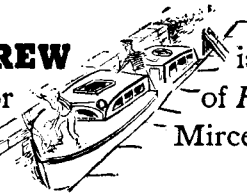
THERE is always a feeling of ruefulness in putting a summer house to sleep for the winter. We cling to the woods of our three-acre moraine till the last possible moment, savoring the golden hours of Indian summer, reprieves which sometimes stretch into November, but conscious that we are doing things for the last time. This is my last fish on Beaver Pond, I think to myself, as I strip my rod in the dusk of a Sunday afternoon: the little lake is a cool black mirror enclosed with every scarlet variation of swamp maple, but not a single bass have I seen for three hours. In the shallows by the blackened lily pads the pickerel would occasionally arrow the surface; they have taken over the lairs of their large-mouth neighbors, where they were not privileged to venture in the dog days. The bass have gone where all good bass go for the winter — to the depths. This I suspect will be my last trudge along the sands of Plum Island: the honking of the Canada goose had pierced my early morning sleep, and now I was listening to it again as another long V glided down against the sunset. No guns spoke, for this is sanctuary. The marsh is a cold brown, and as I turn at the top of the dune for a last look at the breakers, the wind from the north makes me shiver. Last time, last time. On the road home the closed cottages seem desolate; the roadside stand where we shopped for baby carrots and Country Gentleman is reduced to pumpkins and cider. Don't stop.

As the days become colder, it is only a matter of time before we must shut the water off. Meanwhile there are certain small urgencies to attend to: the family of gray squirrels who have taken up residence in the barn and whose youngsters enjoy chewing up my wife's leaves must somehow be induced out. The carpenter ants in the guesthouse have the same steady, insatiable appetite for the living room beams, as their daily scattering of sawdust suggests, and one day we shall be stove in if they are not dislodged. Hay scented, the

fast-spreading fern which would like to take over the whole of the rock garden needs thinning. No need to worry about the raccoons; they may miss the soft touch we are, but the hollow tree where they lodge has weathered every hurricane and they will keep warm and multiply. However, we *should* worry about our oaks: they are constantly underfed on the sour, meager soil of our ridge, and now we mark the dead limbs which ought to be cut before they crash down on the guesthouse. This is a job calling for ladders and tree surgeons, and I have a mental picture of the bill.

The leaves fall, the scenery is stripped away, and underneath we see what the pattern of tomorrow is doing to our countryside. As the city moves out, the contractors move in with their trucks and bulldozers. The movement which certainly portends a greater good for a greater number is as ruthless as a stone crusher. The wood lots come down fast as the throughways are built; contractors dig the gravel needed for the roads, and when the excavations have grown as big as a baseball diamond, they are rented to the nearest community as a town dump. Brooks are diverted or left to flow into ranch house cellars after heavy rain. I don't say that all contractors are corrupt; I say that there are those who have so little respect for American values — other than that of the quick buck — that they need to be restrained. Neither private rights nor zoning laws are proof against their assault, nor does it reassure me to be told that this is all in the name of private enterprise. Just as we have a commissioner of motor vehicles to grant licenses and protect us against the hit-and-run driver, so there ought to be a commissioner of community development, an authority as invulnerable to bribery as Robert Moses, to protect us from the hit-and-run contractor. Today, development and desecration go hand in hand from Bangor to Virginia Beach, and there is no authority local or federal to whom citizens can appeal when they see the locusts com-

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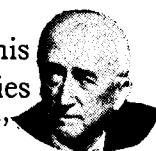
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AT ALL BOOKSTORES *Harper & Brothers*

ing. If we really want to beat Egypt to the sand, okay; if we really want to duplicate on the East Coast the neon-lit, chromium-plated resorts which have made the coastline south of Los Angeles so hideous, just let the boys keep going.

This is what I brood over when I come back to the open fire. We are right in the midst of the perilous decade: Cape Cod as unexploited as Truro, beaches as breathtaking as Nauset, woods as cathedral as the Essex pines are ripe for the plucking unless there are citizens angry enough to stop it. (As I write this the residents of Concord have voted 603 to 38 to move the town dump to Walden. Where else would you put the stuff!) This autumn, this week, we may be seeing some things for the last time.

WALDEN PLUS

All of us who have lived in the woods dream of owning a log cabin in a remote spot whose beauty will never change. This is what SIGURD F. OLSON found for himself on a glaciated spit of rock in the Quetico-Superior country. The cabin, weathered to a silvery gray, he purchased from one of the old Scandinavian settlers in Minnesota and then moved it to his chosen site, sheltered in the pines and overlooking his favorite lake. The hideaway is only thirty miles from his village home in Ely, and thus he and his family have been able to commute to wilderness in any of the changing seasons.

A geologist by training, president of the National Parks Association since 1954, Mr. Olson brings to his writing a native's perception of the north country and the happy gift of making readers participate in his appreciation of trees and plants and animals. The adventures which he writes about in his new book, *LISTENING POINT* (Knopf, \$4.50), reach back from civilization to the days of the *voyageurs*. He follows the ancient portages between the lakes, he knows the old campsites the *voyageurs* once used, and his affiliations with the land are those any woodsman will relish.

He writes of the cycle of the forest which has resulted in a stand of climax pine, trees which were young before the American Revolution. He writes of the sound of the rain on canvas (when the tent is dry and the bedroll cozy) and of what the freshets mean to the brawling rivers and to the intricate accumulation of humus ("Here in the north it takes over a thousand years to form a single inch of it"). He writes of the wild music of the laughing loons. There is a "danger call used when a canoe is approaching a nesting area. . . . It can start all the loons within hearing, and when the yodeling blends with tremolo they are really making music." He writes of the cock of the woods, the

pileated woodpecker, and of standing to watch one at close quarters while the pack and canoe on his shoulders grew heavier and heavier. The humor here is sparse and dry, the feeling is restrained, as when he tells of paddling the smaller lake at the magic hour "when canoes seem to be floating high above the water, and thoughts drift with them in an all-engulfing quiet." This is a competent book with a refreshing, lyrical quality.

RETRIEVING THE PAST

THE MARCH OF ARCHAEOLOGY (Knopf, \$15.00) is the pictorial dramatization of a search and a science that have been developed into one of the most fascinating pursuits of our time. What began as a treasure hunt with the rifling of a sarcophagus has grown to be a search for the key to lost languages, for the sites of vanished cities, and for the discovery of the arts of ancient civilizations. C. W. CERAM, who wrote so entertainingly of the lives and adventures of the famous archaeologists in his *Gods, Graves, and Scholars*, has now produced this handsome picture book which tracks them on the way to their diggings, shows what they found, and reproduces, on occasion for the first time, the drawings and maps which they made on the spot. His running commentary begins on Rome's Via Appia in 1485, traces the birth of classical archaeology and the search for Pompeii and Herculaneum, and gives us a character drawing of Heinrich Schliemann, the incredible entrepreneur, the millionaire who at the peak of his success in 1868 retired from business to devote his fortune to digging up Troy. The prose is a suspension bridge leading from peak to peak, pointing up and amplifying our appreciation of the 326 illustrations.

Book I, as I have said, is devoted to Pompeii and Herculaneum, Troy and Crete; Book II leads us to the Egyptian Sphinx and pyramids. Here we see for the first time the wonderfully precise drawings of Robert Hay; we read of that strong man, G. Belzoni, and of the Arab tomb robber, Abd-el-Rasul; we see the portrait of Champollion and a reproduction of the Rosetta Stone, whose hieroglyphs he deciphered. In Book III we are taken to Babylon and Persepolis, we follow the long struggle to decipher the cuneiform script and are shown, though somewhat meagerly, the treasures which were excavated at Ur. In Book IV we come to the new world with the archaeology of the jungle cities and Thompson's great finds in the pool at Chichén-Itzá.

Certain impressions stay in mind: first, the wonder that so many of these famous sites had been reduced to deserts or jungle or rubble before their rediscovery. (Must man always destroy what those before him have held sacred?) Then

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the realization that these ancient civilizations reach further back in time than first we had imagined, and again the surprise that inspired amateurs like Georg Friedrich Grotefend could plunge in where the scholars hesitated. At the age of twenty-seven Grotefend took a bet that he could decipher the cuneiform scripts from Persepolis, although he knew scarcely anything about the ancient languages of the Orient, and by a stroke of genius the young schoolmaster did.

We see and respect the persistence of Schliemann, whose theories ran counter to accepted scholarship; we see the prodigious treasure which awaited Lord Carnarvon and Howard Carter; we suspect that the surface has hardly been scratched in the Mayan and pre-Mayan regions; and we wonder whose luck it will be to spell out the mysteries of the Sumerians.

This volume is like a long and edifying journey — without sunstroke, insect bites, dust storms, half-broken backs, and the endless wrangles with native labor which must have conditioned each one of these rare discoveries.

AN INNOCENT IN WASHINGTON

I know of no place in the world where it is as difficult to maintain one's perspective as in Washington. The jarring impact of recurring crises, the fatalistic feeling that we have done or are about to do the wrong thing, the frustration of security regulations, the charge of incompetence in high place — all of this, exaggerated by political partisanship, produces an atmosphere of strain very difficult to live in. I believe **HERBLOCK**, our most virile cartoonist, survives here because he is essentially an innocent, a man who still believes in right and wrong and who is swift to hit back at what he perceives to be stupid or unfair. This daily discharge of indignation, these strong black strokes in which he vents his scorn and laughter, has made him our most powerful and original artist in the political sphere. It is his knack to take a familiar scene — Khrushchev strolling along a golf course, cap in one hand, club in the other, a pleased smile on his face, while overhead the Sputnik zooms — and with that ironic twist the picture becomes as unforgettable as the blow of a sledge hammer.

Since it is the function of a cartoonist to be always in opposition, the Republicans who read **HERBLOCK'S SPECIAL FOR TODAY** (Simon and Schuster, \$3.95), a collection of 430 of his best drawings and 30,000 words of commentary, may have more than a moment's resentment as they see their favorites being pilloried. But a cartoonist is a faultfinder by trade, and in this volume Herblock deals just as unsparingly with the brutal

tactics of Khrushchev as he does with the pussy-footing of Congress, the autocracy of the labor unions, or the vagaries of Mr. Dulles. Dulles, Nixon, and Charlie Wilson are the three who are the most vulnerable to the piercing pen of this American Daumier. The best of these drawings are museum pieces: Chiang leading Dulles, Ike, and Uncle Sam deeper and deeper into the bog; Khrushchev spoiling for a fight at the bar as he says with clenched fist, "I can lick any other peace-lover in the house"; Dulles pushing an apprehensive Uncle Sam to the brink with the caution, "Don't be afraid — I can always pull you back"; Eisenhower throwing a wreath to the drowning School Bill with the remark, "Nobody can say I wouldn't do something for him"; Congress releasing the beat-up scientist from the subcellar with the welcome, "Dear Boy, where have you been keeping yourself?" while a Sputnik zooms over the Capitol. In each case the powerful economy of the drawing has been pointed up by the simple yet penetrating stiletto of words.

PENN'S WOODS

Pittsburgh has been going through a most exciting decade of self-discovery: the smog has gone out of the sky, the Golden Horn has been cleared of rusty iron and dead cats, the slums on the once wooded slopes, as dingy as any on the Eastern seaboard, have been cleaned up — and the Pirates, coming from nowhere, finished in second place! As part of the celebration of Pittsburgh's bicentennial, **EDWIN L. PETERSON** was given a leave of absence from the University of Pittsburgh, and with his good friend and photographer, Tom Jarrett, he devoted a year to visiting and recapturing for others the often unsuspected beauty of Pennsylvania.

PENN'S WOODS WEST (University of Pittsburgh Press, \$15.00) is a personal chronicle, a delving exploration in the manner of Thoreau, of mountain streams such as the Loyalhanna; of the virgin hemlock and white pine which still stand in the hundred acres of Heart's Content, a vestige of the great forest which once belonged to the Senecas; of the half-hidden campsites and the dulcet reflection of Kettle Creek; and of dozens of encounters with natives who have one thing in common, their love for Pennsylvania. The halftones in this book are scrumptious, particularly those of the trees and of the still or running waters. The prose is direct, homespun, freely given to lyrical outbursts when the narrator can no longer contain himself. In these descriptions of the great green shoulders of the Appalachians, in these pictures of lakes in the misty dawn, I find a calm renewal of the spirit.

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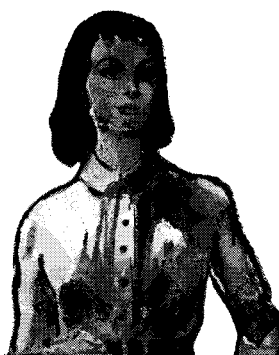
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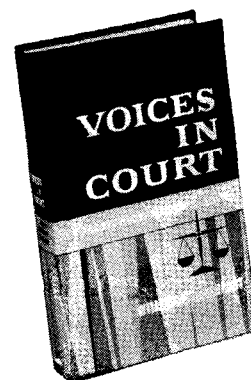
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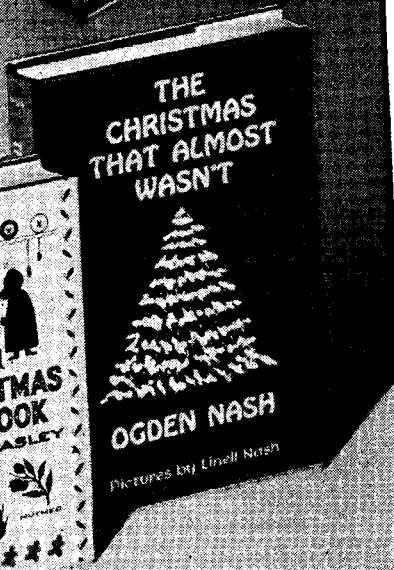
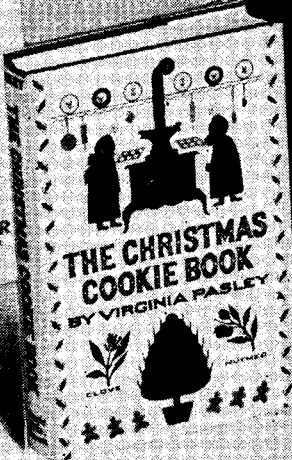
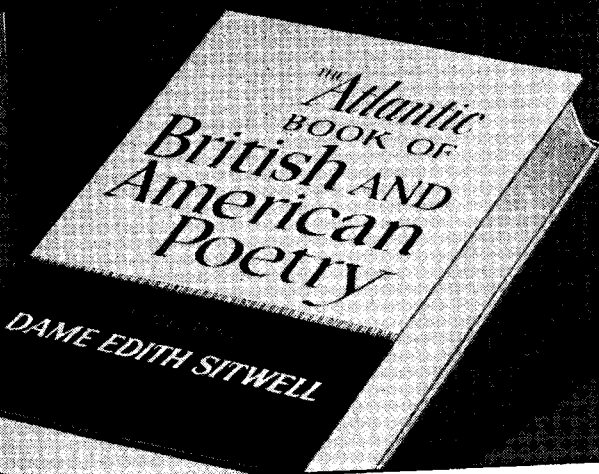
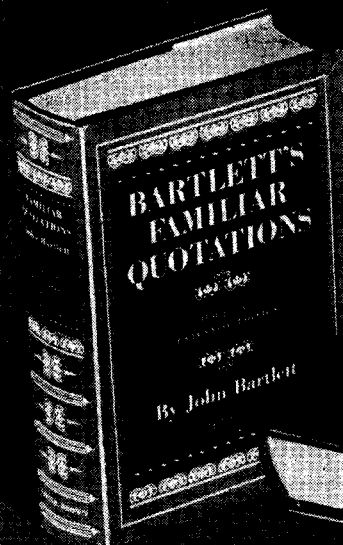
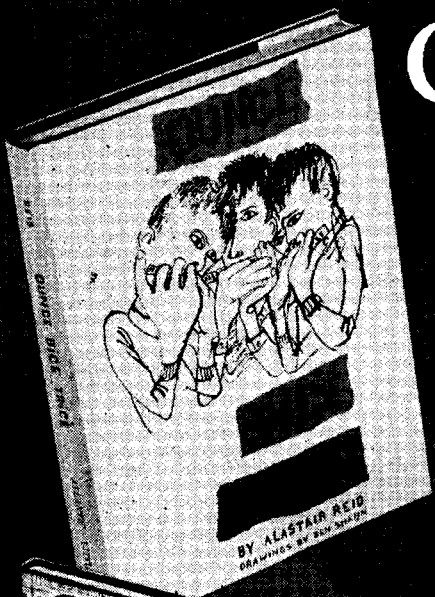
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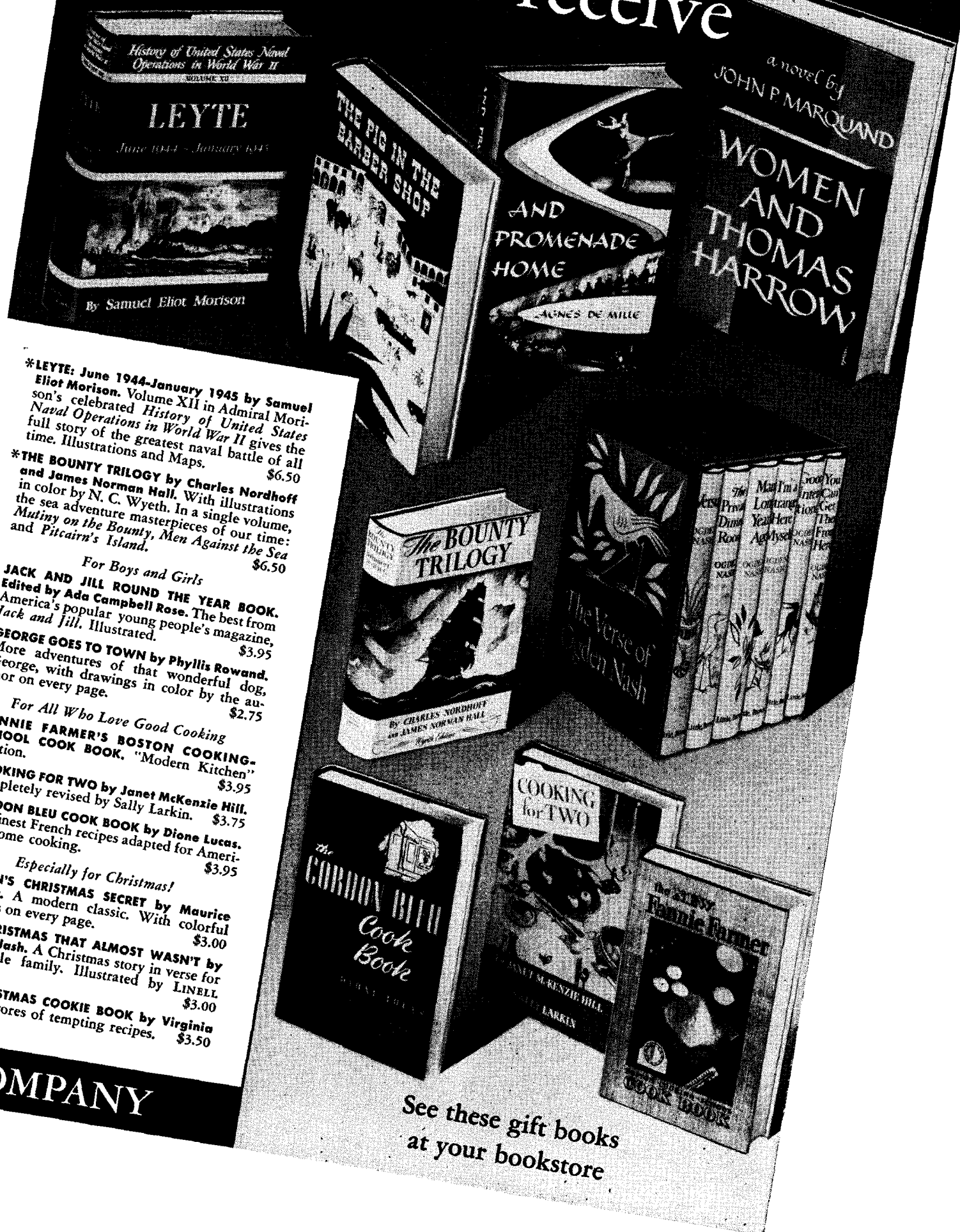
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BY CHARLES ROLO

"All the volcanoes put together are less flamboyant than she." The extraordinary woman who inspired this remark, Germaine de Staël (1766-1817), is the subject of a splendid biography by J. CHRISTOPHER HEROLD: *MISTRESS TO AN AGE* (Bobbs-Merrill, \$5.95), a Book-of-the-Month Club selection. Byron said of her, "She thinks like a man, but alas! she feels like a woman," and Talleyrand, whom she briefly seduced, remarked that in her latest novel, "Madame de Staël has disguised both herself and me as women." Her life was lived at the very center of the European stage, at the summit of the elite of power and intellect. When the empire of her archenemy, Napoleon, was crumbling, a witticism was current that now there were three powers in Europe — England, Russia, and Madame de Staël.

Some historical figures are representative because they epitomize what we take to be the dominant character of an age; others, because they seem to sum up the conflicting aspects of their period. Madame de Staël is one of the latter. The critic Gustave Lanson has described her as "the eighteenth century come to life, the whole eighteenth century." The most contradictory currents met in her without losing any of their force. In her unwavering faith in reason and her extreme worldliness, she was the daughter of Voltaire. Emotionally she was a romantic, a disciple of Rousseau and the cult of sensibility. Exaltation to her was always pure, derision corrupt; and she claimed the right to seek happiness without regard for public opinion. The combination of these strains had freakish consequences in her pursuit of politics: she championed a credo of moderation (a conservative sort of liberal-

ism) with nothing short of delirium.

The daughter of a Swiss banker who became Louis XVI's director general of finance, Germaine de Staël literally grew up in her mother's salon, and at twelve she was on familiar terms with Gibbon, Buffon, Diderot, and other *philosophes*. Three strands were intertwined in her life: the pursuit of love, of politics, and of literature. Having failed to find her ideal of love in marriage (to the Swedish ambassador to France), she sought it relentlessly but vainly in liaisons so ostentatious that they scandalized a morally disheveled era. Though her looks were uninviting, her brilliance of mind and incandescent vitality won her a large and impressive array of lovers — among them Talleyrand; the dashing Vicomte de Narbonne, whom she managed to make minister of war; Benjamin Constant, who distilled from his years of bondage a novel that became a classic, *Adolphe*; A. W. Schlegel, the eminent German man of letters; and finally a pretty young cavalry officer whom she secretly married shortly before her death.

Madame de Staël's more durable relationships with friends and lovers irresistibly evoke the image of a torture chamber in which the grand inquisitor talks so well that the victims cannot bring themselves to escape from the excruciating agonies of the rack. Her political maneuvers displeased the *ancien régime*, were suspect to the Jacobins, and infuriated Napoleon. Her novels are no longer read, but her letters and her book on German culture, *De L'Allemagne*, have earned her a niche in the French Pantheon. It might be said that there was genius in her conversation, talent in her writing, rationality in her political philosophy, and a couchful of neuroses in her design for living and loving.

Mr. Herold's full-bodied biography (which draws on one hundred and fifty unpublished letters) is clear-eyed, intelligent, and written with abundant wit and zest. It is a triumphant treatment of a life so rich — and so richly documented — that scores of monographs have been devoted to its various phases and facets. Of the points one might take issue with, the most vulnerable is the suggestion that there is a political lesson for our time in the fervor which Madame de Staël brought to the defense of moderation. We know by now how intimately and inescapably

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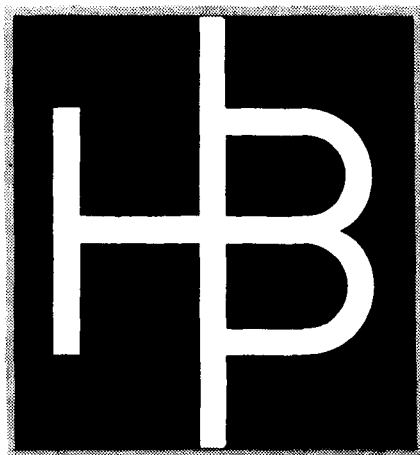
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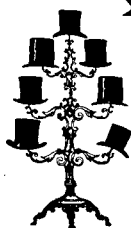
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means determine ends; and if there is anything to be learned from Germaine de Staël's involvement in politics, it is that the immoderate crusader for moderation fails to inspire confidence even among the moderates.

"THE LITTLE HUNTERS"

In *The Dark Eye in Africa*, LAURENS VAN DER POST suggested that Western man has been psychically crippled by a shallow rationalism, which causes him to overvalue the conscious, civilized self and to repress, at the cost of submerged civil war, the so-called "dark," instinctual part of his being. It is Van der Post's conviction that primitive Africa offers us an opportunity to recognize the worth of this rejected, natural self. And a year ago, he organized an expedition to find and study the earliest surviving inhabitants of Africa, the almost vanished Bushmen. **THE LOST WORLD OF THE KALAHARI** (Morrow, \$4.00) is his account of that adventurous safari.

The Bushmen captured Van der Post's imagination when he was a small boy in South Africa. By that time the last pure Bushmen — their race had been warred on for centuries by the African tribes and later massacred by the European settlers — had withdrawn into the inner recesses of the Kalahari desert. But old people still remembered them. Though never more than five feet tall, they were well proportioned and sturdy, and their prowess as hunters was legendary. They built no durable homes, did not keep cattle, nor did they cultivate the land. But they loved music and dancing and were enthusiastic painters; their rock paintings survive all over Africa. Probably because of their defeats at the hands of larger men, they had a complex about their smallness. They depicted themselves as giants; and those who came upon them in the veld found it wise to use their own form of greeting, which magnified their stature: "Good day. I saw you looming up afar."

The second part of Van der Post's story is a chronicle of his trek, with two old friends and a cameraman, into the great wasteland — a trek fraught with frustrations, dangers, and strange proofs of the prophetic powers of an old African seer who guided the party. The last two chapters tell how the expedition finally

discovered a small community of Bushmen, made friends with them, and shared their life for a time (long enough to make a film of it).

Africa's European settlers, perhaps to rationalize their extermination of the Bushman, have portrayed him in their histories as no better than a wild animal. While Van der Post had instinctively rejected this image, he was astonished to find the Bushman's Stone Age way of life "so comely, dignified, and orderly." His description of this way of life is unfortunately not quite full enough to satisfy the reader's curiosity (apparently Van der Post intends to devote a subsequent volume to the mores and mythology of the Bushmen). Still more disappointing, and inexplicable, is the lack of any photographs. For the rest, *The Lost World of the Kalahari* has in full measure that exciting combination of qualities which Van der Post has brought to the literature of adventure: a beautiful command of language, an extraordinary psychological awareness, and a spellbinding ability to evoke the sights and sounds and moods of the African interior.

THE MYTHIC PAST

The novelist **WRIGHT MORRIS**, winner of a National Book Award, has turned out an exceptionally interesting work of literary criticism: **THE TERRITORY AHEAD** (Harcourt, Brace, \$4.50). Not the least of its merits is that Mr. Morris has what many of our most serious critics lack — a style that is a pleasure to read. His writing is lucid, often brilliantly phrased, and vitalized by a controlled passion.

The subject of Mr. Morris' inquiry is "the tendency, long prevailing [among American writers] to start well and then peter out." His thesis about this blight — which he develops in original reappraisals of nine major writers, stretching from Thoreau and Twain to Hemingway and Faulkner — is that it stems from "the raw material myth," the belief that the writer must get his hands on life in the raw, that what makes fiction "real" is experience rather than imagination. For the past hundred years, Morris argues, the immediate present has not seemed to offer raw material that is really raw. So, "in the nineteenth century the writer took to the woods or to the high seas, literally as well as figuratively. In

The Peripatetic Advertiser



No mood music on this page, just the crispest possible shopping list for everyone who wants to give a present sure to be opened more than once.

Five novels by writers familiar with bestsellerdom — a safe bet as gifts for those who already know them and know how good they are — meaty enough for those who normally prefer non-fiction. We give you below suggestions for those additional recipients. **The Winthrop Woman** by **Anya Seton** (\$4.95) — also for those who usually take their history from the non-fiction table. "This, one feels, is how it actually was." — *NYHT*. **Venus in Sparta** by **Louis Auchincloss** (\$3.50) — also for the reader who usually prefers the critical study of contemporary fiction to its source material. "... obviously high time someone pointed out that he is one of our very best young novelists ..." — *NY Times*. **The Accounting** by **Bruce Marshall** (\$3.95) — also for the devotee of the intricate puzzle who wants "a first rate novel into the bargain ..." — *Sat. Rev. Syn.* **Gazella** by **Stuart Cloete** (\$3.50) — also for the reader looking for "... insight on a variety of unhackneyed subjects ..." — *NY Times*. **Playback** by **Raymond Chandler** (\$3.00) — also for the connoisseur of style, the lapidary prose of Mr. Chandler has raised the reportage of death by misadventure to a new literary plane.



This should work in reverse, too, over from the non-fiction. **The Affluent Society** by **John Kenneth Galbraith** (\$5.00) has probably been the title of the year most discussed by lecturers, political and academic. Our suggestion — it's a book for women, too — give it to one of the sex that owns 51% of the national wealth, gets out the vote and rocks the local PTA. **J.B. A Play in Verse** by **Archibald MacLeish** (\$3.50) is also for the theatre-goer — Broadway or armchair. "... may well become one of the lasting achievements of art and mind in our time." — *Sat. Rev.* **Dorothy Thompson's The Courage to Be Happy** (\$3.50) is also for every woman who reads the *Ladies' Home Journal* where these essays first appeared.

The Peripatetic Advertiser Continued



Four writers who have known the upper atmosphere of the best-seller list in the past now present books in unusual vein. **C. Northcote Parkinson**, promulgator of the inescapable Law has done a more obviously-serious study of the changing face of government **The Evolution of Political Thought** (\$5.00). **Agnes Sligh Turnbull**, author of *The Bishop's Mantle* and *The Golden Journey* has written an intimate, reflective book on the wisdom that a lifetime of experience — as daughter and student, as wife and mother, as successful author, as widow — has won for her. **Out of My Heart** (\$3.00). **Mary Lasswell**, ebullient creator of the winsomely beery old parties who sashayed through *Suds in Your Eye*, et al, has written a loving daughter's tribute to her paternal state — **I'll Take Texas** (\$5.00). **Carson McCullers'** novel *The Member of the Wedding* was converted into an equally magnificent drama. Her new book, written as a play is now presented just as she wrote it and not as given on Broadway. **The Square Root of Wonderful** (\$3.00.)

First novelists usually have to starve patiently; yet the best of them get reviews that the seasoned pro might well envy. Give any of these to your literary-discovery minded friends. **The Fume of Poppies** by **Jonathan Kozol** (\$3.00.) "... absolutely true-ringing descriptions of the ethereal bliss, the desperate jealousies, and the enormous loneliness involved in such an affair." — *Newsweek*. **The Riddle of Genesis County** by **Lynne Doyle** (\$3.00) "... an exquisite understanding of human values ..." — *Dallas News*. **The Cross of Baron Samedi** by **Richard Dohrman** (\$4.50) "...



it has been a long time since I have read a novel that has impressed me as much." — *NY Times*.

For people who will read absolutely anything — provided it is history authentic in every detail and written with a sense of immediacy that presents the past as a potential present. **Portrait of a Golden Age** — *Intimate Papers of the Second Vis-*

count Palmerston, *Courtier under George III* — by **Brian Connell** (\$6.50.) **An End to Valor** — *The Last Days of the Civil War* by **Philip Van Doren Stern** (\$5.75.) **Napoleon's Russian Campaign** by **Philippe-Paul de Segur** (\$5.00.) **Commitment to Freedom** — *The Story of the Christian Science Monitor* — by **Erwin D. Canham** (\$1.85.) **A History of Canada** — *Dominion of the North* — by **Donald Grant Creighton** (\$7.50.)



And now for the books that will move into the lamplight of the living-room table, their illustrations alone would make them conversation pieces. **Edwardian Promenade** by **James Laver** (\$6.50) — for everyone who was fortunate enough to procure one of the sadly-limited editions of *Victorian Vista* and particularly for those who tried and failed. **Here, Of All Places!** (\$5.00) **Osbert Lancaster** at his best — A brief and much-too frivolous view of human habitation inside and out in word and picture from Stonehenge to Manhattan. **The Romance of North America** edited by **Hardwick Moseley** (\$5.00.) Among those present are **Ernest Gruening**, **Bernard de Voto**, **Wallace Stegner**, and **Walter Havighurst**. **The Death of Manolete** by **Barnaby Conrad** (\$5.00) "... will hold you completely spellbound from front to back." — *Boston Herald*.

Sui generis — **The Rainbow Comes and Goes** by **Lady Diana Cooper**, (Diana Manners) (\$5.00) "Poetic, idiosyncratic, poignant, stylish; not the book of the season, or of the bedside table; a book for the library, to be read and reread, and loved for a lifetime." — *Evelyn Waugh*.



And the books destined to be most used, the great reference books with a long-life expectancy. Two new titles in the famous **Roger Tory Peterson Field Guide Series** — **to Reptiles and Amphibians** by **Roger Conant** (\$3.95) — **to Trees and Shrubs** by **George A. Petrides** (\$3.95.) **Thoughts for Buffets**

— Companion volume to *Thoughts for Food* (\$5.00.) **The Guide to Garden Flowers** by **Norman Taylor** (\$4.95.) **The Times Atlas of The World** (\$25.00) — three volumes already published. Your bookseller will have a gift certificate for the one to come in March.

And now we yield the chair to a more articulate commentator —

It's a self-ish grown-up indeed who doesn't spend some thought and — well — money on good books for younger readers. We have a novel about colonial Connecticut that should give pleasure to all ages. **The Witch of Blackbird Pond** by **Elizabeth George Speare** (\$3.00) has even been compared to the novels of Anya Seton and Esther Forbes.



Unbelievably inexpensive and dazzlingly deluxe is our new line of **North Star Books**. The best authors in America are at work on them; they are superbly illustrated with two color half-tones throughout; and they sell for only \$1.95. North Stars are about famous events and men in American History. They are accurate, exciting and written with a proper respect for growing minds. **Henry Beetle Hough**, **Paul I. Wellman**, **Sterling North**, **Mary Ellen Chase**, **David Lavender** and **Ralph Moody** have written the first six — just out this fall.

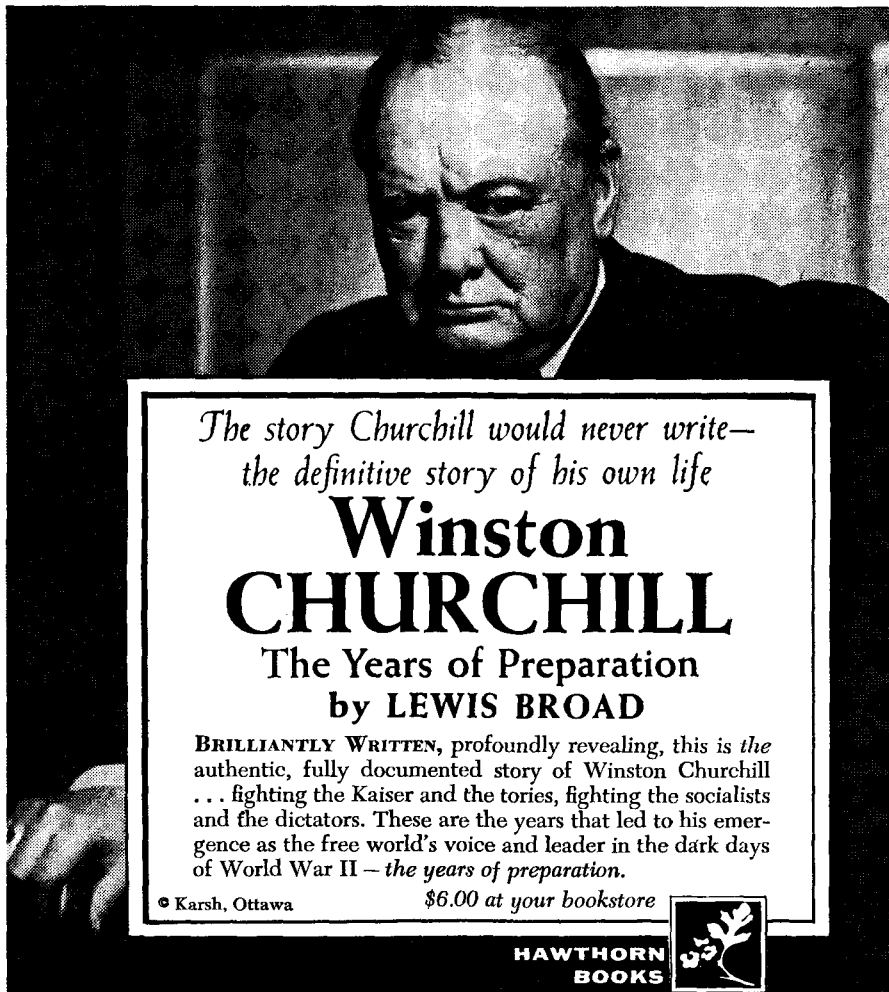
What to say about our picture books for younger readers? You must see them to appreciate their quality, so we'll have to rely on your bookstore. If you want the best schools for your children you should also want the best books — e.g. **Rudi and The Mayor of Naples** by **Maurice Osborne**, (\$2.50), **Camembert** by **Nancy de Angelis** (\$3.00), **Just Pepper** by **Robert Barry** (\$2.50) and **Curious George Flies a Kite** by **Margret and H. A. Rey** (\$2.75). (By the way we've sold over 1,000,000 copies of Rey's books.)



They all expand a sense of humor as well as a sense of taste.

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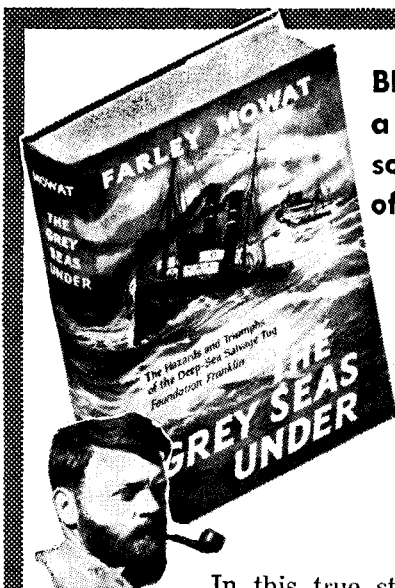
the present century, the same flight is achieved through nostalgia, rage, or some such ruling passion from which the idea of the present . . . has been excluded." The territory of the writer "has been a world that lies somewhere behind us, a world that has become . . . a nostalgic myth."

Thoreau, Melville, and Whitman set a pattern of belief in the gathering of data, and their successors failed to realize that their most memorable work was not memorable because of what they found but because of what they conjured up with the creative imagination. Mr. Morris is saying, in effect, that the blight which has afflicted so many American writers — inability to develop, to mature, to realize fully their potentialities — is basically the result of a failure to understand properly the nature of literary creation. To Morris, Thomas Wolfe is the most glaring example of this failure: "Slabs of raw life were reduced to crates of raw manuscript"; and the shining exception to it is Henry James, whose life and work Morris discusses in an arresting even though almost idolatrous chapter.

I am afraid these cursory notes have drastically emasculated Morris' thesis, and I cannot begin to discuss the insights which grow out of it — about Hemingway's style, the theme of "loss" in American writing, the crack-up of F. Scott Fitzgerald, the popularity of Norman Rockwell. *The Territory Ahead* is a book packed tight with suggestive ideas about American letters and American life.

APPEARANCE AND REALITY

MARY McMINNIES, whose second novel, *THE VISITORS* (Harcourt, Brace, \$4.95), is a Book-of-the-Month Club selection, is a coolly intelligent, sharp-eyed writer with a sophisticated sense of comedy and a sparkling command of the technique of fiction. The setting of her story is an ancient university town in a Communist country (it is unmistakably Krakow in Poland), and the action centers on the pretty young wife of a British diplomat, Milly Purdue, who lets a scheming maid steer her into black market transactions and simultaneously takes a stab at playing Madame Bovary. Within this framework, Miss McMinnies treats a classic theme of the novel, the difference between appearance and



BERNT BALCHEN says: "It has been a long time since I enjoyed a book so thoroughly. Every page smelled of the salty seas."

BY FARLEY MOWAT THE GREY SEAS UNDER

In this true story of the ocean-going salvage tug, *Foundation Franklin*, and her career as a rescue ship on the North Atlantic, Farley Mowat recalls the best sea-writing of Joseph Conrad, William McFee, and H. M. Tomlinson.

• "I can't think of any book that I've read in recent years that builds up and sustains such terrific suspense, or that keeps the reader clinging mentally to an icy deck that is battered by forty-foot waves."—BRUCE LANCASTER

By the author of *PEOPLE OF THE DEER* and *THE DOG WHO WOULDN'T BE*
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LITTLE, BROWN

reality, on two planes: the character of Milly and life in a Communist state.

The contemporary novelists who have set out to show that their protagonist is not what he appears to be have often taken the facile course of portraying him as a monster. But Miss McMinnies — while she exposes Milly's flaws with unsparing, indeed devastating insight — presents her with an astonished affection which recognizes that, however inexcusable her conduct, she is altogether human. The secondary characters, a varied lot, are masterfully drawn (with the exception of an American journalist who is not quite credible and whose speech is not quite American), and they are often deliciously amusing. The whole performance is fresh, mordant, and executed with exhilarating zest — an entertainment of a high order.

The author's lack of affection for his characters (with one exception) gives a harsh flavor to LOUIS AUCHINCLOSS' new novel, *VENUS IN SPARTA* (Houghton Mifflin, \$3.50); but it is the strongest, and I think the most interesting, book he has written to date. The central figure, Michael Farish, is an upper-class American of forty-five who, though outwardly a success, has a deep sense of inadequacy. The story backtracks to his days at a Spartan New England prep school, his shy courtship of his wife, his wartime service in the Navy, and an overseas love affair; and it shows that he has gone through life straining to measure up to rigid standards of conduct and with a guilty feeling that he is not as masterful and masculine as he should be. The discovery of his wife's infidelity, coupled with a menacing development in his situation as trust officer of a Manhattan bank, goads him into breaking with the pattern of the past. But through an ironic combination of circumstances, his revolt and remarriage in due course return him, with enhanced prestige, to the world from which he tried to escape. He begins to disintegrate. And when he is suddenly overtaken by the kind of frenzied sexual craving he has always felt he should experience, he lets it lead him to destruction.

The jacket copy describes *Venus in Sparta* as "a remorseless examination of modern American man's compulsion to prove himself a male." But it seems to me that Farish's concern about his masculinity is only one

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aspect of a larger problem, and it is the least convincingly developed part of the story. Farish's dilemma is that he has forced himself to conform to a whole set of standards for which his nature is not suited, and he has not developed resources that would enable him to live differently. Moreover, the portraiture of the other characters is so uniformly damaging that the novel — though this may not have been Auchincloss' intention — implicitly becomes an indictment of the whole world to which Farish belongs. At any rate, *Venus in Sparta* shows an advance in vigor and intensity in the work of a novelist who has always been and remains fastidious, perceptive, and intelligent.

ART BOOKS

HEADS, FIGURES AND IDEAS (New York Graphic Society, \$30.00) by HENRY MOORE is an unusual art book in that it shows us not finished work but the creative process. Its sixty-four large pages, some of them in color, reproduce (by photo-offset lithography of the highest quality) actual pages of Moore's sketchbooks — the drawings he eventually transformed into sculpture and the notes he wrote beside them. There is also one fine four-color lithograph specially done by Moore for this volume. The book has been produced with an unstinting perfectionism, and even at thirty dollars, admirers of Henry Moore should find it something of a bargain.

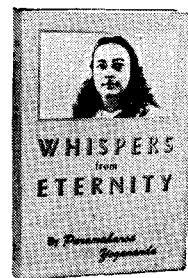
Moore's groups of drawings of a single subject show us, with a rare directness, a great sculptor exploring (in the words of Geoffrey Grigson's overture) "the laws and antics of the solid, of the hollow; but also again the straits, bays, depths of purest space." We see Moore wrestling with the big reclining figure he executed for the UNESCO building in Paris; or seeking — in six studies labeled "women from pots" — to incorporate the grace of classic forms (Etruscan vases) into his own plastic idiom, which he has told us aims at "vitality" and not ideal beauty. "The great (the continual, everlasting) problem (for me)," Moore notes in one place, "is to combine sculptural form (POWER) with human sensitivity & meaning, i.e. to keep primitive power with humanist content." Under a photograph of an ancient Egyptian stone head of a woman, he sums up his strivings: "I

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would give everything, if I could get into my sculpture the same amount of humanity & seriousness; nobility & experience; acceptance of life, distinction, & aristocracy. With Absolutely no tricks, no affectation, no self-consciousness . . . looking straight ahead, no movement, but more alive than a real person."

The New York Graphic Society's **DALI** (\$15.00), also a lavishly produced volume, is to the best of my knowledge the most comprehensive conspectus of Dali's career published to date. The French critic Michel Tapie opens the book with an idolatrous appreciation, which would seem to be a literary application of Dali's self-styled "paranoiac-critical method." The substantial biographical essay by A. Reynolds Morse is more sober and more enlightening. Dali collaborated with Mr. Morse in selecting the works illustrated — seventeen in color and ninety-six in black and white — and he wrote the captions himself. Needless to say, they are awesomely immodest but more arresting, and more amusing, than such notations usually are. It is a distinct asset to have the magician describing his own magic.

THE THRONES OF EARTH AND HEAVEN (Abrams, \$17.50) by **ROLOFF BENY** — photographs of "great treasures of the cultures surrounding the Mediterranean" — is a volume whose supplementary credentials suggest that Mr. Beny has a highbrow version of the Mike Todd touch. He has fortified his pictures with a foreword by Herbert Read; a letter about Egypt, in French, from Cocteau; contributions about the Mediterranean lands by Freya Stark, Bernard Berenson, and Rose Macaulay; a poem on photography ("the art of instantaneous flashlit tragedy") by Stephen Spender; and thirteen lines from Shelley's *Prometheus Unbound*. Fortunately Mr. Beny's photographs, superbly printed and of ample dimensions, are no discredit to the supporting chorus he has mustered. At times he strains for drama and his taste falters, but he has imagination, an eye for the poetic image, and great technical skill. As Malraux has said, photography has admitted to us a "museum without walls," and Mr. Beny has contributed to it some splendid evocations of the Mediterranean's heritage in stone — domes, pyramids, and pillars, churches and fortresses, gods, goddesses, and monsters.

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1942-1945

by William D. Hassett



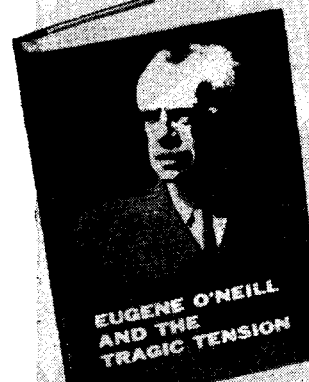
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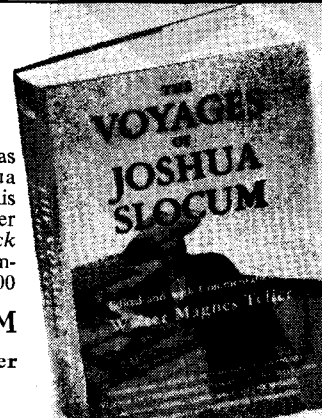


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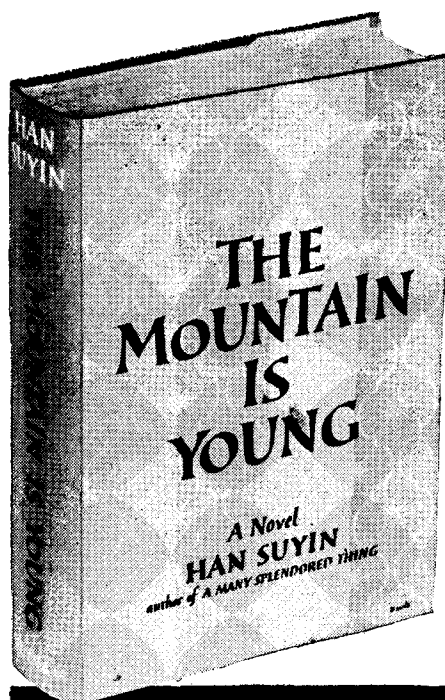
Edited with Commentaries by Walter Magnés Teller



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BOOKS FOR CHILDREN

A Christmas List

BY CHARLOTTE JACKSON

CHARLOTTE JACKSON, who is the author of seven juveniles, is children's book editor for the San Francisco CHRONICLE.

The number and variety of books for children each year pose a problem of selection, and the quality of writing and illustration this Christmas season is exceptionally high. There are more than enough good family stories, fantasy-fairy tales, escape-adventure thrillers, sound biographies, and enchanting picture books to satisfy even the most ardent young bibliophile.

We shall start with the picture books and proceed chronologically.

Any child from three to thirteen will shriek with glee over the funny situations in a handbook of etiquette, **WHAT DO YOU SAY, DEAR?**, by **SESYLE JOSLIN**, pictures by Maurice Sendak (Scott). If, for example, when walking backward one bumps into a strolling crocodile, the thing to say is, of course, "excuse me." The inspired double-spread pictures illustrate the many hilarious situations.

WHAT IS THE WORLD? by **BETTY MILES**, pictures by Remy Charlip (Knopf). Unusual in color, design, and philosophical concept (to the average child the world is a globe that he can rotate), this book is a spur to the imagination.

In **THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT**, with colored woodcuts by Antonio Frasconi (Harcourt, Brace), the familiar nursery rhyme is given in both French and English, an effortless way to pick up sizable bits of another language. The bold, unusual woodcuts help considerably.

THE ANIMALS AND THE ARK, written and illustrated by **KARLA KUSKIN** (Harper), tells the old Bible story of Noah and the animals in lilting verse and amusing pictures.

TERRY WRITES A LETTER, story and pictures by **CHARLOTTE STEINER** (Macmillan). Just after Terry's friend Ted moved away, all kinds of exciting things began to happen, and Terry wished that she could write Ted about them, but alas! she hadn't yet learned to write. How she man-

aged to convey her news should be an inspiration to other tots in a similar predicament. Lovely pastel pictures.

HOLIDAY FOR EDITH AND THE BEARS, story and photographs by **DARE WRIGHT** (Doubleday), is the second photographic episode about Edith, the "lonely doll." This time, with her Teddy bear friends, she goes exploring along the wharves and dunes of the Atlantic seashore, and if cautious Mr. Bear hadn't intervened, daring Edith and Little Bear might have drifted out to sea.

HOW DO I GO? by **MARY ANN AND NORMAN HOBERMAN** (Little, Brown) is a fine travel book in bright poster colors for toddlers who have so far only experienced tricycle cruises around the block. Numerous modes of transportation are described from subway to airplane plus a nice nonsense touch about riding on the backs of whales or sailing in a pail.

Naturalists as young as three are fascinated by **THE WONDERFUL EGG**, written and illustrated by **DAHLOV IPCAR** (Doubleday). Excellent pictures of dinosaurs and their ilk decorate the easily understood story of prehistoric beasts with a pleasant surprise — the egg that sat all alone.

PETUNIA, BEWARE! with story and pictures by **ROGER DUVOISIN** (Knopf) is a new adventure of that silly goose, Petunia, who barely escapes extinction when she wanders off seeking greener fields. Gay pictures and an excellent story.

THE PICNIC, written and illustrated by **JAMES DAUGHERTY** (Viking). Cheddar, frisky young scion of a respectable mouse family, could not resist shying an acorn at a sleeping lion one day when the family were picnicking in the woods. The results were almost disastrous until each realized that helping one another is as necessary to animals as it is to man. Effective silhouettes in black and ocher of mice, raccoons, and lions frolic through the story.

SOMETHING SPECIAL by **BEATRICE SCHENK DE REGNIERS** and **IRENE HAAS** (Harcourt, Brace). This is a delightful book of poems that has caught the spirit of a child's world with humor, sounds, smell, and color.

The fine drawings complement the text.

CABIN FOR DUCKS, written and illustrated by **EDYTHE RECORDS WARNER** (Viking). Two small boys are initiated into the exhilarating life of the Minnesota woods one autumn when they are invited to go duck hunting with their grandfather. The detailed drawings of birds, animals, forests, and lakes are beautiful indeed.

GEORGE GOES TO TOWN, written and illustrated by **PHYLLIS ROWAND** (Little, Brown). This second book about that kinky-haired poodle who couldn't keep out of trouble finds him disconsolate for the period that he has to endure living in a city apartment. Wonderful drawings of mad situations that George's presence always engenders.

THE FROG IN THE WELL by **ALVIN TRESSELT**, illustrated by **Roger Duvoisin** (Lothrop). The author's version of an old fable about the foolish frog who found that there was more to the world than his comfortable moss-covered home. Hundreds of frogs in every conceivable attitude decorate the pages in brilliant color.

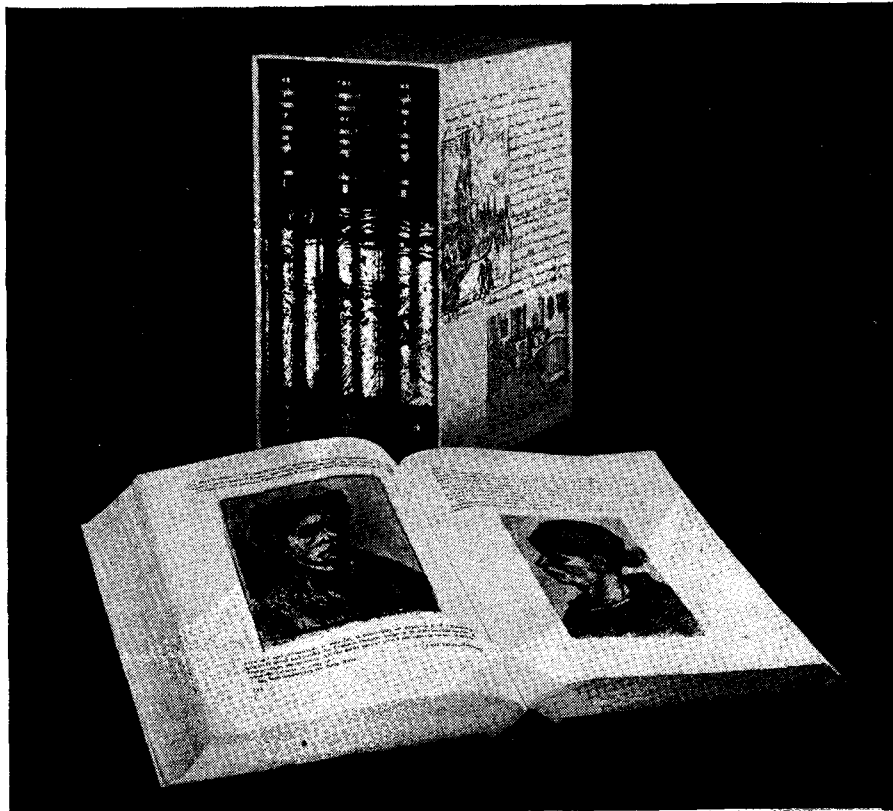
THE WORLD OF CHRISTOPHER ROBIN, by **A. A. MILNE**, illustrations by **E. H. Shepard** (Dutton), combines the complete *When We Were Very Young* and *Now We Are Six* in one fat, handsome volume.

SCIENCE CAN BE FUN by **MUNRO LEAF** (Lippincott). This author-artist has that particular genius for imparting knowledge to the young, whether it be manners, arithmetic, or anything one could mention. It was inevitable that he should attack science, and here it is: a book that explains scientific fundamentals with simple experiments any child can perform. A challenging book with step-by-step drawings.

OTTO AT SEA, story and pictures by **WILLIAM PÈNE DU BOIS** (Viking). The hero of this dog adventure was a mammoth hound too big to fit in any ordinary palace, so he was shipped off with his master on a good-will tour of America. He proved his extraordinary strength and heroism on the ocean voyage and, upon arrival in New York, was tendered a ticker-tape parade up Fifth Avenue. Magnificent pictures illustrate this fantastic adventure.

There are five books so far in the Beginner Book series recently published by Random House; all are edited by Dr. Seuss, whose rules for

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vocabulary control keep the stories well within the grasp of a beginning reader. DR. SEUSS's own contribution, *THE CAT IN THE HAT COMES BACK*, is by far the pick of the lot, with that zany cat and a hatful of kittens named for letters of the alphabet cavorting in a story that moves at a fast clip, with comic pictures that almost talk. A *FLY WENT BY* by MIKE MCCLINTOCK, illustrated by Fritz Siebel, another in the series, tells about an exciting animal chase. The verse and expressive illustrations in striking color make the book much more than an easy reader.

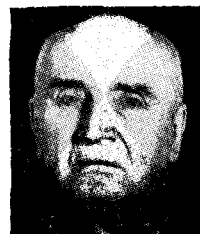
The child from seven to ten has a treat in store with this imaginative tale: *ROLAND*, by NELLY STÉPHANE, illustrated by André François (Harcourt, Brace). Roland, made to stand in the corner because he was late for school, drew a tiger on the wall, said "crack," and the tiger came to life. Of course, this power gets Roland into all sorts of hot water and gives the artist plenty of scope to execute pictures of a strange dreamlike quality that fit the bizarre situations.

MR. BASS'S PLANETOID by ELEANOR CAMERON, illustrated by Louis Darling (Atlantic-Little, Brown). Science-fiction fans who enjoyed *The Wonderful Flight to the Mushroom Planet* will welcome the new adventures of David and Chuck who, with the help of Tyco Bass, solve the mystery of the Brumbliton whose chain reaction could have destroyed the world.

ROGER, A MOST UNUSUAL RABBIT by DOROTHEA W. BLAIR, with pictures by Hilary Knight (Lippincott). Roger, the effete hero of this success story, had impeccable manners along with a pleasing talent for portrait painting. These two attributes paid off so well that he became the only known rabbit painter to their majesties the King and Queen of England.

THE MOONEYED HOUND by BILLY C. CLARK, illustrated by Nedda Walker (Putnam's). This unusual story of a poor Kentucky hill family is suitably written in flowing Biblical prose. It concerns the exploits of a boy's coon dog who is born blind in one eye but who overcomes his handicap and proves himself the best hunting dog in the area, as well as the top cross-country racer.

CASTLES AND DRAGONS compiled by the Child Study Association, illustrated by William Pène Du Bois



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(Crowell). Among the eighteen tales in this distinguished collection are *The Sorcerer's Apprentice*, adapted from Grimm by Wanda Gag, *Ashputel* by Walter de la Mare, and *The Lost Half Hour* by Henry Beston. Reading treasures galore are to be found in this well-designed, handsomely illustrated volume.

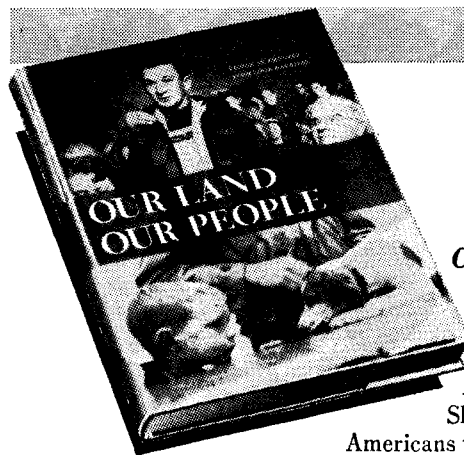
TITSOU OF THE GREEN THUMBS by **MAURICE DRUON**, illustrated by Jacqueline Duhème (Scribner's), is about a French boy of an elegant family who couldn't abide school and, as a consequence, was given over to the gardener in order to learn the fundamentals of gardening. Under his magic thumbs flowers grew abundantly, even from the mouths of guns, and the story ends with Titsou appropriately climbing a miraculous wisteria and disappearing into the clouds.

TAN'S FISH by **RUTHVEN TODD**, illustrated by Theresa Sherman (Atlantic-Little, Brown). Tan's hobby was collecting fish, and he hoped that one day he would find a new species that would entitle him to become a member of the Cathay Aquarists. How Tan did find the rare fish that subsequently was named for him, and how he became a celebrated aquarist before the required age of twenty-one, is the story. There is more to it than that, however; this small boy taught some of the greedy collectors an excellent lesson in conservation.

A good family story with believable situations for the young adult is **BORROWED BROTHER** by **FLORENCE CRANNELL** (Houghton Mifflin). Jan, sixteen and an only child, yearns to visit a large family of cousins, and her parents obligingly arrange for her to exchange places with her cousin Molly, one of many. There are slight complications for both girls, but all in all the exchange proves a happy arrangement.

BIG TIME MYSTERIES, edited by **BRETT HALLIDAY** (Dodd, Mead). This diversified collection for young mystery addicts, chosen by The Mystery Writers of America, keeps in mind the sort of mystery young people enjoy. The stories range from science fiction to engineering, from locked-room puzzle to historical mystery, and were originally written for adults.

Among the books for the twelve-to-sixteen-year-old, the excellent Landmark series (Random House) has eleven new titles, one of which,



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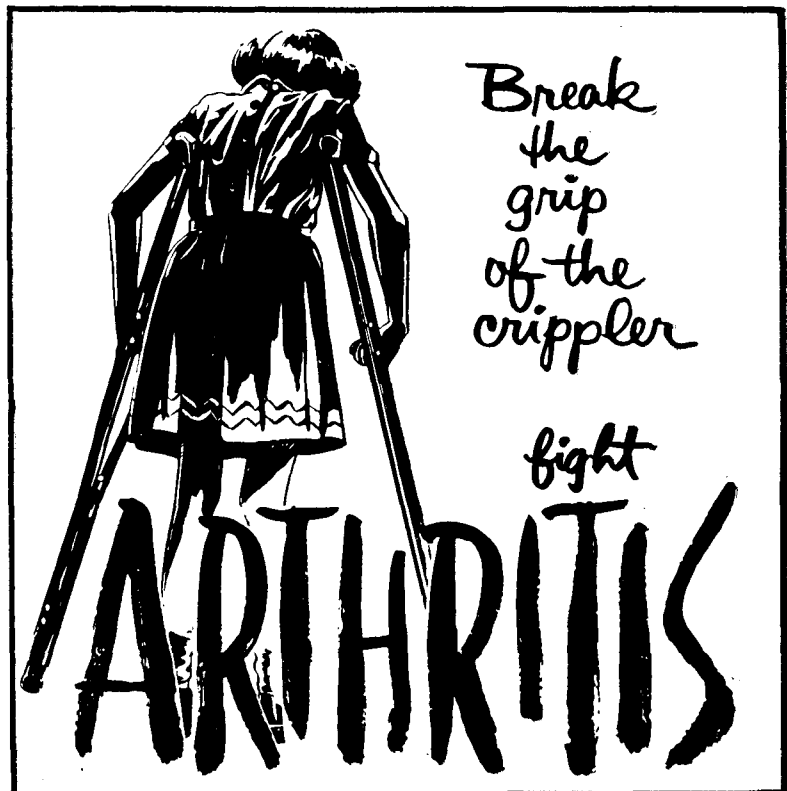
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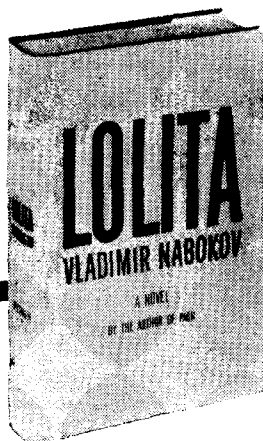
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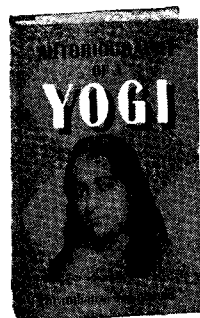
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EXPLORING THE HIMALAYA, by **WILLIAM O. DOUGLAS**, is extremely entertaining. It is filled with homely details about the people who live near the formidable mountains, as well as good accounts of the exploits of famous Alpinists and the author's own experiences in mountain climbing.

Biographies make stimulating reading for young people beginning to think about careers. Among the many this fall, the following three are outstanding in content, decoration, and design.

WILLA: THE STORY OF WILLA CATHER'S GROWING UP by **RUTH FRANCHERE** (Crowell) evokes the feeling of the prairie country that the small girl from Virginia felt upon her arrival in Nebraska and points out how she made use of all she saw, heard, and felt in the fine novels she wrote.

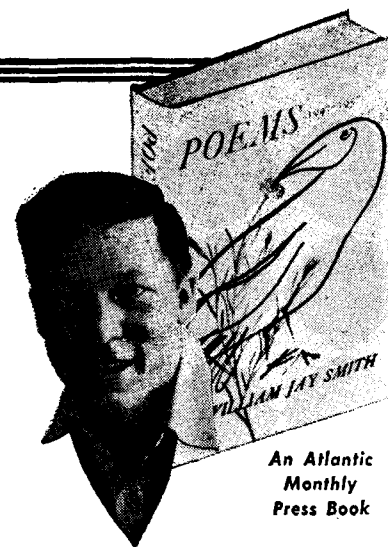
YOUNG MAN IN A HURRY by **JEAN LEE LATHAM**, illustrated by Victor Mays (Harper). This veteran biographer of so many historical recreations brings Cyrus W. Field to life in a vivid manner. The impatient young man, who at thirty was successful by the standards of the day, didn't hit the peak of his inventiveness until the mid-nineteenth century, when he laid the cable under the Atlantic from Newfoundland to Ireland.

AMERICA'S OWN MARK TWAIN by **JEANETTE EATON**, illustrated by Leonard Everett Fisher (Morrow), takes young Sam Clemens through his turbulent childhood, Mississippi pilot days, printing and writing experiences in the Far West, and lecture tours in Europe and America in later life. Humorous writer though Clemens was, the author captures the spirit of tragedy that haunted him always.

CHRISTMAS STORIES

THE LEGEND OF BEFANA by **HENRY CHAFETZ**, illustrated by Ronni Solbert (Houghton Mifflin). This is a new version of the legend about the saintly woman who distributes baskets of presents to the good children of Italy on Twelfth-night. The naughty ones are not forgotten; for them she leaves a warning of sticks and stones.

THE CHRISTMAS ROCKET by **ANNE MOLLOY**, with drawings by Artur Marokvia (Hastings House), is set in modern Italy and tells the story of a potter's son, his trip to market, his



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disappointments, and then the miracle of the rocket that sparkled over the village during the Christmas night celebration. The illustrations are filled with Christmas spirit.

THE NUTCRACKER, adapted and handsomely illustrated by **WARREN CHAPPELL** (Knopf), is the charming familiar story of the Sugar Plum Fairy, the horrid Mouse King, Nutcracker, and the other gallant toys. Samples of the delightful music throughout. This is one of the more beautiful books of the season.

THE FAMILY UNDER THE BRIDGE by **NATALIE SAVAGE CARLSON**, illustrated by Garth Williams (Harper). Perhaps it was the Christmas spirit, or again it may have been the appeal of the three little waifs themselves whom the old hobo found occupying his special corner under the Seine bridge, that changed him. But changed he was and to the point of actually asking his friend, Father Christmas, for a job so that he could rent a modest home for the children and their widowed mother. This is a story to treasure.

THE FARAWAY CHRISTMAS by **EDITH THACHER HURD**, illustrated by Clement Hurd (Lothrop), is set on the Farallon Islands in the choppy waters outside the Golden Gate, where the wind howls and the weather is dreary most of the time. When Christmas draws near and the presents ordered from the mail-order catalogue haven't arrived, depression thicker than the surrounding fog envelops the waiting children. Then the sun breaks through, the boat bringing the Christmas packages and greenery braves the rough sea, and there is a joyous Christmas after all. This charming story, based on true happenings, is embellished with pictures that capture the spirit of the islands.

THE STORY OF HOLLY AND IVY by **RUMER GODDEN**, illustrated by Adrienne Adams (Viking). Holly, a doll appropriately dressed for Christmas, awaits the life-giving touch of a little girl's hands; Ivy, a six-year-old orphan, clad, too, in Christmas colors, searches for a nonexistent grandmother; and Mrs. Jones, imbued with the magic of the season, prepares her house for a small girl she doesn't have. All three get their wishes in this story which in less competent hands would be cloying but which escapes that fate by Miss Godden's skill and sensitivity in the use of words.

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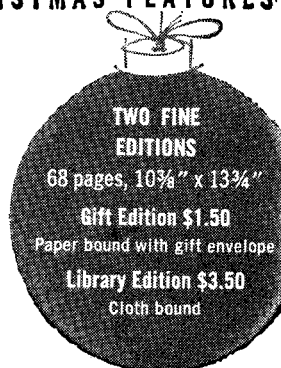
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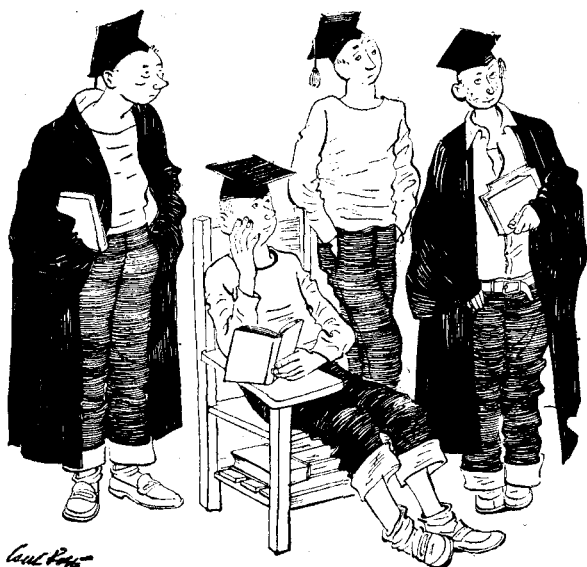
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Accent on

As I drive over Harvard Bridge from Cambridge to Boston of a morning on my way to work, students in goodly numbers are crossing it in the other direction, headed for their classes at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Cambridge is, of course, notoriously easygoing about externalities. There was comment, briefly, a few years ago when a celebrated dotard sat down in his pew one Sunday morning wearing his sister's hat, and some of the nose jewelry and swathings and kimonos and sandals around Harvard Square will draw a surreptitious second glance, but that's about as far as it goes. Even the tweedy old lady in her cape and her tricycle, which she propels by pedals and steers with a long tiller, is taken for granted by Cambridge shoppers. As an outlander and not a native of Cambridge, I have felt free to examine the tricycle in some detail, a well-worn vehicle which I judge to date from about 1895 and which ought, eventually, to be suspended from wires in a Smithsonian room.

But the MIT students, in a community so indulgent of quirks, seem to have discarded all individuality and settled for a kind of uniform: a shirt with the collar unbuttoned, no necktie, cotton trousers, loafers or sneakers or dirty white shoes, and, if the weather warrants it, a sweater or windbreaker. Simple though this costume is, the groups crossing the

bridge achieve an appearance of disarray, as if they had slept in their clothes and bounded out on the run.

Harvard, only a couple of miles away, will not admit a student to a dining hall or certain classes unless he is wearing a jacket and necktie. "Except, of course, during summer school," as one Harvard professor admitted. "We get *all sorts* in the summer school."

But if Harvard can preserve the necktie and jacket during the regular terms, the Tech boys are of a frowsiness all their own. The motorist has no way of telling whether the hitchhikers among them are standard juvenile delinquents or whether he is being thumbled by the fanciest I.Q. in the institute. One doubts that the MIT boys' appearance is a consequence of the curriculum, that anything in the pursuit of high science and engineering must, in itself, dictate the three-day shirt or the thirty-day trousers, yet some of these morning ensembles would bring mutterings from the members of an archaeological expedition on a field dig along the Nile. The MIT faculty members, on the other hand, are usually neat and clean, and it must be distracting to the great mathematician or physicist to note, as he begins his lecture, that his front row is wearing the same soup stains and grease spots with which it began the term.

I realize that any remonstrance

such as this stamps me as a fuddy-duddy, or an exquisite, to whom a trouser crease is more momentous than travel in outer space. I am also mindful that when, as schoolboys, we were obliged to wear at dinner a dark suit and a stiff collar, we followed only the letter and not the spirit of the regulation. A boy simply wore a dark suit on all occasions and carried in his pocket a stiff collar and its detachable button. By turning in the button-down collar of his daytime shirt and putting on the stiff collar, he achieved a result which seemed to meet the rule. The masters responded by scrutinizing our shirts at dinnertime for the tell-tale buttons which had held down the soft daytime collar, but the boys won out in the end by snipping off the turndown collar buttons from all their shirts, which made the double-decker too hard to spot to be worth the trouble.

The authorities at MIT are proceeding, of course, on more adult assumptions and not insisting or dictating a student's taste in what he wears. But unless somewhere along the line two or three small refinements set in, one can only expect that the Nobel Prize committee in years to come is going to be hanging its medals on some extremely grubby looking scientists.

How these prospects stand at Ca Tech, I have no idea.

CHARLES W. MORTO

War of Nerves

BY LEROY OSTRANSKY

LEROY OSTRANSKY is a native New Yorker who is now composer-in-residence at the College of Puget Sound in Tacoma, Washington.

While the struggle for control of missile agencies and military bases may be the first order of Air Force business, the U.S.A.F. is not neglecting the opportunity to excel in other important undertakings — like all-girl bands, for instance. Unbeknownst to most U.S.A.F. critics, or even to its friends, there is a U.S.A.F. program, international in scope, going forward perhaps at this very moment.

I am indebted to enthusiast Paul P. Weckesser, Lt. Col., U.S.A.F., Deputy Chief, Bands and Music, for a brief describing the band program — with particular reference to the United States W.A.F. (Women in the Air Force) Band. The brief says:

"This superb fifty-piece organization is stationed at Lackland Air Force Base, San Antonio, Texas. The Air Force considers it a 'special' band — the women's counter-part of the internationally famous United States Air Force Band at Washington, D.C. The U.S.W.A.F. band's performance mission is international as well as national in scope. Captain Marybelle J. Nissly is its Commander-Conductor, and Lieutenant Audrey E. Thomas is Assistant Conductor."

Now, fifty pieces sound about like the size of Phil Spitalny's All-Girl Orchestra, as I remember it. The U.S.W.A.F. may not boast an Evelyn and her Magic Violin, but I am sure that Captain-Commander-Conductor Marybelle J. Nissly has a magic of her own. (I think poor

Audrey E. Thomas is being put upon; she is entitled to be called Assistant Commander-Conductor.)

Although the Air Force's new band program authorizes forty-eight bands, and at least a dozen of these will be fifty-piece outfits, the U.S. W.A.F. band must be something special. Without it, the Air Force would be down to forty-seven bands, which is, patriotically speaking, a meaningless number. More significant, perhaps, is the question of the "international scope" of the mission. I have mulled this over quite a lot lately, and while my study is by no means finalized, I can give you a three-point progress report:

1. The U.S. Air Force wants to take fifty beautiful and talented females and show them off to other,

doubting-Thomas nations as typical examples of American Womanhood.

2. The U.S. Air Force wants to impress upon certain cultural-minded nations that our beautiful, talented American females are engaged in a business other than show business.

3. The U.S. Air Force wants to satisfy everybody that our military manpower is mobilized to the point where not a man jack of them can be spared for making music.

It is not necessary for this three-point report to follow a logical order, or even to make sense. To confuse the enemy is a perfectly legitimate military tactic. However, if I were to be pressed into military service again, I think I'd choose the Army. The Air Force's idea of psychological warfare makes me nervous.

Tennis on TV

BY RENÉ MACCOLL

RENÉ MACCOLL is the roving correspondent and columnist of the London EXPRESS.

Owing to circumstances beyond my control, I not long since sat watching much of the Wimbledon Lawn Tennis championships on British television. Although I could have done with just the normal cries and other incidental sounds of the matches as relayed through the microphones from the center court, I found that viewers were also favored with the comments of a team of experts, whose remarks formed a ceaseless and insistent threnody to the play.

At first I was prepared to accept this bonus in the spirit in which it was offered. Although I have played tennis for many years and understand the rules as well as the next man, there could be, or so I told myself, many little subtleties of which I might remain woefully unaware but for the commentators. Moreover, ensconced in their privileged box right there on court, these experts could in a flash reveal to us what lay behind some otherwise obscure piece of byplay or instruct us authoritatively in what might have struck the distant onlooker as a baffling piece of tactics.

I therefore bent a respectful ear.

Two lady players emerge onto court.

Commentator: "And here come the girls!"

The players pause behind the umpire's chair, and one of them flips a racket into the air.

Commentator: "Now they're tossing for service. I wonder who has won the service, Ed?"

Ed: "Well, we shall know when the three little lights go up in front of one of those names on the scoreboard, Bob."

Bob: "Why, that's right, so we shall, Ed."

The preliminaries end. The game is about to start.

Bob (dropping his voice to a near-whisper): "Miss Farago to serve."

Umpire: "Play!"

Bob: "And its — play!"

Linesman: "Fault!"

Bob: "Fault called."

Miss F. serves again.

Linesman: "Fault!"

Bob: "Oh — and it's a double fault! Well, now, Miss Farago won't be able to afford many of those, will she, Ed?"

Ed: "No, indeed, Bob. That's the sort of present she just doesn't want to give her opponent."





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Bob: "A double fault at this stage is not the sort of thing we expect from a class player, is it, Ed?"

Ed: "Certainly not, Bob. I'd say it is the last thing we expect from a class player."

Bob: "Just a little bit nervous, would you say?"

Ed: "Oh, undoubtedly, Bob. It's a case of nerves."

Miss Farago runs for a wide drive. She slips and falls.

Bob: "Hullo, hullo, hullo! Miss Farago has taken a toss!"

Miss Farago rises.

Bob: "But she's up again in a trice. I wonder if she has hurt herself, Ed?"

Ed: "Hard to tell, Bob. She isn't limping, I don't think."

Bob: "No, she isn't limping. But she seems to be holding her arm."

Ed: "No, I think she's brushing it."

Bob: "Oh, that's right. She is brushing her arm."

Ed: "I think she probably got a little dust on her arm when she fell over."

Bob: "Oh, that must be it, Ed. Miss Farago is a very dainty little player, isn't she?"

Ed: "One of the daintiest at this year's Wimbledon, Bob."

Miss Farago is footfaulted twice in rapid succession. The camera shows her glaring at the linesman in manifest resentment.

Bob: "Well, now, I don't think that little Miss Farago is too happy about that decision."

Ed: "No, not too happy."

Miss Farago is footfaulted again.



She walks over to the linesman and stands, hands on hips, addressing him.

Bob: "Miss Farago is having a word with the foot-fault judge, Ed. I wonder what she can be saying to him?"

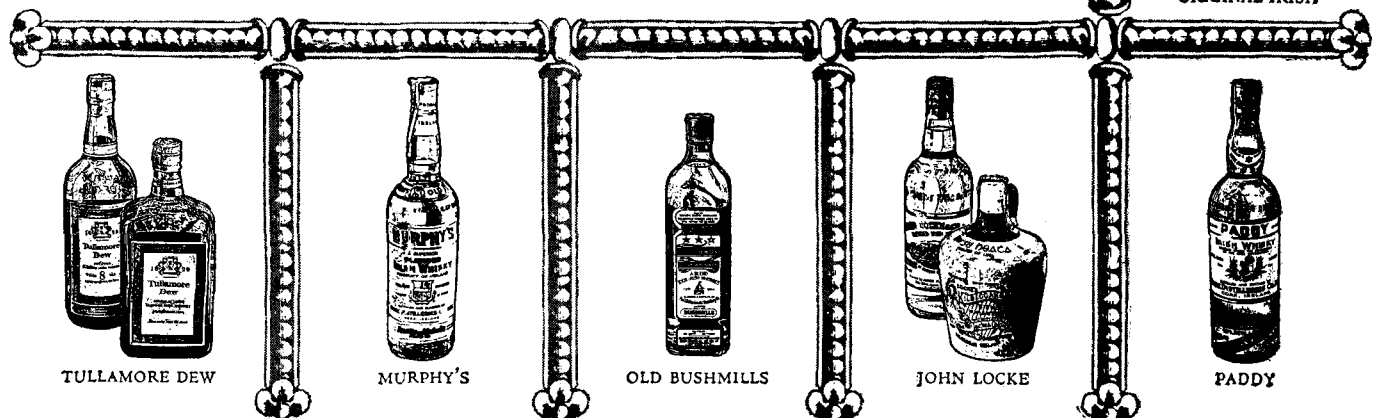
Ed: "She is probably asking him

NOW HERE IS WHAT YOU MUST LOOK FOR

(continued from page 11)

, to shop at the whiskey store is a glorious experience, to be sure. And a frustrating one. There are so many pretty things to buy that one is like the theoretical horse, equidistant between two piles of hay, who starves to death before he decides which to eat. This will never do, of course. 🖐 Therefore we [The Whiskey Distillers of Ireland] have gone to no little effort and expense to make pictures of the various bottles so you can "home in on them," as they say. If this catalogue helps you in your quest we will feel richly repaid for our trouble. 🖐 Naturally, we can't tell you *which* to choose much as each of us would like to give you a hint. It's maddening to sit here not knowing which one will enjoy your favors. Perhaps the most humane thing would be to try all, in succession. Unless you are rich in which case you can scoop us all up at one time and have a tasting panel or an Irish Whiskey Festival replete with song and witticism. 🖐 While Irish Whiskeys have marked, interesting differences, one from another, all share an emphatic deliciousness; a *burnished* distinctiveness of flavor. As you will discover. 🖐 Ah, and haven't you the whole great world before you.

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to explain to her what he feels she may be doing wrong, don't you think, Bob?"

Bob: "Ah, yes, that might well be it."

Umpire: "Thirty-forty."

Bob: "And here it is — game point on Miss Farago's service. How would you sum things up, Ed?"

Ed: "Well, Bob, I would say that this is a girl with a problem."

Bob: "A girl with a problem. Yes, that's it, sure enough. And the problem is, can she serve her way out of trouble?"

Ed: "Or not?"

Bob: "Well, we shall see."

Miss Farago serves an ace.

Bob: "The mark of the class player! Miss Farago pulled an ace out of her sleeve just when it was needed!"

Ed: "You only find that class players are able to do that, Bob."

Bob: "Yes, and the capacity to break an opponent's service right after they've lost their own, Ed. The quick breakback —"

Ed: "Yes, Bob, the quick breakback. That's the mark of the class player, right enough."

The players, crossing over, pause

behind the umpire's chair. They mop their faces with towels.

Bob: "The girls are finding the going rather hot this afternoon."

Ed: "Yes, Bob, it must be pretty warm down there on the court."

The players take sips of water out of cardboard cups.

Bob: "And now both girls are taking aboard a little liquid refreshment — strictly innocent, of course."

Miss Farago wipes the handle of her racket with a towel.

Bob: "It is most important to ensure that you have a firm grip on the racket, isn't it, Ed?"

Ed: "Well, we've got Cyril sitting alongside of us here. Cyril was one of the greatest. Cyril, when you were playing, back in 1908, did you wipe your racket much?"

Umpire: "Fifteen-love."

Cyril: "Well, the grip —"

Bob: "We'll ask you more about that again later, Cyril."

Miss Farago muffs an easy volley. The camera lingers on her expressive face as she walks back to the rear of the court, chiding herself in Latin rage as she goes.

Bob: "Well, now, Miss Farago is

LIBBY SOLLIS

OIL, TIDINGS OF COMFORT AND JOY

Monday's card is wondrous droll:
A mouse asleep in a wassail bowl.
Tuesday's shows the standard quota
Of honkers heading for Sarasota.
Wednesday brings an abstract number:
Rorschach blots, cerise and umber.
Thursday's children, framed in wreath:
Two he's, one she — all three, buck teeth.
Friday's Santy (a roguish Ibsen),
Lolls supine and sips a Gibson.
Saturday, holding up a fish —
Who on earth is Al McNish?

Season's greetings, many splended,
Unto Caesar duly rendered.

having a little consultation with herself. Yes, she's having a word with herself. What do you suppose she's saying, Ed?"

Ed (guffawing jovially): "Probably reminding herself to try to be more accurate at the net in future, Bob."

Bob (patently anxious to be objective): "Although of course even some of the all-time greats missed the easy ones at the net when under pressure. Wouldn't you say so, Cyril?"

Cyril: "Well, I didn't."

Umpire: "Thirty-forty!"

Bob (whispering again): "And its — match point!"

Ed (matching whisper for whisper): "Miss Farago is a girl with a problem, Bob."

Bob (barely audible now): "Can she serve her way out of trouble, Ed?"

Ed (authoritatively): "We shall see."

But before anyone can see, before Miss Farago can so much as raise her racket, a cloudburst of monumental violence lashes the center court.

Bob: "Oh, dear. I'm afraid it's raining again."

A squad of youths and men rushes forward and drags huge tarpaulins over the grass.

Bob: "And there you see them, the well-drilled team which waits in the wings for just such an emergency. What do they remind you of, Ed?"

Ed: "A skilled commando unit, Bob?"

Bob: "Absolutely!"

Ed: "Well, now, since we have a few moments in hand, perhaps we can persuade Cyril here to tell us —"

Cyril: "Well, of course, in my day there were no tarpaulins or anything like that. But I can tell you a very amusing little anecdote. It happened while Mrs. Lambert Chambers was winning her fifth women's single championship before the war — World War I. As a sudden and totally unexpected shower came on, the umpire appealed for volunteers from the crowd to —"

Bob: "Oh, grand, the rain has stopped. Thank you, Cyril."

Just after the Wimbledon gathering ended I had to enter hospital for an operation. One of the first questions they asked me was whether I would like to have a TV set in my room during my sojourn. They seemed quite taken aback when I said no.



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TRY it some time. Concentrate intently upon another person seated in a room with you, without his noticing it. Observe him gradually become restless and finally turn and look in your direction. Simple — yet it is a *positive demonstration* that thought generates a mental energy which can be projected from your mind to the consciousness of another. Do you realize how much of your success and happiness in life depend upon your influencing others? Is it not important to you to have others understand your point of view — to be receptive to your proposals?

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How many times have you wished there were some way you could impress another favorably — *get across to him or her your ideas*? That thoughts can be transmitted, received, and understood by others is now scientifically demonstrable. The tales of miraculous accomplishments of mind by the ancients are now known to be fact — not fable. The method whereby these things can be *intentionally*, not accidentally, accomplished has been a secret long cherished by the Rosicrucians — one of the schools of ancient wisdom existing throughout the world. To thousands everywhere, for centuries, the Rosicrucians have pri-

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THEY SHALL HAVE MUSIC

THE PROSPECT BEFORE US

BY JOHN M. CONLY

THERE is always, and naturally, something a little sad about the end of an era. We are now at the end of an era in recorded music. A bright and lively one it has been, if only ten years long. It yielded an immense variety of musical treasure to our living rooms, this LP decade, and has been a time of fine musical adventure. Its twilight was signaled, in grim stereophonic silence, two months ago, when the October issue of the Schwann record catalogue deluged us with a shower of black diamonds (the Schwann symbols for records no longer available).

The main agent of this vanishment was RCA Victor — a statement which compels a digression and an exoneration. The removals were serious. I need say no more than that they involved such irreplaceable items as the thirty-two Beethoven sonatas played by Schnabel and the

Voice, the British company that originated *Dido* and the Schnabel Beethoven records. This came to an end last year, and HMV has bought Capitol as its American branch. Victor's sales right to HMV originals apparently is expiring. HMV cannot export English pressings direct to America, because Victor has exclusive use here of the HMV trademark, the little dog Nipper. HMV could reissue the deleted records in this country under the Capitol label, but will it? I incline to think not. Victor has skimmed the cream off the collectors' market. Further sales — of anything non-stereophonic — might not be enough to justify printing new labels.

This is the dark side of the picture. All we can do about it is shop now for what may be collectors' items in a year or so.

Now to the bright side, and excitingly bright it is. In late months I have spent many hours listening to music stereophonically reproduced, from tape and from discs, through ready-made phonographs and through custom high fidelity arrays. Now I can advance firmly an opinion put forth tentatively before. Stereo separates the sheep from the goats, and promptly.

Take a good record — let us say the Debussy *Images pour Orchestre* on London CS-6013 — and play it on good stereo equipment. (It need not be very expensive equipment, by the way; modest merit comes into its own here.) If the listening room is reasonably good, you will not be conscious of two loudspeakers, or, indeed, of any loudspeakers at all. You will hear the good Swiss orchestra in its own hall, in sound not so much startling as natural. Should this not happen, the reproducing equipment is either inadequate or improperly disposed.

Stereo records display similar un-

mitigated contrast between good and bad. Here I am speaking, of course, about sonic and not musical matters. There are at least three different ways to make stereo recordings. Any of them can be botched, turning a good performance into a bad recording. Perhaps more to the point



is the fact that any of them can (and, so far, do) show up a bad performance as what it is. A case in point is a recent recording of Tchaikovsky's 1812 Overture. In its monophonic version, by dint of some knob twisting at the engineer's console, it was made to sound impressive. Doubtless, in the making of the stereophonic version the same work at the control panel was applied, but to no avail. When one listens to the finished record, it becomes patent at once that the orchestra was seriously short of strings (an economy not uncommon until now), and the performance, in consequence, emerges not only as unimpressive but as almost ridiculous.

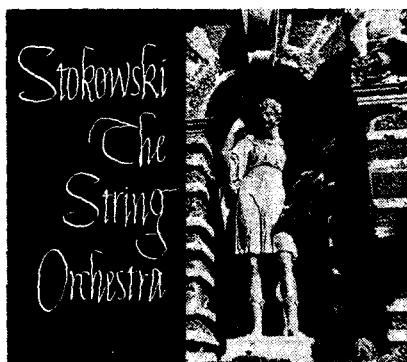
In other words, we are going to be assured now of a little more honesty in the studio. A new consideration in aural judgment has come into play: the sound of the recording hall. No longer will it be easy to bring the soprano with a little, tinny voice up close to the microphone and



Purcell *Dido and Aeneas* sung by Flagstad. Still, the company was not much to blame, and the advent of stereo hardly more. The process is worth explaining, since this is not the last purge we will observe as stereo marches on, and the complexity of the record business will help speed the destruction.

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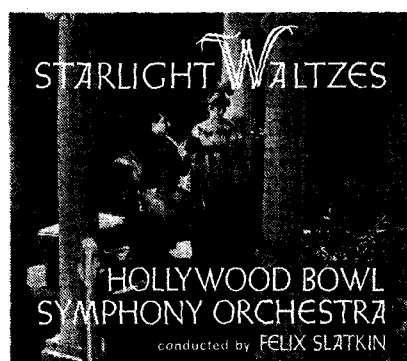
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lend to her dynamics like those of Mesdames Flagstad or Farrell. No longer can the microphones be homed on violin sections of five men apiece, making them sound as big as the magnificently trained regiments of the Boston Symphony or the Vienna Philharmonic. I suppose it would be foolhardy to say that hi-fi fakery in record making is at an end, but certainly it has become more difficult. And, for the music lover, what is pleasantest in this general development is this: while the bad is discovered through a new display of shortcomings, the good is being given a true hue and fullness it never has enjoyed before.

There is a secondary effect, involving a process not ordinarily much thought about. An important part of every recording session is the portion-by-portion playback, in which the artist hears himself. Now he hears himself in stereo. Whereas he used to listen mainly for wrong notes or omissions ("What happened to the second flute there?"), he now has begun to listen for the whole sound; he has moved into the audience. This is a very good thing. Toscanini and Weingartner surely

would have appreciated this advantage, but it came too late for them. Markevitch and Bernstein and Leinsdorf will prove its value.

Perhaps I can clarify this further by pointing out that through the monophonic hi-fi era — which can probably be safely extended back beyond the LP decade to the period of electrical 78-rpm recording made glorious by Leopold Stokowski — musicians, and especially orchestral conductors, developed musical approaches specifically for the recording process. There was a difference between the ways in which they played the same work in concert and in the recording studio.

This was not universal, of course. I am convinced, for instance, that Toscanini had trouble in thinking of music as affective, except in the degree that it affected him; he identified himself with it in performance and forgot that anyone else was listening. This was a singular interpretive virtue, but yielded us occasionally some odd sound: the discrete voice of the orchestra as heard from the conductor's platform. There have been other instances, different but kindred, of independence from

the microphone. The pianists Artur Schnabel and Edwin Fischer, for another example, seem not to have bothered themselves overmuch about digital inaccuracies when satisfied with their conveyance of musical concepts. But most recording artists, from the evidence, have (at least in recent years) felt genuine concern over phonographic effectiveness. Accordingly there has been a tendency among them to shorten pauses (because you could not *see* them ready to swoop) and to emphasize accents (for fear the triangle would get lost in the general tumult) and in general to concentrate on detail at the expense of cumulative effect: the sense of the music. They cannot be blamed for this. Music is in some degree a theatric art, wherein it is up to the performer to compel the attention of the listener; if the attention escapes, it is the performer's fault.

The direction the performers have followed in establishing their recording techniques during the monophonic hi-fi era has depended on the testimony of their own ears. For want of sonic perspective, they have sometimes banged, blasted, or belowered. Naturally they have been encouraged in this by recording directors and engineers, but they themselves have felt a need to heighten emphasis when dealing with the implacable microphone and the restrictive loudspeaker.

From now on they will not have to. Our ears (and the artists' too) are happiest when performing all their functions, which include that of direction finding. When they can do so, they will less strongly demand overbuilt dynamics and overintimacy with instruments and voices. In other words, our reproduced music now can become much more natural than it has ever been before without losing conviction. No longer need there be the polar choice between bright and subdued.

This is not to say that stereophonic techniques cannot be and will not be abused. The ping-pong effect, in which the sound is popped from one loudspeaker to the other, is with us now and will continue to be. Some people enjoy this trickery, just as they do the product of echo chambers. Let them. The standards will rise regardless.

It was in my mind as I started this column to ask for a return to the adventurous spirit which informed the beginning of the LP era in 1948.



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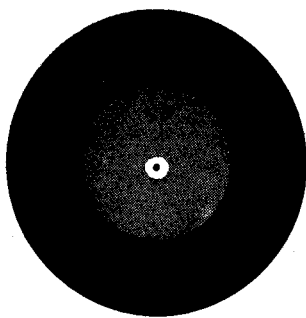
18th Century Stereo-Fidelity Radio-Fonograf (above), about \$450. Matching Stereo Mate IV external amplifier-speaker system, about \$125. Visit your Webcor dealer's showroom now!

STEREO MUSIC SOUNDS BETTER ON A WEBCOR!

We got some wonderful things which advanced the musical cognizance of the home listener far beyond that of his concertgoing counterpart. Hermann Scherchen, for Westminster, gave us Haydn symphonies we never had heard before, and Vanguard smothered us delightfully with Bach cantatas. These firms now have outgrown their designation as small companies; they can afford to record Beethoven and Tchaikovsky symphonies in competition with Victor, Columbia, and London, and to try to sell them in the mass market.

We have no lack, however, of audacious new starters. Shortly we will be offered, by a pair of today's small companies, a selection from the Scotch and Irish songs of Beethoven and from the excellent music written by the relatives of Johann Sebastian Bach. And some advances made in the LP era never will be lost. Completeness, for one thing, is here to stay. By the time you read this, you will probably be able to buy the Handel organ concertos, not in part but in toto (and of course in stereo). A couple of the best of these have been unavailable for years. At least one whole opera of Wagner's *Ring* cycle, painstakingly made by the best Wagnerians in the business, will be forthcoming soon. At this moment, the latest hope of American opera, Barber's *Vanessa*, is being readied for the lists. I foresee no artistic retreat. You will be able to buy stereophonic airplane sounds if you want, but you will also be able to go broke on Vivaldi, a delectable prospect if ever there was one.

To come full circle, there is one dubious hope which the record companies may or may not fulfill as the new era begins. Consider the losses mentioned in paragraph two: *Dido* and the Beethoven sonatas. There is an abundance of ladies who can sing *Dido* badly, many of them under recording contracts. But will we have a search to find a good *Dido*, and a good supporting cast and director? (I have a feeling Blanche Thebom might fill the bill.) And who is to be our latter-day Schnabel? Some of our big-name recitalists know some of the Beethoven sonatas; few know them all. A man who does, to my mind quite profoundly, is Jacob Lateiner, who has no recording contract at all. The record companies are now in a posture of binaural alertness. Let them know your wants.



Record Reviews

Bach: Concertos Nos. 1 and 2 for Violin; Concerto for Two Violins

Wolfgang Schneiderhan, violin; Rudolf Baumgartner conducting Festival Strings Lucerne; Deutsche Grammophon Archive ARC-3099

Baumgartner does double duty here, playing second fiddle in the Double Concerto as well as conducting, and to such effect that this is the best Double Concerto in the catalogues. The A Minor and E Major Concertos also are as good as any offered elsewhere. Heifetz, for Victor, may get a little more brilliance into his recordings of them, but Schneiderhan has warmth and grace enough to compensate, and much better engineering to help him out.

Brahms: Piano Concerto No. 1

Leon Fleisher, piano; George Szell conducting Cleveland Orchestra; Epic BC-1003 (stereo) and LC-3484

Dual honors here: this becomes at once the topmost Brahms First Concerto in the lists, superseding the Backhaus-London by virtue of sound, and the first piano concerto to be presented really convincingly in stereo. The piano does not protrude and neither is it split in two. It is a solid entity in middle distance. This fits well with Brahms's purposes and Fleisher's execution. This young pianist is a master of subtlety, and so is George Szell. The latter naturally controlled the performance; hence we have a classic drama in many voices, a sumptuous variety. To either stereo or monophonic version you must listen closely, but you will be well rewarded. The sound is rich and tastefully restrained.

Mendelssohn: Symphonies No. 4, "Italian," and No. 5, "Reformation"

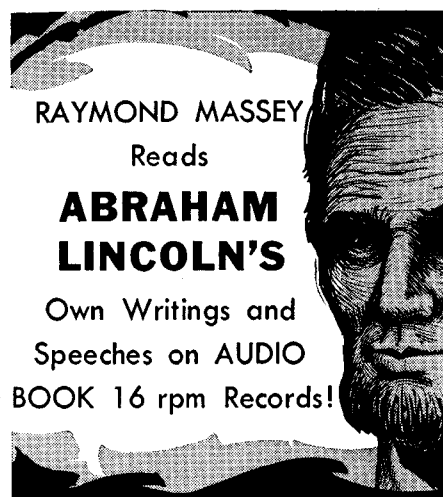
Charles Munch conducting Boston Sym-

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phony Orchestra; RCA Victor LSC-2221 (stereo) and LM-2221

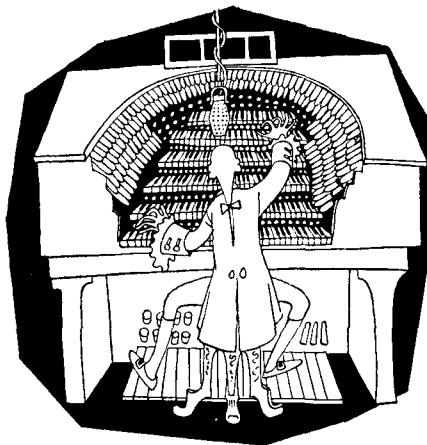
The Bostonians have held a sort of pre-emption on these two symphonies in our generation, challenged only by Toscanini. Koussevitzky could play the "Italian" better than anyone else; Munch's special property is the "Reformation." Here are two splendid displays of the BSO at its glistering best, the merits being especially discernible in the stereo version. Flutist Doriot Dwyer leading into *A Mighty Fortress* in the "Reformation" Symphony must be heard to be believed. Angelic is the word.

Prokofiev: Peter and the Wolf; Lieutenant Kije

Boris Karloff, narrator; Mario Rossi conducting Vienna State Opera Orchestra; Vanguard VSD-2010 (stereo) and VRS-1028

Nearly everyone in public life has narrated *Peter and the Wolf* for records, including Mrs. Roosevelt. Almost no one has done it badly, but no one else has done it quite so winningly as Boris Karloff. He fares as well in the stereophonic as in the monophonic version, coming to life

in the middle of your wall, with the orchestra modestly disposed behind him. On the overside we have Lieutenant Kije portrayed as a very mild-mannered scamp by Mr. Rossi. The sound is good, but there isn't much bite in the playing.



Puccini: Madama Butterfly

Erich Leinsdorf conducting Anna Moffo, Cesare Valletti, Rosalind Elias, Fernando Corena, other singers; Rome Opera Orchestra and Chorus; RCA Victor LSC-6135 (stereo) and LM-6135: three records

All in all, Leinsdorf has put together here the best made of any *Butterfly*

on records. His only difficulty is the usual one: the Butterfly, Anna Moffo, sings too hard and competently, just as did Callas and Tebaldi in their versions. Butterfly must be feckless. Grace Moore had the idea; I wish someone else would get it. Still, this is a lovely job — the bonus player being Miss Elias as Suzuki — and the sound, especially in the ensembles via stereo, is admirable.

Stereophonic

These are stereo disc versions of recordings issued earlier in monophonic edition.

Debussy: Images pour Orchestre

Ataulfo Argenta conducting Orchestre de la Suisse Romande; London CS-6013

In the early course of a new departure, an occasional enthusiastic excursion must be allowed the critic who has been long on watch. Under these rules, let me say I think this is the best stereophonic recording that has yet been offered on discs. It entrances.

Mozart: The Marriage of Figaro

Erich Kleiber conducting Cesare Siepi, Hilde Gueden, Lisa Della Casa, Alfred Poell, other singers; Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra and State Opera Chorus; London OSA-1402: four records

Praise with no stint was poured on this recorded performance when it came forth two years ago, before Kleiber's death. It is a pleasure to hail it again. Many a listener, including this one, considers *The Marriage of Figaro* the finest opera ever written, and surely never have I heard it performed so beautifully as by Kleiber's cast here. For readers who obeyed earlier behests and bought the monophonic version, let it be said that the arias are as good in one mode as the other. So, in the main, are the choral portions. Where the stereo technique makes plain its boon is in the recitative dialogues. I must admit that the talk-song through this opera — two voices, usually, and a harpsichord — attains in the stereo recording a dramatic excitement it never had gained before even in the opera house. This must have been an early stereo effort, when techniques were daring. The microphone swoop over the orchestra in the wedding march could have been disastrous, but it wasn't. It was a triumph. In fact, the whole recording is a triumph.

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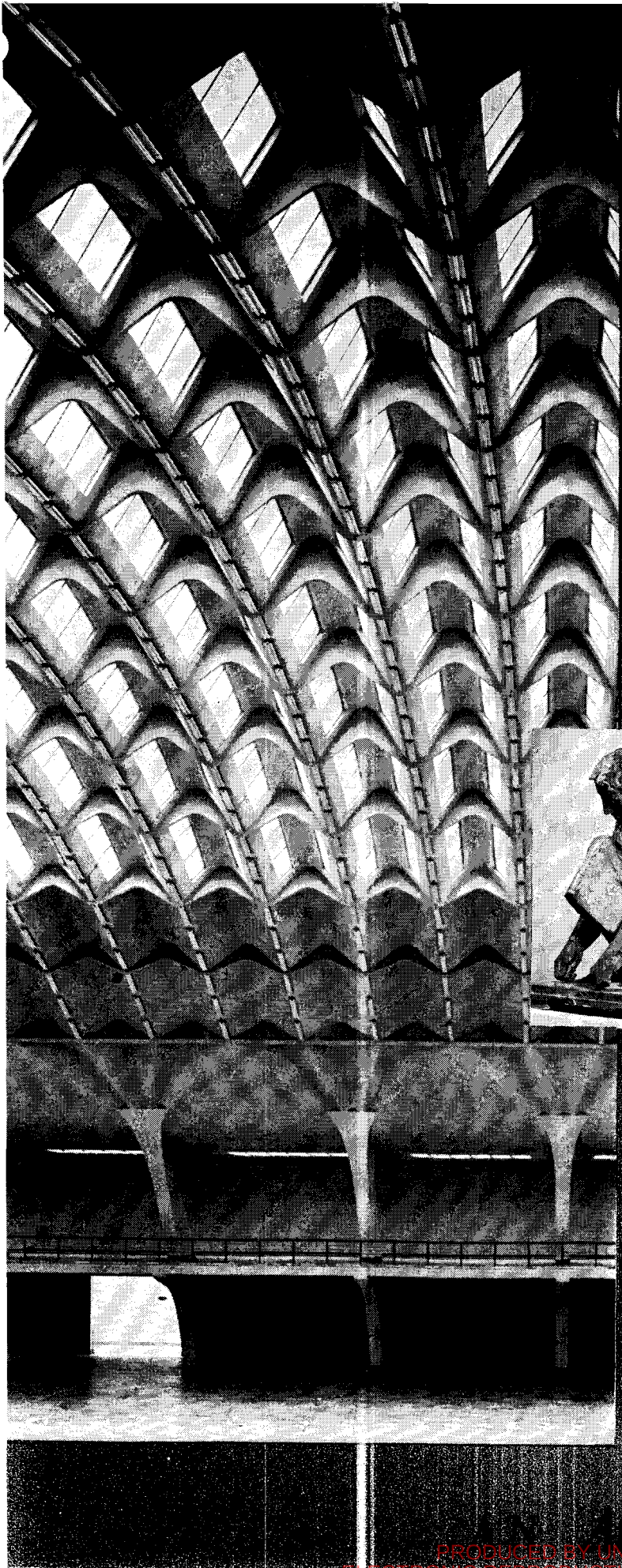
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PERSPECTIVE OF ITALY





Francesco Chiappelli

ITALY TODAY

Perspective of Italy is the tenth in a series of supplements published from time to time by *The Atlantic Monthly* to foster among readers in the United States a broader understanding of the interests and the cultures of other countries.

For this *Perspective* a distinguished group of Italy's outstanding political and literary figures have written on many different aspects of their country's postwar achievement and cultural situation. Taken together, these statements make up a dramatic story of a people's amazing recovery from two decades of suppression followed by a destructive war.

The creative work which is also assembled here — short stories, poetry, examples of new architecture, and reproductions of painting and sculpture — reveals the vitality which has again placed Italy in the vanguard of world culture. It is clear that the artistic traditions of a great past are being carried forward in new and significant directions.

Earlier supplements in this series have been devoted to the Arab World, Brazil, Burma, Germany, Greece, Holland and Belgium, India, Indonesia, and Japan. They have been assembled in co-operation with the *Atlantic* editorial staff by Intercultural Publications Inc., a non-profit corporation established to work in the field of cultural exchange.

The preparation of this *Perspective of Italy* has, in part, been made possible by support from The Ford Foundation, under one of its programs which seek to increase mutual understanding throughout the world.

The Atlantic Monthly

PERSPECTIVE OF ITALY

AN *Atlantic* SUPPLEMENT

Introduction by the Editor	ELISABETH MANN BORGESE	116
Italians as Builders and Pioneers	GIOVANNI GRONCHI	117
A Bridge over the Atlantic	AMINTORE FANFANI	119
An Ideal Journey through Italy	GUIDO PIOVENE	121
The Secret. <i>A Story</i>	ALBERTO MORAVIA	126
Benedetto Croce	GUIDO CALOGERO	129
Italian Fashion	IRENE BRIN	133
The Rebirth of Herculaneum	AMEDEO MAIURI	135
Uncle Agrippa Takes a Train. <i>A Story</i>	ELIO VITTORINI	139
The New Painting and Sculpture	LIONELLO VENTURI	145
Reproductions of Art and Architecture		149
Italian Architecture Today	BRUNO ZEVI	157
The Move to Via del Corno. <i>A Story</i>	VASCO PRATOLINI	162
The Problem of the South	UMBERTO ZANOTTI BIANCO	165
Gastronomic Italy	FABIO TOMBARI	168
The Wedding Journey. <i>A Story</i>	CORRADO ALVARO	171
Contemporary Italian Writers	GIOVANNI GRAZZINI	173
The Motion Picture Industry	LUIGI BARZINI, JR.	178
The Music Situation in Italy	MASSIMO MILA	182
The Italian Economy	P. L. TUMIATI	187
Economic Policy in Italy	GUIDO CARLI	192
Italian Science		194
The Political Parties	RUGGERO ORLANDO	195
POETRY		
Dawn	VINCENZO CARDARELLI	118
Insomnia	SALVATORE QUASIMODO	144
First Song	GIUSEPPE UNGARETTI	161
I Saw the Muses	LEONARDO SINISGALLI	170
The Goat	UMBERTO SABA	181
The Mediterranean	EUGENIO MONTALE	186
A Chronology of Italian History		194
A Map of Italy	DOROTHY DE FONTAINE	196

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EDITOR'S INTRODUCTION

by Elisabeth Mann Borgese

FOR the American, Italy has always held a special fascination. As much for the hundreds of thousands of tourists who have flocked to her over the years as for those of us who have had the good fortune to spend part of our lives in this friendly land, she offers a wealth and variety of experiences which few other countries can match. No other country, perhaps, combines the attractions of natural beauty and the monuments of a glorious past with the amenities and the challenges of a modern state to the extent Italy does. Somehow, all the strata of this past seem still to be active. Italy's is a living, creative past, enriching the present and shaping, in many ways, the future.

The constructive spirit of ancient Rome, the splendor of the Renaissance, are more than well-preserved ruins and treasure-filled museums. They still exist for us in the human landscape, in the vitality and creativity of this extraordinary people, which not even twenty years of a stifling dictatorship followed by a devastating war could suppress.

Yet Rome and the Renaissance are only two aspects of what is, when we learn to know it well, a multifaceted continuum. Italy, as so many of the writers in this collection are quick to tell us, is more than a single country. She is a continent in miniature, each of her regions a world unto itself.

It seems almost miraculous that an area of hardly 120,000 square miles (as against the three million of the United States), with about 49 million inhabitants, should have such a variety of climates and landscapes and ways of life—from the Alps with their winter sports and summer pastures and lakes as lovely as those of Switzerland to the orange groves of the South; from the hustling northern industrial cities to the silence of the Greek temples in Sicily and the white, African light of Sardinia.

If Italy is a continent in a nutshell, her history is a condensation of the story of many peoples, entwining the Etruscans, Greeks, Carthaginians, Romans, Goths, Normans, Spanish, Arabs, French, and Austrians. At one time or another all have been deeply involved in Italy, and all of them have left their traces—grafts on the native Italic trunk which enabled it to bring forth its wondrous fruits. Of these—the great cultural achievements of the medieval city states; the explosion of the Renaissance; the moral and intellectual victories of the Risorgimento—of these, and much more, this *Perspective of Italy* can give only an intimation. The limitation of space has compelled us to concentrate on the present, on the modern Italy of today.

The Italian character is fiercely individualistic. This individualism is the cause of Italy's genius; yet it can also, at times, take the form of indisci-

pline or a lack of social responsibility. But if we should attribute to such traits of temperament the rise of Fascism—and long ago the ancients knew that anarchy breeds tyranny—they may also explain why Fascism could not strike deep roots in Italy, but remained, in spite of all indoctrination, extrinsic to the Italian mind. Was it not this ineradicable individualism which enabled Italian culture to survive, unbent, as in the case of Croce, or underground or in exile, ready to pick up where it had left off, without too disastrous a break?

For Italy the War was perhaps less of a traumatic experience than for Germany. Its ravages were more diffused in the countryside, which was destroyed mile by mile by the withdrawing and pursuing armies, but whose population, inured to disaster since time immemorial, is not easily given to panic. The destruction in Italy's great cities did not approach the wreckage of Hamburg or Dresden. The decisive factor, however, from the psychological point of view, was that the War in Italy became, at the end, a civil war, with the best elements of the Italian people fighting on the democratic side. The Allied victory was their victory also, a victory over Fascism—not a defeat with its attendant shock and shame.

Today, the scars of war have almost disappeared. Italy's economic recovery has been phenomenal, with industrial production ahead of the best prewar years. The bridges over the Arno in Florence, which had been blown up by the Germans, have been rebuilt. The Ponte Trinita has been reconstructed stone for stone, just as it was in Florence's golden Cinquecento. The old statues were fished up and pieced together with loving care. Only the head of the Goddess of Spring is missing, and the decapitated torso points—a reproach hewn in marble—to the riverbank where war and the march of time have razed the old palaces, and tall new buildings with smiling glass façades and neon lights are rising in their place.

Such changes as these have been the subject of much heated discussion. For here lies the core of Italy's problem: will she be able to preserve the glories of her past, and her unique character, in a world of technology and standardization? Can she reconcile the old and the new? Will the Italians be able to find a synthesis between their traditional individualism and the duties of social solidarity imposed on each of them by democracy, and on all of them by the growing world community?

We hope that the reader will find in the following pages some answers to these questions; for they do not concern Italy alone; they are ours, too. They are the basic questions of the twentieth century.

ITALIANS AS BUILDERS AND PIONEERS

by *His Excellency* GIOVANNI GRONCHI

President of the Republic of Italy



FOREIGN visitors to Italy have often expressed their astonishment at the almost miraculous tempo of postwar recovery and reconstruction. These people seem to be unaware of the spiritual foundation of this "miracle." The Italian is a builder, a pioneer — not unlike, in spirit, to the American — and his faith and endurance have enabled him again and again to rise from the ruins and start afresh, at home as well as abroad.

During recent months I have had the opportunity to reread a writer whose work is somewhat remote from modern taste although he still touches us Italians in our innermost feelings: Edmondo De Amicis. In certain of his pages De Amicis allows us to relive the tragedy of the great Italian emigration which took place seventy or eighty years ago. His description is charged with a pathos to which we cannot remain indifferent, even today. He recalls for us the crowded, wretched ships bearing in their holds masses of unemployed toward an unknown country which could, and often did, cruelly delude their hopes. A suffering humanity it was — yet driven on by an unbending will to work — that came to the still legendary and adventurous new

shores in search of the daily bread which their motherland was unable to provide. Some, in those years, were doomed to failure, for reality knows neither comprehension nor pity; it operates an inexorable selection between the fit and the unfit and frustrates, no less inexorably, the efforts and sacrifices of those whose capacities are inferior to the tasks imposed.

The mother country was, at that time, unprepared to grasp or cope with this situation, and too often she left her sons to drift without plan and without an adequate organization behind them. They came face to face with the terrible hardships which beset the path of immigrants in a faraway country, armed only with their skills and their hope — the hope, as the saying went during those years, of making a fortune in the Americas, in countries which needed heroism and the adventurous spirit of the pioneers.

But those who succeeded were many. They made their way through immense difficulties and they built their future. The spirit of enterprise, the will to work, the constructive capacity of these Italians have often amazed and always aroused the deepest admiration of the native populations of the countries to which they emigrated. I need not remind my American readers of the success achieved by Italian immigrants in commerce and banking, in politics and in the arts and sciences; nor of the fact that the Italian has been an important ingredient in the "melting pot" of American life. And it is easy to imagine my pride and emotion when the President of the Brazilian Republic recently recognized in public that his great country owes the better part of its progress to the work of the Italians.

This same pioneer spirit has been operating here at home in Italy in the years following the disaster

Born in 1887 at Pontedera in Tuscany, GIOVANNI GRONCHI took his degree in literature at the University of Pisa and then became an organizer for the Christian Labor Unions. He fought as a lieutenant in World War I and was decorated for bravery in action. In 1919, he was one of the founders of the Italian Popular Party (forerunner of the Christian Democratic Party), but retired to private life when Fascism revealed itself as a dictatorship. He became a leader of the Resistance in 1943, then served as a Minister in the Bonomi, Parri, and De Gasperi Governments. He was elected to the Constituent Assembly in 1946, to Parliament in 1948, President of the Chamber of Deputies the same year, and President of the Republic in April, 1955.

of the War. As Minister of Industry in the first Italian governments immediately after the armistice, I had a most direct and personal experience of the force of this spirit, which is still fresh in my memory. Almost at once I understood that our country was headed for a rapid resurrection. For I saw with my own eyes, workingmen digging in the rubble of bombed-out factories and bringing back to light what was left of machines and tools. I saw how they reconditioned them, put them together with loving care; how they managed to reconstruct even complicated and delicate instruments such as precision lathes, or planing and milling machines, with a truly admirable patience and persistence, and with a skill no one would have expected to find as a native ability in even the unskilled worker. All this happened in a spirit of fraternal collaboration with the technicians, who put aside any prerogative of hierarchy, and with the proprietary class, who forgot about profits and personal gains, ready to face the risks of the future. All of them were convinced of the common duty to put all they had in the service of rebuilding the country. This was, in the end, a wise calculation, as it was bound to be and always has been, whenever individuals or nations have been willing to set aside their personal or their group egotisms. Self-isolation, or the belief that one can build one's own fortune without the collaboration of others and, especially, *against* the interest of others, has always been doomed to failure.

Political discord and class struggle thus were silenced in Italy for a while; and since it was a

matter of creating the bases on which to rebuild after an immense disaster, all were ready, of one mind and one heart, to go to work together — workingmen and owners, technicians and managers, rich and poor.

This is how the miracle of Italian recovery has come about. These two examples I have given of the Italian pioneer spirit should make the “miracle” plausible and logical: the natural result of a common effort. None of us ever doubted its realization; no one in Italy hesitated to believe that in a relatively short time we were to become again a country that might command the sincere respect of the world.

This faith was, and still is, based on the conviction — which should not be mistaken for a form of pretentious nationalistic pride — that the will to work, the capacity to work, and the moral force to resist even severe adversities, are innate qualities of the Italian people. They are aspects of its spirit and its temper; and the perception of the necessity of good fellowship and voluntary collaboration in the hour of trial and hardship works in them as a common instinct of self-preservation and progress.

This collection presents other aspects, other “perspectives” of the Italian as builder and pioneer, above all in the fields of the arts and letters. It is my hope that the reader will gain from it a deeper insight into our ancient and yet so modern culture, and that this insight may further enhance the friendship that ties our people to the great American nation.

Translated by E.M.B.

DAWN

by Vincenzo Cardarelli

Dawn, in you alone there rests
my breathless death.
In you alone finds peace
my sleeplessness,
like a rumbling river
predatory and infernal
where each night
in vain I go to struggle.
Before you, who approach
so furtive
as to make us fear,
eavesdropping, spying,
you, too, the vaguest specter,
chill-faced dawn,

the horrors cease, the phantoms flee.
Death, the black
companion of my vigil,
moves far-off
with the tread of a thief.
Then I emerge and free myself
from the shadowed wave
and, breathless, I descend
into my sleep of stone.
O dawn, O gentle dawn,
ocean of uncertain light
receiving every river.

Translated by Allen Mandelbaum

A BRIDGE OVER THE ATLANTIC

by His Excellency AMINTORE FANFANI

Prime Minister and Minister of Foreign Affairs

1

UNTIL recently — say, up to the end of the Second World War — Europeans viewed the United States as an enormous, unimaginable country very far away, and expressions marking the difference between the Old World and the New were still in common usage. But then many things happened. We saw young Americans, who had once crossed the seas to defend the free world, return again with their families to visit the lands they had known in wartime, so strong was the bond which had been formed; and the visitors were welcomed in genuine friendship. Plainly these men shared with us the loyalties and hopes of the free world, and so we saw their homeland with clearer eyes.

A point that I want to emphasize — the salient aspect of Italy's foreign policy and a subject that is known (and, of course, analyzed and discussed) by ever-widening strata of the populations on both sides of the ocean — is our adherence not only to the letter but to the spirit of the treaties underlying the European Community and Atlantic Pact, as well as of the United Nations. Since the War we have constantly pursued the ideal of European integration on the lines laid down by Alcide De Gasperi, Prime Minister of Italy during our most difficult years of reconstruction. It has not been

merely a question of remaining faithful to our treaties. Rather, Italy has been endeavoring to hasten European unification, and she is ready to consider favorably any idea which will promote this end — for instance, the direct election of representatives to the European Parliamentary Assembly.

It would be ingenuous, of course, to try to hide the conflicts which still exist within our alliance; free peoples seldom present a façade of perfect unity. But we believe that only through respect for others' points of view can true integration be reached. It might be said that a bridge has been flung across the Atlantic; nor is this a mere metaphor, for we have seen air lifts — “air bridges” we call them in our language — which are worth far more than any bridge of steel and concrete in opposing aggression. This bridge — our united determination to present a single front to danger — is our instrument of peace and our signal of strength to those who may wish to attack us.

In supporting these principles, Italy is constantly aware of the ideals on which the United Nations stands; she clearly upholds the peaceful resolution of international disputes. Consequently she is committed to the idea that disarmament and the suspension of dangerous nuclear experiments must come about for the benefit of the whole world, not merely for the benefit of those who, while proclaiming peace, entertain notions of military supremacy — notions no longer admissible in the modern world. Peace, we believe, is the first requisite of social equilibrium, the time when all classes will achieve well-being; and no one is farther than we from the concepts of certain authoritarian countries which are seeking, by conquest and aggression, solutions to domestic problems they can never solve, if only because they deny their existence.

Prime Minister AMINTORE FANFANI, who led the Christian Democratic Party to victory in last May's elections, was born in a small town in the Tuscan Apennines in 1908, the second of ten children of a lawyer. He studied at the Catholic University of Milan and became Professor of Economic History there at 25. After exile in Switzerland during the War, he was called to Government service by De Gasperi, holding ministerial posts for Labor and Agriculture in various cabinets. He particularly distinguished himself in administering the National Housing Project.

We believe that society must evolve through reform, not through revolution. Indeed, we are striving to neutralize revolutionary movements — not by repression, but rather by improving the lot of the poor classes whom the proponents of disorder would prefer to keep in misery and ignorance, thereby profiting from the resultant discontent. Our policy applies equally to the domestic and international scenes. Italy has always viewed the movement of peoples toward freedom with sympathy; but we are among those who wish to see this happen in accordance with the principles of the United Nations Charter — this was our position in regard to the Middle East crisis — and not through wars and bloody revolutions.

These considerations of foreign policy lead me naturally to domestic policy, for the two are inseparably related. There are countries — we all know them — where, if we believed what is printed about them, nothing unpleasant ever happens. One never hears mention of epidemics or air crashes or even of depressed areas within their borders. Ours is not one of those countries. We regard the community of nations as something like a group of friends who may sit down to discuss a matter of mutual interest and, if necessary, give help to the one who needs it. For Italy, this has already happened; everyone knows that in our troubled time after the War our best and closest friends were the American people. In spite of this, however, Italy is still sometimes regarded as a nation with chronic problems which she is not doing enough to solve by herself. This is a mistaken idea, and there are fewer and fewer people, I believe, who continue to hold it. The millions of tourists, including Americans, who now visit us every year realize that we have come a long way. We intend to go on, even hurriedly, in order to put ourselves among the most advanced nations as quickly as possible.

I do not want to use this space for reporting statistics, but let me cite just one: Italian industrial output registered an annual 8.2 per cent increase from 1954 to 1957. This is indicative of what we have done to house our people, combat unemployment, promote the economic welfare of our depressed South, and meet other problems.

In education, too, we have done much, and we still have much to do. Recently we created a ten-year plan which will make education effectively compulsory for all children to the age of fourteen, a desideratum we have not been able to enforce in the past because we lacked sufficient facilities. The plan includes also a system of scholarships and grants which will enable all our gifted young people to reach their proper levels of advanced study. These aims, I feel, should be well appreciated in the United States, where, we all know, men and women of real talent may reach the topmost ranks of society, regardless of birth or financial status. In this ten-year plan, two billion dollars have been

allocated for education, beyond the usual public appropriations. This provides for the building of 150,000 new classrooms, the hiring of 70,000 more teachers. I do not want to dwell on what is yet to come, but can it still be claimed that Italian democracy does not face up vigorously to its problems?

Now I must end this little conversation with our friends across the Atlantic. I cannot help feeling dissatisfied: so much has had to be left unsaid. For example, how can education in Italy be mentioned without reference to the Fulbright grants which have made it possible for so many young Italians to finish their studies in America — something which, in my generation, seemed an impossible dream? But it has not been my intention to anticipate what readers of this collection will find as they explore the following pages. Distinguished specialists have been brought together here to discuss our aims and problems, and some of our best poets and artists have been invited to put forward their representations of Italian thought and feeling. Many readers may later feel that they would like to know more, and they will easily find books to help them, often books written by the very writers who appear here; and many will then think — this, I believe, is the secret hope of our publishers and writers and even of the Minister of Foreign Affairs addressing these few lines to you — many will then think of visiting Italy and thereby becoming individual exponents of the constant, growing friendship between our two countries.

And so, as I have said, one can hardly speak of the Old and New Worlds; the terms, in fact, are seldom used now, at least in Italy — we speak instead of the western world and the free world, and we mean the same thing by both. These words and phrases, our spontaneous speech, express our true way of thinking, even when we are not wholly conscious of it. Thus an opposition which considers Italy from one standpoint and America from another is inconceivable today. Countless Italians, especially in the latter half of the nineteenth century and the early years of the twentieth, emigrated to the United States; their children today are upstanding American citizens. Although their impact may not have been instantly apparent, it was they who created the prime conditions for understanding between our two countries. Later events, though they may have seemed at times to be negative, gave us more and more frequent opportunities for acquaintance and reciprocal esteem. Acquaintance leading to esteem — is that not precisely the aim of this publication? Permit me to say, in no spirit of discontent, that I have been deep in work, for the chores of public office are many; yet I believe my time devoted to preparing this message for America will have been well spent if, through it, I may make a real contribution of my own to such an undertaking.

Translated by Ben Johnson

AN IDEAL JOURNEY THROUGH ITALY

Modern Characteristics of Historic Regions

by GUIDO PIOVENE

1

NO COUNTRY in Europe can compare with Italy in the variety of its landscapes or in the multiplicity of its art forms, regional characteristics and local customs. This multiformity, evident from the mountains of the Trentino and the Po Valley in the North to Sicily in the extreme South, is greater than in France or even Spain, perhaps even greater than in any other country.

Italy is only in part European in the way France and Germany can claim to be European. In other ways it belongs to the unmistakable family of Mediterranean peoples. Where it is European, it is so in a clear-cut way, with ties that are deep and strong; where it is Mediterranean, it is so in just as unequivocal a fashion; in sum, there exist in Italy a North and South whose characteristics are more northern and more southern than mere geography might tend to indicate. On the other hand, its very form as a peninsula extending gradually from a green, humid, foggy North toward an almost tropical South which looks across to the coasts of Africa; the foreign invasions that have swept in from the Mediterranean or down the Alps; constant internal migrations and shifting of populations . . . all these have contributed to the formation of endless gradations and amalgams between the two extremes. Rome, the capital, is itself a metropolis of mixed characteristics — the only metropolis destined to be half Mediterranean and half European.

GUIDO PIOVENE was born at Vicenza in 1907. Noted both as novelist and journalist, he served as Director of the Arts and Literature Division of UNESCO in 1949-50. Among his non-fiction volumes are *The Writer Between Tyranny and Liberty* (1953), *About America* (1953), and *Italy* (1955), a pictorial description, which is published in translation by Heinman, New York.

This diversity may make the Italians appear, at first glance, to be a people lacking in cohesion. After the achievement of national unity in 1870, Italy continued to have, alongside her official capital, many unofficial, *de facto* capitals — Milan, Naples, Florence and Venice — each of which has always functioned as the center and symbol of a particularized culture. It is safe to say that every large provincial city in Italy — from Verona to Bologna, Siena to Lucca, Perugia to Aquila, Bari to Palermo — is still a capital, on however modest a scale. The civilization of Italy has always been differentiated and diluted, varied and diffuse: Italy's leading cities are therefore more "provincial" than any foreign metropolis of corresponding size, but in compensation the province in Italy is, on the whole, more "metropolitan." Italy is a nation with virtually no dead zones, and when such exist, they are quickly restored to life as soon as something systematic is done to abolish the oppressive poverty that is at the root of their troubles.

Traveling in Italy, for the person who is interested in more than a superficial tour, is pleasant in the extreme, but not without difficulties. To begin with, it is essential to bear in mind that the warp and woof of the national fabric is delicate, ever changing and without breaks. In Italy, the periphery is as important as the core, the province as vital as the great urban centers. It is advisable to discount the anti-Northern bias reflected in some of the literature dealing with Italy — the notion that the South is *more Italian* and therefore more interesting than the North. Italy is as typically Italian in the North as it is in the South and in the Center, although in different ways.

The great flowerings of art — of the visual arts in particular — and the pressing need to wrest

sustenance from a territory as limited as Italy have humanized the countryside to such a degree that it is usually enough to look at a region to make out the temperament of its inhabitants. The landscapes of Venezia, for instance, are the most quintessentially filtered of all Italian landscapes. Venezia, looking more like the paintings it has inspired than actual reality, takes bemused delight in its own charms. A veil of barely perceptible exoticism, a semi-Oriental light, hang over everything, from the foothills of the Alps to the busy market squares where piles of vari-colored fruits and vegetables gleam like precious stones. The visitor cannot help feeling that he is among a people who take a frank pleasure in the picturesque and who enjoy watching the parade of life as it unfolds: a conservative people, preferring *chiaroscuro* to sharp contrasts, averse to unhappiness, shrewd in their observations but loath to pronounce harsh judgments on the reality of things, and tending always to achieve a compromise between their mordant psychological acumen and the danger of being carried away by it.

Venezia is among the most intelligent yet least revolutionary of Italian regions. It prolongs the tradition which enabled Venice during the fifteenth century to go on building its palaces in a wondrously refined Gothic style when the Renaissance was already securely established in Florence. Verona, Vicenza, Treviso and Padua are the cities and provinces of the mainland in which the civilization of Venezia found its purest expression, and Venice was once their metropolis. It is impossible, of course, to pin-point the marvels of this city which offers an endless series of images to satisfy every whim and taste. Built over an agglomeration of islands, Venice has become the world's most human city. It is like one big house — the streets are its corridors. The most frequently used means of locomotion is also the most human: the legs. He who sees it only from a gondola gets little more than a glimpse of the lifeless Venice of the decadents. Venice reveals itself only to those who are willing to see it on foot. The overcrowding of its houses, often dark and crumbling, has driven the Venetians into the streets which serve them as additions to their homes. In its own way the street also becomes a giant interior and is by turns kitchen, dining room, pantry, kindergarten, living room, theater, laundry and workshop.

2

NORTHEAST of Venice, beyond the Tagliamento River, lies that wonderful but little known section of Italy called Friuli. Gone are the hazy, opalescent tints and diaphanous mists that are the essence of Venice. On these peaks all is sharp contrast, dynamic color, vibrant in the metallic shimmer peculiar to sea air which has somehow found its way to these lofty heights. In Friuli, Slavic and Germanic

elements have been grafted to the native trunk, and there appear vestiges of an Orient less fanciful and exotic and more earthbound than that of Venice. Here too is Cividale, with its impressive remains of a Longobard city of the Middle Ages.

To the west of Venezia lies Lombardy, where the picturesque and the nostalgic give way to a civilization rooted in practical realities. Lombardy, and Milan, its chief city, form together one of Europe's wealthiest zones, an anomalous insert in a nation that is poor as a whole. Milan and its suburbs are the heart of Italy's heavy industry, while to the south lies a great agricultural belt, now organized on an almost industrial scale, which leads in the production of wheat, dairy foods and livestock. The vitality of Milan, its complex of tall new buildings and the systematic planned modernism of its facade, suggest an "American" city, but this would be too superficial a generalization. The Po Valley, with Milan as its hub, is a world apart, unique in Europe. This rich earth, made still more fertile by scientific irrigation, inhabited by an active, energetic population whose main interests revolve about industry and commerce, is studded with steel factories that rise alongside Romanesque churches whose walls are covered with primitive bas-reliefs. Ultra-modern store fronts stand in the heart of time-worn medieval towns; skyscrapers cluster on the outskirts of museum cities.

Learned, courtly Pavia is the center of the dairy belt; Vigevano, seat of the once warring Visconti family, boasting a magnificent ancient square, lies among the rice paddies; history-ridden Bergamo, birthplace of the great Renaissance condottiere Bartolomeo Colleoni, now nestles peacefully against the mountains; Castiglione Olona, with its rare Masolino frescoes, graces the industrial and commercial zones of the Varese; the hills of Brianza and the sparkling Italian lakes — Como, Garda and Maggiore — with their lovely villas and fragrant old gardens add their lyric touch of eighteenth-century, neo-classical charm. In this land of startling juxtapositions, melodrama is at home and it is no wonder that it has found its rightful temple in La Scala, Milan's celebrated opera house.

Turin, the metropolis of the Piedmont and home of the great Fiat automobile works, is the most "French" of Italian cities. Janus-like, it has two faces: an austere one and a smiling one. Completely *avant-garde* in the field of industrial research, Turin is yet the most "closed" of Italian cities, the most conservative in its resistance to all that is "new," and jealous of its privacy. The Piedmont region is an amazing mixture of progressive ideas and traditional conformity. The most imaginative experiment in labor-management relations and coordinated industrial planning and social work is presently being conducted at the Olivetti typewriter plant, located in the small town of Ivrea. Italy's only compact group of native Protestants — the

Valdesians — live in the high valleys of Piedmont's mountains, but Turin's Catholic institutions are second only to Rome's in scope and splendor.

Coming down to the Ligurian coast, we find Genoa an entirely different kind of seaport than Venice. Genoa rises like a tower-city from the cliffs and steep ravines which surround a deep harbor. On the slopes modern buildings climb over one another in a scramble for air and sunlight, while the narrow, winding streets and alleys of the old port below teem with a vigorous plebeian life that is reflected in the culinary specialties of this region, as hot and tangy as the cuisine of Venice is delicate and bland.

3

As one descends toward the South, the Mediterranean characteristics of Italy become more and more pronounced. Emilia, which nearly spans the peninsula just below Lombardy and Venezia, has been one of Italy's most turbulent regions. This blood-sodden land, sensual in its cuisine and sensual in love, is extremist in politics. But it is an emotional rather than a reasoned extremism. The myths of the revolution, of a new order, of redeeming social movements have been felt with the impact of a physical and, as it were, visionary experience. Great art centers such as Piacenza, Parma, Modena, Bologna, Cesena and Ravenna — whose Byzantine mosaics reach a perfection never attained in the Orient — grace this region, which through the centuries was swept by surging tides of violent and heady passions. Ferrara, purest and most magical creation of the Renaissance, is also the capital of those nomadic Italian agricultural workers of gypsy-like nature known as *braccianti*.

South of Emilia lies Tuscany, with a countryside that is exquisite in the precision and rigor of its design; its clear-cut perfection, shunning the superfluous, is of a severity which its graceful lines barely succeed in concealing. In these hills there are none of the languid and fantastic elements common to Venezia. The very landscape of Tuscany is "intellectual," as if imbued with the pervasive keen-mindedness of its people. Here lives the most intelligent, or, at least, the most critical element of Italy's population. The Tuscans are dominated by intellectual realism. They have an anti-rhetorical vision of life and human nature — an impelling need of clarity — which prevails over any desire to be or believe themselves happy. The extremism, the sectarianism so often evident in the political life of Tuscany has very different origins from the extremism of Emilia. It is grounded in the need to push truth to its ultimate consequences, and to pit reality against illusion. This intellectual gusto is apparent in every facet of Tuscan life, from Florence, that sublime masterpiece in stone, to Siena, as perfect as a skeleton — "a single animal, complete with head, heart, arteries and paws, of which

there remains only the skeleton, almost intact, lying over three hills," as Bernard Berenson once described it to me. Yet even ancient Siena is afire with life. Tuscany is Italy at maximum tension.

This tension becomes tempered as we move south and east into Umbria and The Marches, whose unassuming, composed beauty is the embodiment of the median Italian character. Here the most heterogeneous elements have been most successfully fused.

Before venturing into the South, a cautionary premise is necessary. The South, or the "Mezzogiorno" as we usually call it, is a term of convenience which corresponds to no reality. The South of Italy is not uniform in character but as differentiated as the rest of the country. There are various kinds of so-called "South." In such a city as Naples, the "South" is gay, loquacious, expansive; in other parts it is silent, hidden, mysterious. Too often the South is dismissed as a last stronghold of classical, humanistic, anti-technical culture, now in full decline. This impression springs from the long isolation in which the region has stagnated, unable to explore or test its technical abilities.

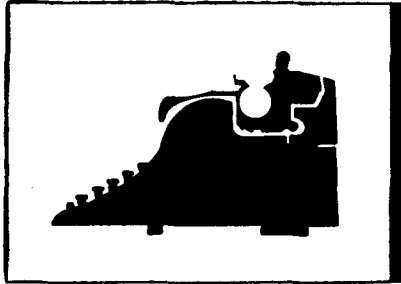
Naples is a place unto itself. This amazing city grows more and more beautiful as she reveals the inexhaustible store of her secrets. There is the perspective of her spectacular setting that emerges in all its ancient, mythical beauty. Off-shore, in the unreal, emerald-sapphire waters of the bay, islands and promontories glitter like rock crystal at sunset. And around the city, particularly on the slopes of Vesuvius, lie the most fertile and enchanting truck gardens and orchards of Italy. Here the sheer physical joy of being alive takes over; material needs become unimportant; man enters a state of natural sobriety and sheds the bondage of timetables. To enjoy Naples, take her as she is; capitulate to her way of life. Her busy streets and crowded, colorful back alleys can then convey the feeling of life as it must have been in a metropolis of the ancient world. And this classical metropolis extends from Pompeii and Herculaneum, where the *comédie humaine* of Roman times has been preserved, to a poetic spot such as Cumae, where the lonely grotto of the Virgilian Sibyl is still enveloped in a sacred silence as suggestive in its way as the spiritual peace of Assisi in Umbria.

Other yardsticks are needed to understand the secret, tragic "South" of Abruzzi, Lucania, Apulia, and Calabria. Cut off by great torrents that rush into deep valleys, Calabria, the "toe of the Italian boot," is the strangest of our regions and the hardest to define. A great deal has been written about its poverty. Much is now being done to develop this area but nothing less than a vast project along the lines of the Tennessee Valley Authority will serve to solve problems created by centuries of neglect, erosion and decadence. Visually, Calabria is magnificent and startling. Certain mountainous areas, particularly the Sila, where stand the most stately

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of work there is a machine
- hand or electrically operated -
designed to be exactly right
to the job.

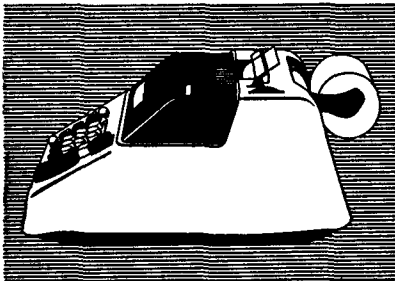
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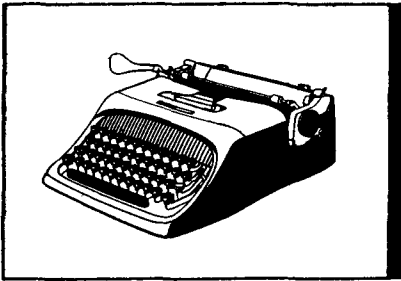
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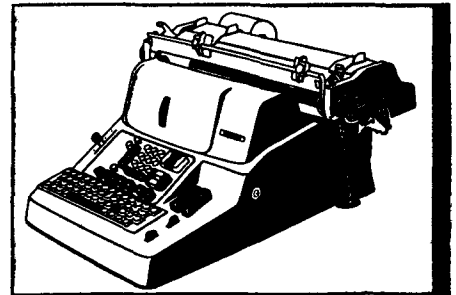


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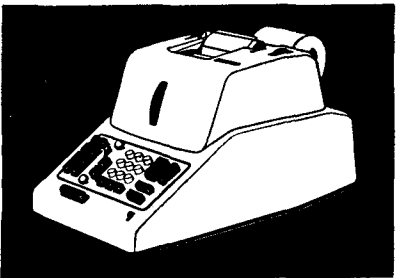


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of Italy's forests, recall Scandinavia. The Tyrrhenian coast resembles the coastal region around Naples in coloration and in the painstaking skills that go into its diversified agriculture. On the other hand, certain valleys look like the canyons of the Colorado River. Along the Ionian coast, land reclamation projects are flanked by stretches of spectral, lunar deserts cleft by swollen streams that spill down from the mountains, producing landscapes of Byzantine grandeur and despair. But just around the corner, the cape of Reggio is covered with wild jasmine and groves of bergamot orange trees.

Ancient Apulia, the "heel of the boot," gives the lie to anyone laboring under the mistaken impression that the South is dirty. Nowhere is the love of cleanliness pushed to such extremes. Everything sparkles, including the houses of the poor which, while reduced to the bare essentials, always look freshly scrubbed, polished and whitewashed. Apulia is secret, gentle, withdrawn, well-mannered, soft-spoken. It is a land of Romanesque cathedrals and medieval castles. Octagonal-shaped Castel del Monte with its eight symmetrical towers, standing solitary on its hill, is a tribute to the beauty of geometry, a medieval anticipation of the Renaissance. The taste for the geometric is carried over to the *trulli*, those primitive peasant dwellings crowned by conical-shaped cupola roofs which make some of the Apulian valleys look like the ancient tent grounds of some exotic army. The old port of Taranto with its open fish market piled high with every conceivable type of fish, mollusk and crustacean, might well be an illustration out of a book of Oriental tales. Apulia is truly legendary and this quality grows the farther one goes toward the heel of the boot, reaching a climax in the Salento region and in the city of Lecce with its ornate, refined baroque style. Here one encounters a culture-loving, lighthearted, slightly ironical population that betrays few of the accepted Mediterranean physical characteristics, being for the most part fair-skinned and blond.

In Sicily, history has blended elements from Greek, Roman, Arabic, Spanish and Norman civilizations. These surviving strains take on dramatic intensity in the present transitional phase of the island's astonishing modern development. Palermo has its jewel-like marvels of Arabic architecture, Noto and Catania, their fabulous, lyrical baroque. The glowing, luxuriant Greece of Syracuse, Agrigento, Selinunte and Segeste, is so different from real Greece. And interwoven in all this, the challenge of modern technology and the drive toward industrialization are symbolized by the oil wells rising on the ancient, sun-baked soil of Ragusa.

Our other large island, Sardinia, is in many ways very different from the rest of the Italian South. Never conquered in the real sense of the word, Sardinia has remained extraneous to the great civilizations of the ancient Mediterranean. It is still largely virgin territory, only now beginning to be developed for modern agriculture. It is enough to go toward the interior to realize that this is a most uncommon land, particularly in the central parts with their hallucinated, lunar-white mountains against which other colors seem projected as by concealed giant reflectors.

Rome is the great crucible in which the diversified traits and elements of Italian society have been fused. In spite of its millennial age, Rome emerges from the darkness of night on radiant days with all the pristine freshness of a new city, without the slightest trace of senility or impairment. This miracle is her exclusive secret. Many a European metropolis half Rome's age seems older by comparison. There is a sort of lusty, dishevelled vigor that animates this city, so heavy with history, and keeps it ever contemporary: the stupendous ruins of classic Rome, medieval and Christian Rome, Renaissance and baroque Rome, the undisciplined eruption of today's building projects, the composite crowds, the whole luxuriating in dazzling sunlight.

The traveler who really desires to know Italy must begin by rejecting many of the clichés that have resulted from false comparisons between Italy and other countries. Perhaps the most specious is the one that presents the South as warm and irrational by temperament. Nothing could be farther from the truth. The South is basically colder and more rational than the North. In fact, Italian philosophy stems in the main from the South. Or it is maintained that Italy is a conservative country with a predisposition toward immobility. Again, quite the contrary is true. Italy has one of the most fluid and least conservative societies in Europe. The typical Italian is anti-ideological — he does not seek change for theoretical reasons — but he is highly realistic. He is surrounded by the past, but is far more responsive to modern needs than most of the other Mediterranean peoples. Italy's political society is in full evolution. Half European, half Mediterranean, neither provincial nor cosmopolitan, Italy is as removed from nationalism as it is from "internalism" in the old sense of these words. It is this vigorous, European-minded Italy, keenly alive to contemporary problems, which looks forward to the future, confident that it can and will continue to play the special role it has always played in world history.

Translated by Hélène Cantarella

THE SECRET

A Story

by ALBERTO MORAVIA



DON'T talk to me about secrets! I had one — and it was the kind that weighs on your conscience like a nightmare.

I am a truck driver. One beautiful spring morning, while hauling a load of lava rock from a quarry near Campagnano to Rome, I ran square into a man who was coming in the opposite direction on a motor bike. It was right at the 25 Kilometer marker on the old Cassia road. Through no fault of his, either. I had kept going on the wrong side of the road long after having passed a car, and I was speeding; he was on the right, where he belonged, and going slow. The truck hit him so hard that I barely had time to see something black fly through the blue air and then fall and lie still and black against the soft whiteness of a daisy field. The motor bike lay on the other side of the road, its wheels in the air, like a dead bug.

Lowering my head, I stepped down hard on the gas. I tore down the road to Rome and dropped my load at the yard.

The next day the papers carried the news: So-and-so, forty-three years old, a jobber by trade, leaving a wife and several children, had been run down at Kilometer 25 of the Cassia road and instantly killed. Nobody knew who had struck him. The hit-and-run driver had fled the scene of the accident like a coward. That's exactly what the paper said: *like a coward*. Except for those three

little words that burned a hole in my brain, it didn't take more than four lines to report on what was, after all, only the death of a man.

During the next couple of days, I could think of nothing else. I know that I am only a truck driver, but who can claim that truck drivers have no conscience? A truck driver has a lot of time to mull over his own private business, during the long hours behind the wheel or lying in the truck's sleeping berth. And when, as in my case, that private business is not all it ought to be, thinking can get to be really pretty tough.

One thing in particular kept nagging at me. I just couldn't understand why I hadn't stopped, why I hadn't tried to help the poor guy. I lived the scene over and over again. I would be gauging the distances again before passing that car; I would feel my foot pressing down hard on the accelerator. Then the man's body would come flying up in front of my windshield . . . and at this point I would deliberately block out the picture, as you do at the movies, and I would think, "Now, jam on your brakes, jump down, run into the field, pick him up, put him in the bed of the truck and rush him to Santo Spirito Hospital. . . ."

But, you poor fool, you're just dreaming again. I had *not* stopped, I had driven straight on, with head lowered like a bull after a goring. To make a long story short, the more I thought about that split second when I had stepped on the gas instead of jamming on the brakes, the less I could make it out. Cowardice — that was the word for it all right. But why does a man who has, or at least thinks he has guts, turn into a coward without a moment's warning? That stumped me. Yet the cold hard facts were there: the dead man was really dead; that split second when I might have stopped had

ALBERTO MORAVIA was born in Rome in 1907. Best known as a novelist, he is also Coeditor of the magazine *Nuovi Argomenti* and a literary collaborator of the leading newspaper *Corriere della Sera*. Many of his books have been published in translation here, including *The Time of Indifference* (1929), *The Woman of Rome* (1947), *Two Women* (1957), and *Bitter Honey* (1958).

passed and was now sinking farther and farther away and no one would ever be able to bring it back. I was no longer the Gino who had passed that car but another Gino who had killed a man and then had run away.

I lay awake nights over it. I grew gloomy and silent and after a while everybody shied away from me at the yard and after work: nobody wants to pass the time with a kill-joy. So I carried my secret around as if it were a hot diamond that you can't entrust to anyone or plant anywhere.

Then, after a while, I began thinking about it less and less and I can even say that there came a time when I didn't think about it at all. But the secret was still stowed away deep down inside me and it weighed on my conscience and kept me from enjoying life. I often thought that I would have felt better if I could have told somebody about it. I wasn't exactly looking for approval—I realized there was no pardon for what I had done—but if I could have told this secret of mine I would have thrown off part of its dead weight onto somebody else who would have helped me carry it. But who could I tell it to? To my friends at the yard? They had other things to worry about. To my family? I had none, being a foundling. My girl friend? She would have been the logical person because, as everybody knows, women are good at understanding you and giving you sympathy when you need it, but unfortunately, I had no girl friend.

2

ONE Sunday in May I went walking outside the Rome city gates with a girl I had met some time before when I had given her and one of her friends a lift in my truck. She had told me her name and address, and I had seen her again a couple of times. We had enjoyed each other's company, and she had made it clear that she liked me and would be willing to go out with me.

Her name was Iris. She was a lady's maid in the house of some wealthy woman who had lots of servants. I had fallen from the start for her serious little oval face and those great big sad gray eyes of hers. In short, here was just the girl for me in the present circumstances. After we had had a cup of coffee at the Exposition Grounds, with all those columns around us, she finally agreed in her shy, silent, and gentle way to go and sit with me in a meadow not far from St. Paul's Gate, where you get a good view of the Tiber and of the new apartment houses lined up on the opposite bank. She had spread out a handkerchief on the grass to keep her skirt from getting dirty and she sat quietly, her legs tucked under her, her hands in her lap, gazing across at the big white buildings on the other side of the river.

I noticed that there were lots of daisies in the grass around us; and like a flash I remembered the

soft whiteness of those other daisies among which, just a month earlier, I had seen lying still and dead the man I had struck down. I don't know what got into me but suddenly I couldn't hold back the urge to tell her my secret. If I tell her, I thought, I'll get rid of the load on my chest. She wasn't one of those dizzy, empty-headed girls who, after you've told them a secret, make you feel so much worse than you did before, that you could kick yourself hard for having spilled all you know. She was a nice, understanding person who had doubtless had her share of knocks in life—and they must have been pretty rough knocks if the sad little look on her face meant anything. Just to break the ice, I said to her, in an offhand way:

"What are you thinking about, Iris?"

She was just raising her hand to choke back a yawn. Perhaps she was tired. She said: "Nothing."

I didn't let that answer get me down but quickly went on. "Iris, you know that I like you a lot, don't you? That's why I feel that I shouldn't hide anything from you. You've got to know everything about me. Iris, I've got a secret."

She kept on looking at the tall buildings on the other side of the river, all the while fingering a little red lump on her chin, a tiny spring pimple.

"What secret?" she asked.

With an effort I got it out: "I've killed a man."

She didn't move but kept on poking gently at her chin. Then she shivered all over, as though she had finally understood. "You've killed a man? And you tell me about it just like that?"

"And how else do you expect me to tell you?"

She said nothing. She seemed to be looking for something on the ground. I went on. "Let's get this thing straight. I didn't mean to kill him."

Suddenly she found what she wanted: picking a long blade of grass, she put it into her mouth and began chewing on it, thoughtfully. Then, hurriedly, but without hiding anything, I told her about the accident, bringing out the part about my cowardice. I got pretty wrought up in spite of myself, but already I was beginning to feel relieved. I concluded:

"Now tell me what you think about all this."

She kept munching on her blade of grass and didn't say a word.

I insisted. "I'll bet that now you can't stand the sight of me."

I saw her shrug her shoulders, lightly. "And why shouldn't I be able to stand the sight of you?"

"Well, I don't know. After all, it was my fault that poor guy got killed."

"And it bothers you?"

"Yes. Terribly." Suddenly, my throat closed tight as if over a hard knot of tears. "I feel as if I can't go on living. No man can go on living if he thinks he's a coward."

"Was it in the papers?"

"Yes. They gave it four lines. Just to say he had been killed and that nobody knew who had hit him."

Suddenly she asked, "What time is it?"

"Five-fifteen."

Another silence. "Listen, Iris, what does a man have to do to find out what's going on in that mind of yours?"

She shifted the blade of grass from one corner of her mouth to the other and said frankly, "Well, if you must know, there's nothing on my mind. I feel good and I'm not thinking about anything."

I couldn't believe my ears. I protested. "It can't be! You must have been thinking something about something. I'm sure of it."

I saw her smile, faintly. "Well, as a matter of fact, I was thinking about something. But if I tell you, you'll never believe it."

Hopefully, I asked, "Was it about me?"

"Good heavens, no! It had absolutely nothing to do with you!"

"What was it, then?"

She said slowly, "It was just one of those things that only women think about. I was looking at my shoes and seeing that they have holes in them. I was thinking that there is a big clearance sale on in Via Cola di Rienzo and that I've got to go there tomorrow and buy myself a pair of new shoes. There . . . are you satisfied?"

This time I shut up like a clam, my face dark and brooding. She noticed it and exclaimed: "Oh, dear! You're not mad, are you?"

I couldn't help blurting out: "Sure, I'm mad. Damn mad. Here I tell you the secret of my life, and it makes so little impression on you I wonder why I didn't keep it to myself!"

This bothered her a bit. "No," she said, "I'm glad you told me about it. It really did make an impression on me."

"Well, what kind of an impression?"

She thought it over and then said, scrupulously, "Well, I'm sorry that such a thing had to happen to you. It must have been awful!"

"Is that all you've got to say?"

"I also think," she added, fingering the pimple on her chin, "that it's only right it should bother you."

"Why?"

"Well, you said so yourself. You ought to have stopped to help him but you didn't."

"Then you think I am a coward?"

"A coward? Well, yes . . . and then no. After all, a thing like that could happen to anybody."

"But you just said that I ought to have stopped!"

"You should have; but you didn't . . ."

At this point I saw her glance down at something in the daisies. "Oh, look! How pretty!"

It was an insect, a green and gold beetle, resting on the white petals of a daisy. Suddenly I felt as if I were emptied out — almost as if that secret over which I had agonized so long had vanished in the spring air, carried away, lightly, like the white butterflies that were flitting around in pairs in the sunlight.

Yet with one dogged last hope, I asked: "But tell me, Iris, in your opinion, was I right or wrong not to stop?"

"You were right and you were wrong. Of course, you ought to have stopped. After all, you had run into him. But, on the other hand, what good would it have done if you had? He was dead by that time anyway and you would probably have got into a terrible mess. You were both right and wrong."

After these words, a thought flashed through my mind. "This is the end of Iris. I'll never take her out again. I thought she was a bright, understanding girl. Instead, she is really nothing but a half-wit. Enough is enough." I jumped to my feet.

"Come on, let's go," I said. "Otherwise, we'll be late for the movies."

Once inside the theater, in the dark, she slipped her hand into mine, forcing her fingers through mine. I didn't budge. The film was a love story, a real tear-jerker. When the lights went on at the end I saw that her big gray eyes were filled with tears and that her cheeks were wet. "I just can't help it," she said, patting her face dry with a handkerchief. "Pictures like this always make me want to cry."

Afterwards we went into a bar and ordered coffee. She pressed so close to me that our bodies touched. Just as the *espresso* machine let off a loud stream of steam, she said softly, "You know that I really like you, don't you?" staring at me with those great big beautiful eyes of hers.

I felt like answering: "Fine. You really like me, but you'll let me carry the whole weight of my secret alone!" Instead, I said nothing.

Now I understood that from her, as from everybody else, I could ask only for affection, nothing more than that.

I answered with a sigh, "I like you a lot, too."

But already she had stopped listening to me. She was peering at herself in the mirror behind the bar, absorbed and concerned as she fingered the little red lump on her chin.

Translated by Hélène Cantarella

BENEDETTO CROCE

Philosopher and Humanist of Modern Italy

by GUIDO CALOGERO

1

THE first occasion on which I heard of the existence of Benedetto Croce was not a very creditable one to my schoolteachers. It was in 1920. I was fifteen, and in my school in Rome no teacher had ever mentioned him. One day a school friend of mine told me, "You must read Croce; he is a better writer than Carducci, and more intelligent." I had a great admiration for that friend, and followed his advice. I began to read Croce.

The fact that I had been made to read him by a school friend and not by a teacher was not at all unusual. By 1920 Croce was a man of fifty-four, whose cultural leadership was widely acknowledged. But this recognition came more from students than from their professors. Croce himself, heir to a rich family from the old Kingdom of Naples, was not exactly in love with the academic world. He had left Rome University without taking a degree, and never wanted to become a professor. So it took some time before academic circles became used to considering him a professional authority, instead of merely a sort of high-powered journalist who had somehow contrived to be more successful than they. When I had to write my thesis, I explained to my Professor of Greek that I wanted to do a critical examination of Pindar's poetry, using the method of aesthetic criticism which had been so successfully applied to modern poetry by Francesco De Sanctis

and Benedetto Croce. He cut me short, telling me that Croce was corrupting the minds of the young.

Without realizing it, this professor of Greek was saying about Croce much the same thing that many Athenians had said about Socrates twenty-four centuries earlier. The fascination which Croce exerted over the new generation of Italian scholars was almost uncanny. Socrates had charmed his young followers by defeating, through the dialogue, the most celebrated debaters of his time, one by one; Croce quickly acquired a reputation all over Italy when in 1903 he started his review *La Critica*, with the clear purpose of submitting Italian cultural life to his critical judgment. Thus he became a kind of champion of the mind who defeated every opponent; young people gazed at this spectacle in a pleased and applauding mood, trying to follow his methods in order to get similar results. His favorable judgment was eagerly sought as a sort of knightly investiture on the field of literary and philosophical criticism.

Normally Croce lived and worked in his old palazzo in Naples, according to a very strict timetable and with plans fixed well in advance. But from time to time he ventured forth to visit the archives or the library of another town, or just to see friends, and this invariably turned into a social event for whichever town his journey took him to. In fact, interest in his travels grew steadily the more the hostility of the Fascist regime prevented the newspapers from writing about him. To all those who saw in him the champion and symbol of the fight against Fascism, his arrival became something like the visits of St. Paul to his fellow churchmen.

To be Croce's host was a special honor, and invitations to meet him were eagerly sought. In such gatherings a strange scene was often repeated. It reminded me of Plato's famous description of people

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listening to Protagoras, eager to get a closer position every time that the sophist turned round in his walk up and down the courtyard of Callias. Everybody's sole interest was to listen to Croce, who was, indeed, a brilliant conversationalist and a formidable teller of anecdotes and witty stories, through which he liked to express many of his judgments and even some of his theories. So a thick crowd of standing onlookers would mass around the small figure of Croce, those furthest away pretending to make light conversation among themselves, while at the same time trying, by quick and adroit movements, to get closer and closer to Croce himself until, suddenly, Croce would move to another part of the room to avoid the congestion, and the same process would begin all over again.

The morning after one such gathering in Florence, we left for San Gimignano in two cars. The party included Croce, his eldest daughter Elena, and a number of his closest Florentine friends. To see Croce getting into a car was amusing and in a way illuminating. He did not adopt the usual device of entering it sideways; he simply approached the door frontally in the same way as he might enter the wide gate of his palazzo in Naples. Naturally any car seemed too small for him, who was so small himself. Indeed, he completely lacked any interest in the technical side of things, in machines or inventions. He neither hated them like D. H. Lawrence, nor despised them like Plato, but probably went on, all through his life, considering the expanding world of modern technology with the same humorous detachment with which, in his younger years, he had fought his philosophical battle against positivism. He used to scorn the shallow assuredness of the positivists by pretending to believe in superstitions and by wearing apotropaic charms against the evil eye. Towards the end of that day, walking along the narrow lanes of San Gimignano, we lost sight of him completely. We searched and searched for him, and when at last we found him he was standing by a small fountain holding one foot and then the other under the jet of icy water. His daughter rushed to the rescue, but he said calmly, "You know we are dining with the Marchesa So-and-So, don't you? Now, how could I go there with such dirty shoes? Let me wash the mud off." Obviously a man who could do things so simply had not much use for elaborate techniques.

2

FOR all his truly astonishing intellectual aptitudes, Croce's basic mental process was simple, almost homely in an era of such excruciatingly complex philosophies. He always went straight to the heart of any matter, and for him the heart was the man. Those first pages of Croce that I had read as a schoolboy had been a reconstruction of the life and work of a seventeenth-century saint. I had often

seen the effigy of that saint reproduced, in a pious attitude, in some of those little paper images which are so common especially in Southern Italy, and which are called *santini*. Of course, no devotee, even if he had a special inclination to worship that saint above others, would expect his portrait on that piece of paper to correspond to the saint's appearance during his life. What painter ever thought that his, say, St. Sebastian resembled the original? Saints were perfect beings, with some perfect attributes and characteristics; it would have been useless to consider them in the human surroundings in which they had passed their lives.

Now the historical interpretation, such as Croce gave of that saint of the seventeenth century, brought him back to the human level and problems of his life; all that he had achieved had been achieved not by the simple operation of a super-human power, but through that process of continuous struggle which lends its significance to all human greatness as well as to its opposite. And what was really fascinating in that process was the fact that it did not seem to diminish the human value of all the great figures whom tradition had turned into saints or heroes, or their extreme opponents. Saints as well as demons emerged from the historical reconstruction of their activities far more interesting and instructive than they were when they only exemplified something other than human. Formerly, they were interesting only to those people who sought their help or were afraid of them. Now they became interesting to people who tried to understand the ordeal of their lives.

Of course, nobody could say that Croce was the first to introduce this method of historical interpretation into Italian culture. But I think one can say that no one else devoted himself more eagerly and effectively to this task. From the beginning to the end, most of Croce's life was dedicated to the understanding of the lives of other men; this was the true humanistic bent of his historical interest. Italian history and tradition were full of saints and devils, heroes and their opponents. Croce devoted most of his working time to bringing saints and devils back to earth, to their native ground, and to understanding their conflicting motives. To quote only one point, the history of the Italian Risorgimento, in its traditional picture, was populated by only two kinds of characters: those who had worked for Italian independence and unity, and were the elect, and those who had fought against them, and were the reprobates. Croce studied, with great human sympathy, the actions and the failures of the Neapolitan revolutionaries of 1799 as well as the civic merits of some of those functionaries of the Bourbon regime who had considered it their duty to remain loyal to their sovereign. Both had their reasons: both had to be understood.

This trend toward what could be called the personal individuation of historical experience was also

favoured by the fact that the largest part of Croce's historical work was devoted to literature. And here Croce had clearly stated the point that every work of art had to be understood and evaluated in connection not with general tendencies or schools or movements in the literary world, but only with the individual personality of its author. Through it, the conceivable influence of those tendencies could be seen in its proper framework.

The general justification of this approach was given by Croce in the first and most widely known of his philosophical treatises, the *Aesthetic*, as well as in various subsequent essays on the nature of art and criticism, up to the book on *Poetry*; and most students of his work are inclined to consider this group of writings as Croce's most important contribution to philosophy. But I wonder if they would have exerted their enormous influence on Italian literary and art criticism — an influence which has lasted half a century and still continues — had they not been accompanied by the very extensive examples which Croce himself provided of his own method of literary criticism, first of all through a wide survey of the Italian writers of the nineteenth century, and later on through essays on the central figures of modern European literature, from Ariosto and Shakespeare and Corneille to Goethe and Maupassant and Mallarmé — and very many others from the Cinquecento down to our time.

I think, indeed, that this actual work of literary criticism was far more influential in our culture than its philosophical foundation. The latter could be much debated; many aspects of Croce's aesthetic theory might appear not fully consistent, or still too dependent on old views of Hegel and Vico and De Sanctis, although they represented a great improvement on the shallow aesthetics of the end of the century. His actual work of criticism could be less easily challenged; even if one felt like questioning his judgment on a particular author, one would be brought to accept his general method of criticism, and to apply it even while trying to correct some of its results. Moreover, here was a philosopher who did not content himself with giving his theory on art, but who was really so interested in art and poetry as to read poets and writers all his life, carefully recording his judgments upon each one of them. Confronted with the idea of poetry, Croce could be challenged; confronted with poets, he easily outstripped all others, who could only follow him a long way behind, if judged by their actual work in the field of literary criticism.

3

IN HIS general approach to moral and political philosophy, too, Croce was primarily the humanist. Both in its philosophical theory and in its application in the various historical essays which he wrote, the best work consists — in my opinion — of what

bears on individual interpretations of human experience. Confronted with general conceptions of historical trends, Croce did his best when he submitted them to sharp criticism, as for instance when, still in his youthful years, he showed the theoretical fallacies of historical materialism in his book *Historical Materialism and the Economics of Karl Marx*, a pioneer and probably one of the best criticisms of Marxism ever to appear. Similarly, he was so ruthless in his fight against the shallow generalizations of the positivistic sociology of his youth that sociological studies in Italy have still to recover from the discredit to which he brought them in the common opinion. But — again, a personal view — it was Croce's marvelous series of essays on individual political figures throughout European history that contributed most to twentieth-century intellectual development in Italy. Always Croce's insight into human motives was his primary weapon, barbed keenly for his enemies, but wonderfully revealing to his friends.

One might say that Croce tried always to find, in his historical characters, the common humanity, which was not so great as their alleged greatness, and not so bad as their alleged wickedness. Heroes became less heroic, but devils less diabolical, through the reconstruction of their opposing motives, which brought all of them to a sort of new equality and brotherhood — the brotherly equanimity of historical understanding. In this connection, Croce liked to repeat the famous French formula *tout comprendre, c'est tout pardonner*, and he even added to it that in that case there was no more need to introduce the idea of forgiveness, because he who tries to understand can neither condemn nor forgive.

This is not to say that Croce's philosophical edifice was perfect. On the contrary, it contained weak points, and his critics have not failed to point them out. I myself have tried to show, in some of my books, how the best of Croce's philosophy acquires a fuller meaning and justification if it is removed from its Hegelian context and based on different epistemological foundations.

In his own active life Croce was not given to doubt. A staunch anti-Fascist, he continued to publish his works through the time of the Fascist regime, and although he was an old man when the Second World War broke out, he remained the spiritual and often quite active leader of the Resistance. All of us who worked in the underground turned to him often for advice and help; his fine mind contributed much to our plans and our manifestoes. After the War, he took an active role in the Government, lending his counsel to the officers of the democracy. His mind and his demeanor were invaluable.

But always, above Croce's works, there was his way of working; above his theories, his peculiar frame of mind. He was a rich man; yet he worked

day after day, unremittingly, until the very last minute of his life, as hard as the humblest laborer on his estates. He was a sad man — his early adult life stood under the shadow of the sudden extinction of his whole family in the earthquake of Casamicciola, and even the fragment of his diaries which has been published reveals a melancholic mind; yet his view of the world was frequently permeated by a keen sense of humor, which found its most typical expression in his masterly skill in story telling. He had a great fund of anecdotes; but he always took pains to avoid hurting unnecessarily the feelings of others. I shall always remember an occasion just after the liberation, when Croce was one of the most influential members of the new Italian Government. I can still see the little old figure slowly descending the big staircase in a Roman hotel, chatting animatedly with a group of friends. Suddenly he stopped and looked carefully around, to make sure that nobody else could hear him. How lovely to see the grand old man — whom we called in Italian the *venerando vegliardo* — enjoying himself in telling his friends a rather unorthodox story about the private life of a King of Naples, but being very careful at the same time that nobody outside his little circle could understand his Neapolitan dialect!

It would not be true, however, to leave the impression that the great man was a wholly benign genius. Croce himself would have been the first to object to such an unhistorical view! His enemies have more than once criticized him for intolerance and a degree of crotchettiness where his own intellectual rightness and consistency were concerned. He had a fine memory, and he could use it cruelly. Once during the War, I brought him the draft of a clandestine manifesto. Croce was not happy about the pamphlet. In particular, he objected to the notion that social justice was no less essential to political freedom than political freedom to social justice. From the philosophical point of view, he maintained that freedom could never be subordinate to any other idea or ideal. In his own political views he certainly no longer believed, with the old Italian liberals, that land ownership was the only sound basis for the formation of an impartial and public-spirited ruling class; but at the same time he could not help remembering that all the quiet and comfortable work of his life had been made possible by the rent from his estates. Theoretically, he was not against social reform; practically, he feared its being adopted in a hurry.

I certainly did not deny the necessity of all this, but I took the view (which later on, I think, proved correct) that many Italians would turn to Com-

munist if a liberal type of socialism failed to give Italy what Great Britain, for instance, had enjoyed: the development of social equality within the framework of political liberty. The argument grew heated. Suddenly Croce asked me, "Tell me, how did you develop such a strong interest in politics? When you came to me sixteen years ago, you told me that your most ardent desire was to get on with your studies in Greek philosophy, even if the political struggle following the advent of Fascism might not allow such philosophical idleness. At that time I had to warn you that no man could escape politics, lest politics disturb him in the very heart of his private life." "Well," I could only answer, "this means, at least, that I have learned something from you." I had forgotten my earlier words. He had not.

This way of nailing men to their past was regarded, even by some of his friends, as an aspect of what could be called a kind of feudal intolerance, a shrinking from even the possibility of admitting error. Throughout the sixty volumes of his works, he certainly corrected and changed some of his views, but he always considered these changes more as a necessary development of his previous thought than as a correction of mistakes. When, in the very last period of his life, he openly admitted that he had had to correct his judgment of Manzoni's novel *The Betrothed*, the event appeared so exceptional that literary critics are still discussing it in the newspapers. Croce, the leader of liberal thought in Italy, was himself, in that sense, not a very liberal-minded man. But in saying this, one has to remember that Rousseau's contributions to the theory of education are not necessarily invalidated by the fact that he himself was a very bad father.

And so we have the figure of a truly great *man*, a living and working personality in a particular milieu. In Italy, of course, he is a cultural giant. More than anyone else, Croce, the liberal and humanist, gave new structure and depth to the Italian tradition of humane thought. Outside Italy, Croce's place in European and, indeed, world culture seems assured. His influence on literary theory has been very wide, as can be seen particularly in the work of American critics during recent decades; and now there are distinct signs of increasing attention to his philosophical and historical studies. And within the work stands the man. In intellectual history certain reputations, by virtue of their great integrity and goodness, have achieved well-nigh mythic powers — such as those of Socrates or Erasmus. It is far too soon to say whether or not such an outcome awaits Benedetto Croce, but — in Italy at least — it is clear that the possibility exists.

ITALIAN FASHION

The Art and Business of Elegance

by IRENE BRIN

I

Is it not possible that Italian fashion had much to do with restoring the popularity of Italy abroad in the years just after the War? We had been defeated and we were poor, penitent, and without justification. At that time, our good points and our suffering had not found expression. Roberto Rossellini was still putting together the fragments of his film *Open City*, which he had shot secretly in rented rooms and in the outskirts of Rome, using a momentarily deserted betting-hall. Cartier-Bresson, Coffin, Leslie Gill and those who came after them had not yet photographed the mutilated beggar-boys, nor had our artists, from Giorgio Morandi to Marino Marini, emerged from their country hide-outs. John Horne Burns had not yet written *The Gallery*, and the translators were still to turn their attention to the novels of Berto, Pratolini, Vittorini and Moravia.

That was before the allied officers' messes had discovered that Neapolitan cooks could ennoble even canned rations, and could infuse instant coffee with some of the excellence of *caffè espresso*. And yet, among the WACs and WAFs, the nurses and auxiliaries of the victorious armies, women were beginning to modify their uniforms with a pair of earrings, a handkerchief, or a buckle. Thus, before our country's regeneration was evident, the odd handkerchief or pair of sandals appeared as witnesses on our behalf.

It was an enterprising elegance, created out of rags. Emilio Pucci of Florence, a veteran of war and exile, suggested to his friends new ways of put-

ting to good use haberdasher's scraps and odds and ends from the wardrobe. Clairette Gallotti, who had just lost both husband and fortune in Africa, rediscovered the ancient looms of Capri and, gathering about her other women left poor and alone like herself, wove materials which, for lack of dye, were always black — as if it were hope that was missing.

The famous "1947 Black" was created by Emilio Pucci with Clairette Gallotti's materials; it won two pages of admiration in *Harper's Bazaar*. This black did not so much symbolize mourning as, if you will, the stubbornness of elegance. On beaches that were still menaced by drifting mines, and along shattered, bombed-out promenades, black slacks and blouses, black tunics and hats were gracefully displayed. The protagonists in this struggle for refinement were our princesses and our working girls who, with perfect equality, learned to work and to dress.

The first foreign journalists to reach Italy in 1947, even if they represented high fashion magazines, were amazed to find such a profusion of titles — Marchese Pucci, Baronessa Gallotti, Contessa Gabriella Di Robilant, Marchesa Olga De Grézy — and at the same time such a positively feudal solidarity between the owners and the workers. Many of the new ventures in fashion design were started by ladies who wished to make work for the people on their estates, or, as in the case of Contessa Di Frassineto, evacuees from nearby areas: the Rovezzano Mill was founded to provide employment for the displaced persons who were squatting in the ruins of a country house.

Italian cutters and seamstresses had always had impeccable craftsmanship. The next step was logical, but difficult — to win for Italy a reputation for brilliant high fashion design which might challenge the long-established leadership of Paris. With

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his first show in his villa in Florence, G. B. Giorgini served notice that Italy must be watched. Giorgini, of course, was only one among many in what has become a sensational movement. Italy now has a thriving fashion guild with a number of related organizations, and a fine variety of "schools," if we may borrow this term from the painters and apply it to trends in apparel design.

2

As despairing husbands the world over well know, in *haute couture* fluidity and rapid change are endemic. Thus, it is difficult to make labels stick on the different schools, or to expect that the same names will be grouped in the same way from season to season. But, as of this moment — and without regard to precedence — let me attempt a rough division under such headings as: the "Rational Revolutionaries" . . . the "Voluptuous Conservatives" . . . the school of "Rational Suavity."

Prominent in the first group, the "Rational Revolutionaries," are Simonetta, Fabiani, Capucci, and Marucelli. All of them have a great flair for the sophisticated novelty which adds a distinctive note to an international tendency. To accuse them of borrowing would be an injustice; such gifted creators do not need to refresh themselves with the ideas of others. Certainly it was Germana Marucelli who first suggested an Empire line, though her lead was overlooked because everyone else was absorbed in the New Look. We must concede, however, that Balenciaga has had, and still has, a considerable influence on the Italians — a fact which is surely justified by the Latin roots which we have in common. Nevertheless, a "Simonetta" or a "Fabiani" can be recognized on sight, among the crowd at an airport or in a theater, while those frail actresses, such as Elsa Martinelli, whom Capucci encloses in his woolen or silken cocoons, have a style that is unmistakable.

Nobody can accuse the "Voluptuous Conservatives" of affinities, either elective or otherwise. In this group we find Veneziani, Schuberth, Fontana, Antonelli, Curiel, Mingolini, Gugenheim, and their many adherents. Anxious to follow the wishes of their clients — not to frustrate them — they put the accent on coquetry, and one cannot imagine Linda Christian, Ava Gardner, Gina Lollobrigida, and many other famous beauties deprived of the veils and sparkling arabesques which these designers have created for them. The "Voluptuous Conservatives" do not look to Paris, nor do they accept hints from New York; let us say that they uphold ancient convictions: the waist *must* be slender, the neckline décolleté; the texture rich and captivating.

Correctness, discretion, and technique are the essence of "Rational Suavity." Carosa, Garnett, De Luca, Guidi, Biki, and a few others are always prepared to sacrifice an effect which they think too brilliant, and to reconsider too clamorous a success. Biki is the friend and confidante, as well as the dress designer, of Maria Meneghini Callas, for whom she made both the robes for *Norma* and the little *tailleurs* for her transatlantic flights. But Callas is an exception for Biki, who cultivates the patronage of the wives of heavy industry, the "*grandes bourgeois*" who would so have amused Stendhal. And while De Luca creates Audrey Hepburn's Italian wardrobe (her French one is by Givenchy), he usually concerns himself with ladies who run art galleries, or those who attend intellectual conferences — and with dowager duchesses. Eleanora Garnett, who sends off three hundred made-to-measure suits and dresses to her New York branch every week, provides a close link between two very different worlds.

Apart from these schools, there are the "Individualists": Fernanda Gattinoni, who dresses so many ambassadors' wives with deliberate simplicity; Clara Centinaro, who is said to dress Signora Gronchi; the tailor Litrico, who, without much doubt, ministered to Khrushchev and specializes in our horsewomen; La Gregoriana and Baratta and many others in Turin, Genoa, Milan, and Naples.

We still have the traditional dressmakers who buy in Paris and copy, but mass production is getting under way, and more and more *boutiques* are springing up. In Rome, both in the ancient center of the city and in the new suburban quarters, there are many little shops where for five or six thousand lire (nine or ten dollars), payable in installments, you can buy Parisian trapezes in cotton, or the original designs of the proprietor himself.

I began by saying that Italy might owe much of its initial popularity in the postwar years to fashion. Today the position is somewhat reversed, and Italian fashion undoubtedly owes part of its popularity to the enthusiasm abroad for *grissini* breadsticks and Parmesan cheese, Sophia Loren and Anna Magnani, the sculpture of Marini and Manzù, and the music of Vivaldi. If Emilio Pucci's aprons and blouses may now be bought in thirty-seven different countries, perhaps it is because everywhere the flavor of Italian living — the *tempo italiano* — has so strong an appeal. The bottle of Chianti in its little straw basket, the recording of the Sicilian singer Modugno, even film star Giulietta Masina's bangs, are different expressions of a phenomenal popularity which naturally gives us in Italy keen pleasure.

Translated by Patrick Brasier-Creagh

THE REBIRTH OF HERCULANEUM

Archaeologists Restore a Roman City

by AMEDEO MAIURI

1

THE resurgence of postwar Italy has been reflected in a brisk resumption of archaeological research and excavations, especially in the South, where work has been proceeding with an intensity unequalled in the prewar period. The South, though poor in modern industry, is rich in classical antiquities: the splendid Greek temples of Paestum, Agrigento, Selinunte, and Segeste; and the important excavation sites of Pompeii and Herculaneum. It was recognized that the tourist trade could somewhat compensate for the economic backwardness of this industrially underdeveloped zone. Hence not only did the Southern Development Fund allocate financing for land reclamation and industrialization and for roads and aqueducts, but special subsidies were also granted to promote archaeological research. It was thus hoped to make the region around the Bay of Naples and Sicily as attractive to tourists as Venice, Florence, Rome, and the Italian Riviera.

The excavations at Pompeii and the reclamation of the surrounding marshlands and lava fields were already accomplished facts. But there remained Herculaneum, offering the most promising lure of archaeological discovery and the most challenging problems of excavation.

The difficulties were staggering, and indeed, fifty years ago, the task had been considered impossible. For Herculaneum had not been buried by a rain of lapilli and ash; it had been engulfed, after the

famous eruption of Vesuvius in 79 A.D., in a muddy landslide of eruptive material washed down the mountain by heavy rains. The resulting solidified tufa bank preserved the city — but more than forty feet under the present level of surrounding areas, with its location indicated only by enigmatic outcroppings and inaccurate descriptions. To add to the complications, an important section was covered by the heavily-populated modern town of Resina.

The first excavations at Herculaneum, begun in 1738 by Prince Elbeuf, were accomplished by means of wells and subterranean galleries, with results miraculous for the period. These first sporadic and inconclusive efforts, however, were several times abandoned between 1828 and 1875. It was not until 1927 that they were systematically resumed.

This time the plan was, as at Pompeii, to remove all volcanic material and lay the city bare. Thus rediscovered, Herculaneum is no longer enveloped in the gloom of underground galleries, but lies open, with its streets and buildings, after centuries of darkness, basking once more in the bright Mediterranean sunshine. After thirty years of labor, interrupted only by the Second World War, Herculaneum has been reborn.

The recovered area is limited, so far, to the southern quarter extending toward the coast. It includes the residential zones, two public baths, an imposing *palæstra* (gymnasium), and the beginnings of the Forum district. The rest of the Forum, to the north, still lies buried under Resina.

Foreign visitors to Herculaneum, particularly those acquainted with recent excavations in Pompeii south of Via dell' Abbondanza, are filled with wonder at the sight revealed. The best panoramic view is obtained from the bridge at the entrance avenue spanning the colonnade of the *palæstra*.

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The city nestles between steep slopes near the end of a valley, its streets laid out with geometrical precision, its houses capped by their original roofs.

The uncovering of Herculaneum has proceeded methodically, street by street and building by building, as at Pompeii. Every house and every shop, whether rich or poor, has added its bit to what is now considered to be the most complete physical documentation of a human agglomeration living within the urban structure of an ancient city. Only the Campania region and the area buried by Vesuvius can offer such concrete evidence of a long-dead city's plan and architecture, its economic and artistic life.

It is, furthermore, precisely in such minor cities of the Roman Empire, with their vivid picture of what day-to-day life was like for the average citizen of the average provincial town, with its handful of notables, its large middle class, its craftsmen and laborers, that the more human aspects of Roman civilization can best be studied and evaluated. Such towns are more to the measure of man than the swollen and turbulent capital. Removed from the great events and great figures of history, these people were motivated by more modest passions and ambitions, whose goals were administrative and judiciary offices and honors. Humbler men, living more unpretentiously, they nonetheless provided their little cities with perfect town planning, well-run institutions, and a sense of the dignity of civic life. The great squares and public buildings, the well-kept private homes, remain as mute evidence of their devotion to these ideals.

It was already surprising that Pompeii, with a maximum of 25,000 inhabitants, possessed a forum comparable to the most beautiful in Italy, an entertainment quarter with two theaters, two *palæstras*, an amphitheater, and three public baths, while some of the private residences were spacious enough for royalty. But relatively, Herculaneum, with only a quarter of Pompeii's population, is all the more incredible for the monumental character of its public buildings, the dignity of all its houses, and the richness of many of them. The erroneous explanation that Herculaneum was a resort town whereas Pompeii was a business and trading center arose from failure to discriminate between the city proper and the famous Villa of Herculaneum with its treasures of sculpture and its library of papyrus.

The fact that Herculaneum was a normal town renders the more amazing the contrast between its limited size and the unusual grandeur and opulence of its public buildings. There is a theater whose stage was ringed with marble statues, many of which were removed during Prince Elbeuf's first excavations. There is a basilica decorated with bronze and marble statues and heroic paintings celebrating the feats of Hercules and Theseus. The public *palæstra* vies with that of Pompeii in size and is perhaps superior to it in architectural lines.

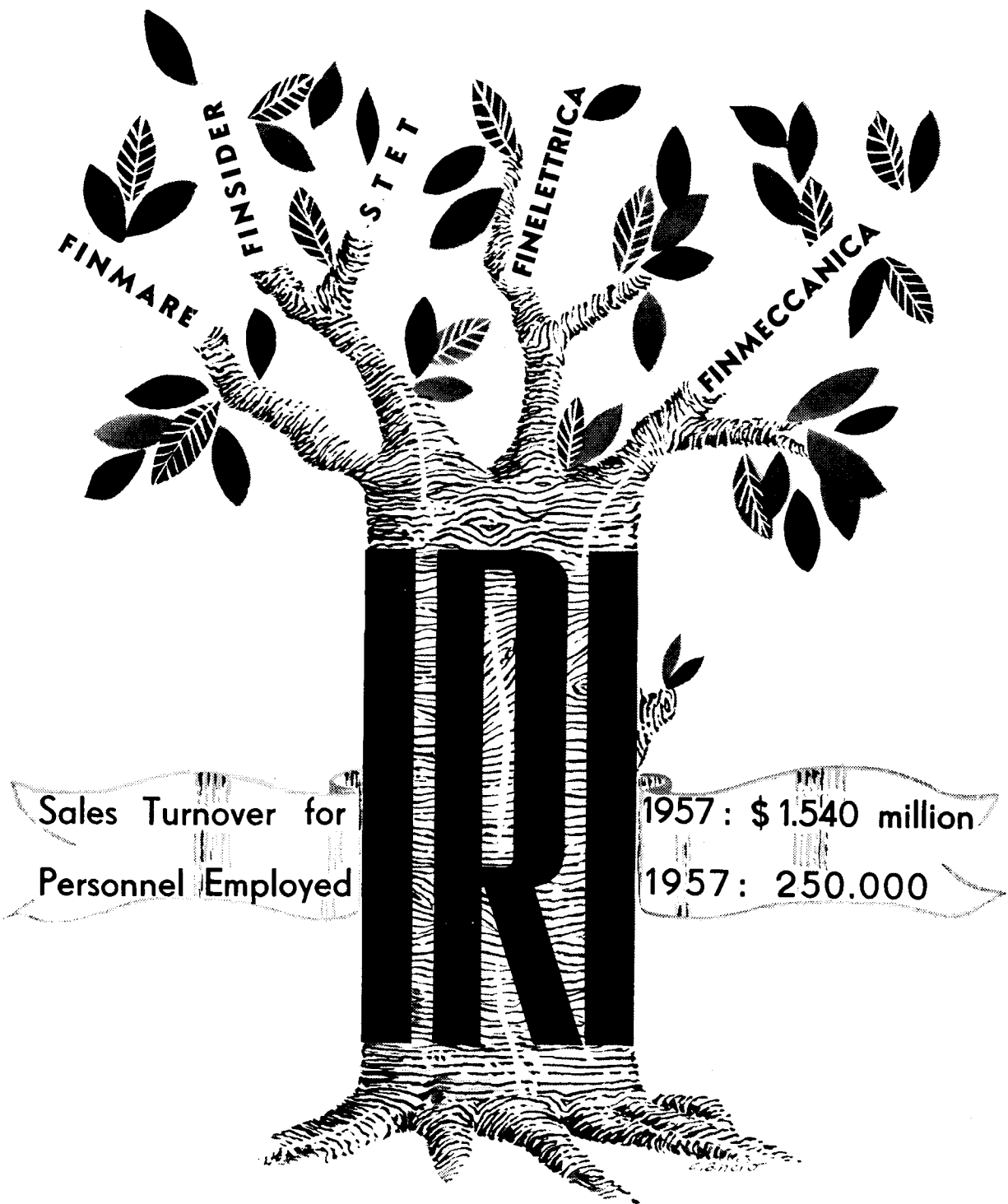
There are two public baths, one in the center of town, the other outside the city walls. The network of streets, with fountains at the intersections, exemplifies ideal town planning. In a volcanic region of sparse natural resources, Herculaneum had a water supply abundant enough for the large swimming pools of the *palæstra* and for the Villa of the Papyri as well as for the gardens of upper-class homes. Various inscriptions show that most of the public works were donated by wealthy and noble Herculaneans — proof of their civic pride and lively interest in the welfare and dignity of their little city.

2

YET the major interest of Herculaneum lies less in the sumptuousness of its public buildings than in the near-perfection and attractiveness of its private homes. The city's dwellings have been preserved almost intact, including their upper stories. There remain, not only household utensils in their proper places, but the interior wood: beams, door frames and doors, wardrobes, beds, staircases, and partitions. This wood has the characteristic appearance of slow fossilization in peat soil rather than carbonization. This type of preservation is rare in Pompeii, but in the Herculaneum bed of solidified mud, not only the sturdier materials, but even thin papyrus and the delicate fibers of woven cloth have remained unscathed.

The larger residences of the upper classes were built atop the ramparts facing the sea, so laid out that from their loggias and reception and living rooms there is a superb panorama of the Bay of Naples, with Capri and the coast of Sorrento directly opposite. Typical of these are the now famous houses known as "The Mosaic Atrium," "The Stag," "The Jewel," the so-called "Hotel," and the house of the "Telephus Bas-relief." In their vast installations and their panoramic orientation they combine the characteristics of town house and country villa. Their interiors have yielded a number of important sculptures, notably a group of stags under attack by hunting dogs in marble carved as delicately as onyx, some remarkable portraits, and a statue of Eros considered the finest of the innumerable *amorini* found in standard Roman decorative art.

Between the homes of the rich and those of craftsmen and shopkeepers lies the whole gamut of middle-class dwellings. Each seems to have its own unmistakable stamp of brightness, reflecting a sense of well-being and loving care (and even sometimes touches of bourgeois ostentation): the freshly painted *triclinium* or dining room; the *lararium*, a sort of shrine for the household gods or *lares*, in front of the entrance door to catch the eye of passers-by; the tiny garden kept green with well-water to provide a cool spot for siestas on hot summer afternoons. What makes reborn Herculaneum seem



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really alive is the manifest affection of its people for their homes, with their gaily painted walls, their mosaic floors, and their few but beautiful household implements. Some of these houses could conceivably have been transferred from seventeenth-century Perugia or Siena.

Urbanistically, little Herculaneum, with its typical two-family houses, provides a link between Pompeii, where we find the *domus*-type house of the Republican age and the first century B.C., and Ostia, the seaport of Rome, which is characterized by the large apartment buildings of the second and third centuries of the Empire. The Herculaneum "House with Trellis Work" is a prime example; its vast *palæstra* building prefigures structurally the complex and imposing apartment houses of Ostia.

Although recent excavations have revealed no new library of historical, literary, and philosophical papyri, a number of domestic archives on wax tablets (*tabulæ ceratæ*) have been unearthed, and studied by the epigraphist G. Pugliese Carratelli and the great Romanist Arangio Ruiz. They provide much information on Herculaneum's economic and juridical life, and make vivid its daily affairs. One example is the proceedings in a lawsuit in which a woman slave-owner was suing the freed daughter of one of her slaves. The case, involving an inheritance, was being contested on the basis of the legal status of the mother at the time of the girl's birth. The case, like much else, ended abruptly and for all time when Vesuvius buried the contested property under volcanic mud.

The last thirty years of excavation at Herculaneum have culminated in two climactic events: the revelation of the suburban baths outside the main gate opening toward the sea; and the clearance of the slums of Resina from above the ancient Forum.

The technical difficulties involved in excavating the suburban baths made this one of the riskiest and most arduous archaeological efforts ever undertaken. Bradyséismic shifting of the earth had permitted underground waters to transform the mud that had poured through the skylights and windows into a rock-like mass, so that the building seemed a single bank of stone forty feet below the surface. Though it had been identified as a bath as long ago as 1942, it was only in the past few years that special equipment was available for its excavation. With mechanical devices for chisel work usually done by pick and rasp, entry was effected through the skylights. One of these, however — that of the *laconium* or sweating bath — was so narrow that

only the thinnest of all the workmen was able to be lowered through a cowl. Long, slow work with knife and rasp finally permitted him to push his way through to the vault. But as soon as excavation created any empty spaces, Vesuvius, instead of fire, this time sent water in such abundance that pumping apparatus more suitable for land reclamation became necessary to channel out the floods.

But these immense difficulties were more than compensated for by the results. These baths are among the most unusual yet discovered, not only for the uniqueness of their installations, their decoration (especially the warriors in high stucco relief in one of the halls), and the extraordinary luxury of the still-intact marble floors, but most particularly for the bold and novel way in which the ancient architect solved the problem of overhead lighting. He converted the vestibule into a sort of four-columned atrium with a double series of superimposed arches that reach the high rib of the vault. With their spacious corridors and halls, their aspiring arches and vaults, their rich marble floors and painted stucco walls, and with their bathing tubs still filled with water filtering up from the subsoil, these baths give the impression of a subterranean basilica. This feeling is intensified by the light streaming down through the skylights onto the walls, moldy and damp, and not yet wholly free of the mud in which they were sealed for nineteen centuries.

The other climactic event at Herculaneum is the initiation of the slum clearance program in Resina to permit completing the excavation of the Forum. This will restore the natural center of the ancient city's life, bringing to light the famous basilica from which skilled and patient Neapolitan quarriers in the eighteenth century raised a host of statues and some of the most significant murals of the Campania. This task has been undertaken by the Community of Resina in collaboration with the Southern Development Fund and the Low-Cost Housing Project Administration. As new housing becomes available, the population will be resettled near the coast, which offers better economic possibilities. There is something particularly heartening about the duality of purpose in this relocation: by solving Resina's pressing problems of public health and social welfare, it helps to provide for man's present and future; and by enabling the excavation of Herculaneum to be completed, it reaches another great milestone in the tireless search for man's past.

Translated by E. L. and H. C.

UNCLE AGRIPPA TAKES A TRAIN

A Story

by ELIO VITTORINI



MY UNCLE, his face wrapped in his Bedouin scarf, cannot look out into the night. He can only look up, at the luggage rack full of suitcases and packages dimly illuminated by a bluish light, or down, at knees, legs, hands, elbows. Or he can look at the faces of those sitting across from him, some of them fallen in shadow on their breasts, others caught between darkness and the wan light, exchanging smoke and breath in the gentle undercurrent of men's melodious night talk on trains.

My uncle, as well as being short, is a very thin man. He always was, even when we were children, and his name, Uncle Agrippa, was synonymous for us with "Uncle Stick" or "Uncle Bean Pole." Wherever he sat down, there was always room for another person. Consequently, as now in his travels, he is always squeezed in between two others, one of whom takes up three-quarters of his seat.

He leaves Syracuse or Milan, Genoa or Rome, in a seat next to the window he has picked out hours earlier. But half an hour after the train starts, some big fat character jams himself in between my uncle and the window. Then, pushing him toward the next traveler, crushing him against the man or woman who happens to be sitting on the other side, little by little he deprives my uncle of all his space on the seat.

"Excuse me," my uncle says.

He draws back a hand that has been crushed

under a fat buttock and smiles at the usurper to show that he is not annoyed. Thus he tries to make himself comfortable between his two neighbors and keep the peace. He talks to them; he talks to everyone in the compartment, sometimes perched on the edge of his seat when his neighbors lean back, sometimes disappearing behind them when they sit forward. But he can never look out at the night, for to do that he would have to press his face against the window and wipe a little steam from the glass now and then.

Besides, someone is always standing between the seats, blocking a good part of the window. The aisle in the middle of the car, too, is always full of people sitting on their own baggage or on the floor. And my uncle, who manages to sleep only through the first hours of darkness, endures periods of paralysis during these long nights in which, while no one talks, he must sit with his little body and his little head quite erect. His face covered to the eyes by his striped scarf, he observes the others opposite and beside him with eyes that, no longer sparrow-like, have become a Bedouin's eyes, sharp, narrow like those of an old Arab nomad, the nomadic American Indians, the Mongols of the steppes, or the muleteers of my home town.

The silence hasn't lasted long — it must have been only fifteen minutes — and the train has stopped. A man who has been sleeping across from my uncle wakes up.

The train begins to move again. The man's arms are crossed on his chest. My uncle is still looking at him as he did while he was asleep. But when the man looks at my uncle in turn, Uncle lowers his scarf: "Marinese," he says to him.

The man raises himself a little, while my uncle stretches out his right hand.

ELIO VITTORINI was born in 1908 in Syracuse, Sicily, and now lives in Milan. At one time he edited the magazine *Politecnico*, but in 1947 he made, and in 1950 publicly announced his complete break with Communism. Of his novels, *In Sicily*, *The Twilight of the Elephant*, and *The Red Carnation*, have been published here. This story is from his *Women of Messina*.

"Marinese?" asks the man.

And my uncle: "That's my name."

"Ah," the man exclaims.

He brings his large bovine face forward, and his eyes and cheeks are shadowed by the hat brim he pulled down when he went to sleep. He yawns. Did he say "Ah," or did he just yawn? He uncrosses his arms and, as he lowers his stubby hands to his knees, my uncle catches one of them in his.

"Ah," says the man, "pleased to meet you."

He hastens to scratch an ear.

"We hadn't introduced ourselves," my uncle says to him.

And the man: "That's true."

"It was already night when you got on," my uncle says.

"And I had to stand up quite a while," the man answers.

"An hour," my uncle tells him. "The gentleman whose place you took got off at . . ." He asks, "What's the name of that place?"

"I don't know," the man answers. But he adds, "I was lucky that man got off."

"Somebody always gets off at one station or another," my uncle tells him. "Even at two in the morning. Even at three."

2

AT THIS point he pulls his scarf back up above his mouth and meditates for a little. At two in the morning! At three in the morning! They get off at a little station whose name the conductor doesn't even call out, and then good-by! The train goes on while they stay behind. Strange travelers! What will they do in a little country station at two in the morning? But there are even people who get on at that hour! My uncle looks at the man facing him, studying the shadow his bovine face casts on his chest.

"Isn't it strange?" my uncle says to him, for *he* always takes the train where it's made up and gets off only at the end of the line.

"Ah," the man replies.

This is what my uncle wants, to be able to talk while he can't sleep, just to have someone awake with him who will at least say "Ah" now and then when he says something.

"Oh, is that so?" the man says, as my uncle tells him of the days and nights his trips last and tells him too how each of his destinations is always, sooner or later, the place from which he must again depart.

"Do you know why?" he asks.

Since the man with the bovine face doesn't pick up the question, he himself does. "Why?" It is extremely important that the question be asked because the answer is the long story my uncle has been telling about himself ever since he made his first trip. He loves to tell this story, he

wants to tell it. And if each new person he meets on the trains does not ask him the question, my uncle asks it of himself.

"I'll tell you why," Uncle says.

"I suppose it must be on some kind of business," Cow Face says.

My old uncle hesitates a few seconds as if it really were, in some sense, on business. Then, tilting his head to one side, he says, "Not exactly."

"Ah, no?" the man says.

And my uncle: "No, sir. I have nephews and grandnephews and my working years are past. I live on a pension."

"Lots of people go into some kind of business after they've been pensioned," observes Cow Face.

"I, instead, had to get away from work altogether," my uncle says. "I had the kind of job that tires a man. I was a railway road worker. I had forty years of shoveling on my back, and was I happy to be given a chance to rest!"

"But if you travel, you can't be resting. You must hope to get something out of it."

At this, my uncle stops holding his scarf. It's down under his chin now, and his little old face is snuggled into it from his sharp jaws around to his ears. He meditates without covering his mouth. He smiles.

"Maybe I'll get something out of it in the end. But it's business of another kind," he says. "I had only nephews and nieces, all children of my sister's, and everyone called me Uncle. But what's an uncle? No man in the world can be satisfied to be just an uncle. You see a beautiful girl and you're nothing to her, you're only her uncle. You can be sure she doesn't care a fig for you. On the contrary, she likes to make fun of you; whereas she fears and respects her father and pays him all kinds of attention. So I thought sadly about my old age, when I would be just an uncle."

"Lots of uncles are respected," the other man says. He speaks this way, always a little vaguely, as if he were hoping to drop out of the conversation as soon as my uncle left him in peace. "While," he adds, "many fathers are not!"

"Yes," says my uncle.

He's well able to agree with anyone who has judgments to make about life. Any philosophy can be his, too. But he goes on at once: "Finally, after ten years, my wife died. She'd been barren, but I thought perhaps I still had time to remedy the situation. I was forty, but I remarried, and three years later my daughter was born and began to grow."

Cow Face yawns. His broad jaws gape open, and he tries to cover the sound of the yawn with words. "It's better to have children when you're younger."

"That's right," says my uncle.

Hadn't he thought just this all his life? But he was happy at forty-five to have a child who was going to grow into a beautiful girl and he no longer

An Italian enterprise of European importance.

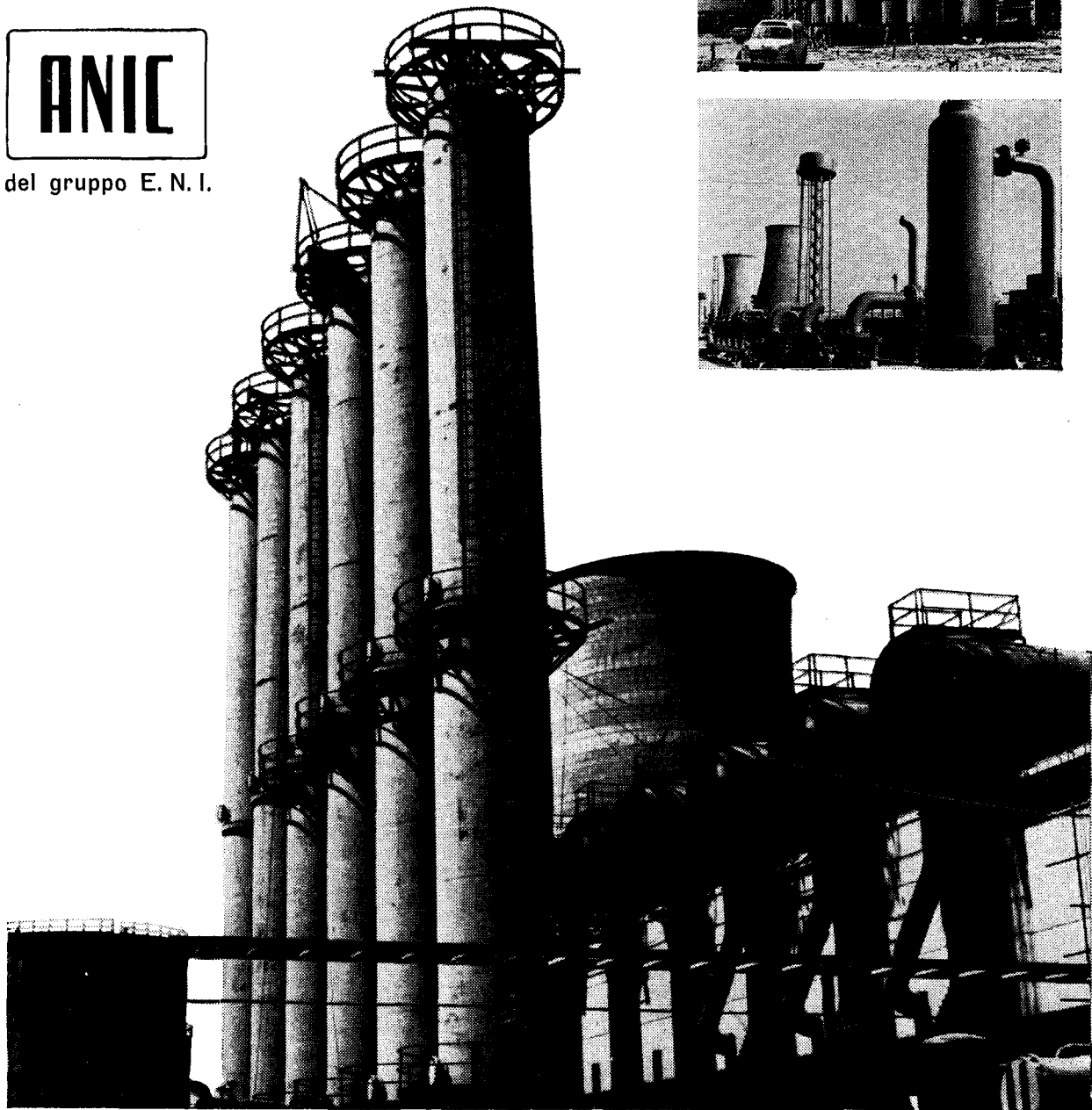
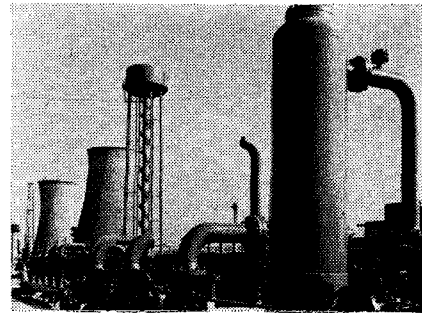
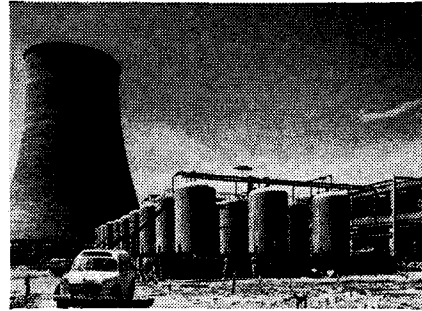
The largest plant in Europe for the production of synthetic rubber and nitrogenous fertilizers has gone into production at Ravenna.

This plant, built by Anic, produces 60,000 tons of synthetic rubber and 750,000 tons of nitrogenous fertilizers per year using natural gas as feed-stock.

On this page are some views of the new plants.



del gruppo E. N. I.



thought sadly of his approaching old age. I can swear to this; I used to see him in our home town where I lived until I was drafted. And I knew him as a sprightly man, always joking and whistling, always good company. And when his second wife died, it seemed as if his life's dream had been to live alone at sixty-five with his young daughter.

"Men are egotists," observes Cow Face.

My uncle doesn't go on right away. Egotist? It's not a word with much meaning for him. He looks attentively at the man who said it. He might be inclined to agree with him.

"Sure, we are," he says. "I was like a bridegroom with my daughter, and, as I'd always imagined, it was a happy old age. I had my supper prepared by my daughter. I had my white collars ironed by my daughter."

Cow Face begins to get interested.

"You see?" he exclaims. "Men are so egotistical that you probably wouldn't have liked it if she'd gotten married."

He lowers his voice toward the end of his sentence. He still hasn't made up his mind to stay awake the whole trip. But my uncle's answer rouses him.

"Never," my uncle answers. "I would never have permitted it."

"You see?" the man exclaims. He is roused by this answer and irritated at being roused. He clenches his hands on his knees. "By God!" He beats his fists on his broad knees. "At least you're honest!"

"Always have been," my uncle answers him.

Now he is speaking pensively; his striped scarf has slipped up again and covers his mouth, but he goes on talking without pulling it down, in a voice smothered by the wool and still gentle as, in his absorption, he himself is gentle.

"Why should she have left me?" he says. "She was so young. She was twenty-two in 1943. She could have waited until I was dead before making a new home."

He talks without looking at the man; now it's another passenger, the big foreman who is looking at my uncle.

"Certainly, I don't deny," the foreman observes, "that every man would enjoy having a daughter at his side until the end. . . ."

"Who can deny it," my uncle says to him.

"But today young people have their own ideas, too," the foreman continues, "and the first thing many men look for in a wife is a girl who has an independent attitude toward her parents."

"I don't know," says my uncle, "but in any case my daughter was quite independent with me. . . ."

Here Cow Face interrupts him. "You mean to say she's dead?" he asks point-blank.

"Oh, no," my uncle answers.

"You spoke of her as if she were no more."

"Yes," says my uncle, "for now she isn't with me any more."

Cow Face doesn't let this go with only such a simple explanation.

"Yes," he mutters. "It was bound to happen." And he looks at my poor uncle, studies him, is at last curious about this little person.

"Disappeared," says my uncle. He doesn't look at his questioner now, but he himself knows that he is being looked at, that he is an object of curiosity; he is embarrassed, he lowers his eyes. Yet he wants it this way. He could easily have avoided telling anyone his business.

Or does he talk about it to see what he can find out? He certainly can't ask after his daughter if he doesn't tell the story first.

"Are you looking for her now?" Cow Face asks, genuinely interested. "And you're a railroad pensioner?"

He looks my uncle up and down, studies him in detail. There is a look of satisfied amazement in his no-longer-sleepy eyes.

"I think you're the man I've heard about," he says. "Haven't you been traveling back and forth since '43 looking for your daughter? Haven't you been to Milan fifteen times this year?"

3

Now the young man who is standing against the middle window, bracing himself by holding onto the wooden railing above my uncle's head, lifts his face which had been buried in his arms. His eyes, dark with weariness, can be seen searching about desperately in the feeble light. He sees the big man in front of my uncle and mutters; he sees my uncle and mutters. Then he buries his face in his arms again, dragging on the railing, while his body, limp with fatigue, twists against the rack into a new and therefore somehow comfortable position.

"What's the matter with him?" the man asks. He is at ease now, awake and delighted to be awake, a lively traveler.

"Him?" answers my uncle. "He's been sleeping on his feet since before you got on. If he hadn't been asleep, he could have taken the place where you're now sitting."

Cow Face laughs heartily, though his laughter sounds choked.

So that's how it is. A bond of confidence is sealed between him and my uncle. And with his short hands, he squeezes my uncle's knee through his baggy trousers. "So?" he says.

But my uncle needs no encouragement to go on talking. He's ready to repeat what he's been repeating ever since the first trips he made in November and December of 1943 between Syracuse and Messina, Syracuse and Palermo, Syracuse and Salerno, Syracuse and Bari, Syracuse and Naples.

"Do you think she was kidnaped?"

"I've never considered such a thing. Why should anyone have kidnaped her?"

"I imagine she was a beautiful girl."

"She certainly was. Rather on the order of my sisters, who don't look at all like me. They're tall and full-blown. They took after our father. I'm like our mother, who was a bit like an old broomstick, and a little like the bristles, too!"

"Tall and full-blown! That's saying quite a bit. At twenty-two she could easily have caught the eye of some passing soldiers. You had the Moroccans in these parts. You had the Poles, too."

"Not in our part of the country. We only had the Americans. And in any event, my daughter wasn't the type to give people ideas like that."

"Oh, well, for soldiers it's enough to watch a girl walking from behind! If she's well upholstered, they get ideas, all right. Didn't she have something . . . underneath?"

"She had more than that to attract their attention — her eyes, for instance. And whoever looked into them — good-by! Even if he'd had the kind of ideas you're talking about, he would have forgotten them."

"That doesn't mean . . ."

"Yes, it does. You know something? Any man would have wanted her as I had her: as a daughter, or else as a wife or mother, whatever you like, but not in order to make a stupid wreck of her in some gang. For that matter, my daughter had fingernails and knew how to use them. No one in the world would have been able to touch her if she hadn't wanted him to."

"So you think," asks Cow Face, "that she wanted to?" He sounds a little afraid but he asks the question just the same.

"What?" my uncle exclaims.

The young man holding onto the baggage rack moves slightly again. And another sleeper stirs; a woman moves.

But the face of the standing youth is different from the one he had revealed before; it is no longer dark with a tortured need for sleep, only troubled, as if he hadn't been able to close his eyes since he last stirred. Nor is his body soft any longer like that of a man tied to a knot of weariness. It is soft in a more self-aware way. And looking down, he murmurs with great coherence. It's a sting coming from the obscurity of his mouth, while he leans against the rack, thrusting his head back and grasping the other railing, too.

"To disappear," answers Cow Face.

"Oh, of course," my uncle says. "She wasn't the kind to disappear unless she wanted to."

"So you put all the blame on your daughter?"

"I blame her for having wanted to leave me."

"And you don't blame her for all the rest?"

"What all-the-rest?"

"Why, everything a girl's likely to do when she runs away from home."

"What could she have done? Go first to one place, then to another. . . ."

"Surely, you don't think she travels alone. . . . She must certainly go *with* someone."

"It doesn't matter whether she goes about alone or with other people. I think she left with a truckload of them."

"Soldiers?"

"Soldiers."

"Then she must be with a soldier. She must go around from place to place with him. Maybe even one place with one of them and another place with another. That's how these things go."

"Sure thing, she'll go now first with one, then with another. If she doesn't like the place she happens to be, she's the kind of girl to find somebody right away who'll take her somewhere else."

"Then you know the kind of life she must be leading. . . ."

"I know, I know. Not a suitable life for a girl of twenty-two."

"Twenty-five by now. She might easily get sick."

"She was healthy and strong. But I don't deny that she might have taken sick."

"Of course. It goes without saying!" Cow Face shakes his head in commiseration. His face is quite dark by now, shaded by the overhang of hat and nose, broad lips, and chin. "You're looking for her all up and down the whole country! And you want to find her! What would you do with her if you did find her? What if you found her in a hospital? What would you do with her then? Would you take her home, even if she were rotten with some disease?"

My uncle, though small and thin, is not a nervous man. He never gestures when he speaks; whatever he says, he remains quite still.

"Of course," he says. "Why shouldn't I take her home if she were sick?"

Cow Face looks at him attentively. "You're the first man I've met who'd be willing to take back a daughter with a shameful disease."

My uncle asks: "What shameful disease?"

"Those . . .," answers Cow Face. "What would you like to call them? There are those diseases, after all, which tell the shame of every girl who goes to bed with men."

"But my daughter," says my uncle slowly, "doesn't go to bed with men."

"Ah, no?" says Cow Face. "Extraordinary!" And he looks at my uncle intently. "She runs away from home after men; she goes around the country with men, yet she doesn't go to bed with men!"

"Why should she?"

"But did she run away or didn't she?"

"She wanted to do that!"

"Isn't she running around with one after another?"

"She might like that, too. She'd be seeing the world."

"Then she must go to bed with men."

"You shouldn't talk like that," my uncle says

mildly. "Do you know her? No, you don't. She wasn't the kind who'd want to do that. And she's never done what she doesn't want to do."

"But," says Cow Face, "excuse me if I insist. One can learn to want something, too."

"No," says my uncle. "My daughter was against that. She didn't know anything about it, and she didn't want to."

"You must admit," says Cow Face, "that the men she found herself going around the country with knew about it and wanted to continue to know more about it."

"I admit that."

"But this means they must have wanted to with her, too."

"What could they have done with someone like her? They couldn't help seeing that she was an innocent baby, and then they would certainly have changed their ideas about her. And they would have lost their taste for it, too." My uncle, at this point, has the look of one who considers himself profoundly wise. "Things of that sort are pleasant to

do only with people who like to do them." And he draws his striped scarf that makes him look like a Bedouin up close under his eyes which have suddenly gone hard.

But the big foreman can't agree with him. He pays no more attention to him.

The foreman looks up at the young man. He hears him mutter again and sees that now he has thrust his hands into his pockets inside his bundled-up person. And he sees that the others have awakened in that dismayed silence of those who wake on trains. He sees the woman wake up too, the one who had turned in her sleep. As he observes them in turn, he says: "Extraordinary! This little man has a daughter twenty-five years old who spends a little time here, a little there, in the company of men, yet he pretends to believe she doesn't go to bed with them. . . ."

"Who?" shrieks the woman. But then she thinks it over, "Oh, yes, of course," she says. "Uncle Agrippa!"

Translated by Frances Keene

INSOMNIA

by Salvatore Quasimodo

(Necropolis of Pantalica)

A gay gust of winged things
offending the green light:
the sea in the leaves.

I'm out of tune. And all that joy breeds in me
time tears apart: of this the tree voices
keep hardly an echo.

Love for me a lost
memory, not human:
upon the dead the sky stigmata glitter
and deep in the river, starshapes fall:
the hour softens with rain
a song stirs, this everlasting night.

Years and years in an open
cell of my earth I sleep,
shoulders of kelp against gray waters:

in the still air meteors roar.

Translated by Sonia Raiziss and Alfredo De Palchi

THE NEW PAINTING AND SCULPTURE

The Emergence of Abstraction

by LIONELLO VENTURI

1

THE three generations of artists working in Italy today can roughly be distinguished as those of more than sixty years old, those between sixty and forty, and those under forty. The oldest group came to maturity between the two World Wars and is largely interested in problems which are those of yesterday, though the younger men can still learn from them. The middle generation has been working since about 1930, but its value has become evident only since the liberation in 1945; this group is producing the artistic themes of today. Our youngest painters naturally think that their elders have had their day and they follow their own instincts in various new directions. The whole picture is one of tremendous ferment which sometimes, if not always, produces results which are remarkable and of international importance.

Filippo De Pisis, who died two years ago, is widely recognized as one of the outstanding figures in Italian painting of this century. He has left us many delightful paintings and, in them, an important warning: he tells us that we must catch the fleeting moment in nature, "the joy as it flies" of Blake, without too much concern for the essence of things, and without philosophical prejudice. Though De Pisis was a very well-read man, when he painted he was spontaneous and free from the shackles of any theory. An admirer of Manet, yet sensitive to surrealism, he created a unique style.

LIONELLO VENTURI, born at Modena in 1885, is Professor of Art History at the University of Rome. Unwilling to tolerate Fascism, he spent the years 1932-44 in the United States. In addition to his monumental Italian Painting, Dr. Venturi's *Piero della Francesca*, *Impressionists and Symbolists*, *Modern Painting*, *Chagall*, *Picasso in Russia* and *Four Steps toward Modern Art* are published here.

The dean of living Italian painters is Pio Semeghini (born in 1878), who even before the First World War was an acknowledged master. At that time it was an adventure to follow the French in adopting an impressionism modified by symbolistic refinements; it was a lyrical way of interpreting nature and giving an adequate form to the delicacies of one's own feeling. Semeghini's *Chiesa della Salute* (Plate 1) is typical of the pictorial ideals of his youth, to which he has remained faithful.

Felice Casorati (born in 1886) has not shared the general Italian interest in French art. At first he associated himself with the Viennese Secession, and later with the less extreme forms of German expressionism. In his way he has been an innovator, or rather a renovator, through his sense of the constructive exigencies of composition (Plate 13).

Massimo Campigli (born in 1895) has achieved a personal style inspired by the Christian painting in the catacombs, enhanced by a fine decorative taste and a certain light and cultured irony (Plate 3). Working in lithography with the great printer-designer Giovanni Mardersteig of Verona, he has also made an impressive contribution in the field of book illustration.

Historically, the most important event of this century in the artistic life of Italy was the coming, in 1909, of futurism, which carried our then somewhat backward art to the forefront of the international *avant-garde*. Futurism infused the disintegration of cubism with a dynamism that made room for a more intense expression of abstract forms. Its influence was world-wide, but was at its strongest in Germany when expressionism became abstract. Unfortunately, futurism was directed toward political ends, and so it did not last long as a valuable artistic movement.

Two of the original creators of futurism, Carlo Carrà (born in 1881) and Gino Severini (born in 1883) are still active. Their careers have been very different. Carrà had already abandoned futurism in 1916, when he became interested in De Chirico's ideas on metaphysical painting, which he sought to relate to the tradition of the Italian primitives, Giotto, Paolo Uccello, and Piero della Francesca. It was a short step from metaphysical painting to a return to nature — to a purified and contemplative realism with affinities to primitivism (Plate 2). Carrà re-established himself in the old tradition and became almost a symbol of what was called the *Novecento* style. Though it claimed to be "twentieth century," this style was actually a sort of superficial and rhetorical classicism; it won great favor with the Fascist regime. Since then, however, Carrà has moved on to other styles; his work is always well thought out in terms of his ideal of plastic form. His limitation has perhaps been his constant preoccupation with theory.

Gino Severini is a Tuscan spirit, full of humor, always looking for new adventures, clever at foreseeing and assessing new things. He too was a futurist from the earliest days of the movement, but he went to France, absorbed French culture and became an apostle of cubism. His style became a coalescence of futurism and cubism, the product of fine taste and a cheerful and brilliant mind. When, all over the world, the extreme revolutionary outposts of art were abandoned, Severini came to rely more on mathematics than on nature. I think that this temporarily lessened his quality as a painter, but, happily, since the War, he has returned to his earlier style.

Perhaps the only Italian painter to have made great art out of the return to nature of the 'twenties was Giorgio Morandi (born in 1890). His genius has been recognized both at home and abroad. The sources of Morandi's artistic quality are his attention to form and color, and his feeling for the cherished and humble things which bespeak the ambience of his own life. Concentrating on the essence of form and color, he emphasizes the subject as little as possible, frequently reducing it to his well-known arrangements of bottles (Plate 12). Even when Morandi paints a landscape he does not look for remarkable features; if he were to abandon the representational altogether, his painting would still be much as it is. But the artist does not suppress the homely things which he loves, and that very love infuses the forms with an indefinable quality of purity, of sensitivity, and of a miraculous vision. Morandi leaves his home in Bologna only to visit exhibitions in Rome and Venice, but he has shared in the trends of international taste by instinct.

Quite different is the background of Alberto Magnelli (born in 1888) who was in Paris in 1914-15, associating with the futurists, the cubists, and the poets Guillaume Apollinaire and Max Jacob.

Being naturally bold and resolute, he pushed himself at once to the very limits of abstract art. Then, seeing reaction triumphant everywhere, he went into seclusion in his own country until 1931, when he returned to Paris. There he has developed in a most original way, producing dynamic abstractions (Plate 30) which have led the counter-movement of those Italian modernists who wished to combat the excessive rhetoric of the *Novecento* style.

2

INDEED, with the fall of Fascism in 1945, almost all the painters of talent among the middle generation sought new freedom in abstract art. It was a spontaneous movement. The leaders of Fascist culture had supported the *Novecento* style because it was "in the Italian tradition." As in Germany, the work of the advanced painters of Paris had been officially ridiculed. But the "healthy realism" which the Fascists approved was, in reality, academic and lifeless. Thus the moment the barriers were lowered our most gifted artists rushed to rejoin the international art community. Abstraction was, at it were, the bridge over which Italian painters returned from exile. Every school of non-representational painting was probed and elaborated. In a matter of months, the climate of art in Italy was radically altered.

Needless to say, the public could not change its taste so quickly. There was a violent resistance to this sudden shift by conservatives who refused to abandon conventional standards of judgment based on long familiarity with traditional art. Many of the new painters won recognition abroad before they were accepted at home. Only gradually have they aroused the interest of our more adventurous Italian collectors.

It is perhaps well to reflect that abstract art began as a concentration on style at the expense of exact reproduction. The degrees between representational art and abstract art are infinite, and those who imagine that there is a clear-cut, black-and-white distinction between the two are wrong. It has consequently happened that certain painters have come to abstraction almost without realizing it, simply because they gave free rein to a very strong personal style. This was the case with such transitional figures among our middle-generation painters as Fausto Pirandello, Mario Mafai, and Enrico Paulucci.

Among the leading painters of the middle generation who have confidently turned to abstraction, one of the best known in the United States is Afro Basaldella (born in 1912), who signs his canvases with his first name, Afro. He paints his dreams as if they were memories, enhancing them with such perfect, profound harmony of color, technically so elaborated, and with so much Italian delicacy and elegance, that they cannot fail to charm anyone

who is not completely prejudiced against non-objective art (Plate 14). Afro is teaching at Mills College in California.

Often linked with Afro is Giuseppe Santomaso (born in 1907) who loves his native Venice, and expresses the calm of the city through the magic of its characteristic colors (Plate 15). Looking at his pictures makes one really feel one is living in Venice, even though Santomaso deals more in evocations of mood than in identifiable scenes.

If an artist has a distinct personality, it will assert itself in abstract painting immediately and accurately. Renato Birolli (born in 1906) is seen to be a brave man, an optimist who knows how to overcome anguish, and his pictures are explosions of energy, furnaces of passion, triumphant without being rhetorical (Plate 17). Leonardo Ricci (born in 1918), who has come to the forefront after long years of work, endows his painting with moral strength and a tension that is vitality itself. (Plate 28)

Corrado Cagli (born in 1910) alternates between complete abstraction (Plate 16) and realistic illustration, while Renato Guttuso (born in 1912), a militant leftist, insists on the value of style in the representation of reality and seems, in his recent work, less interested than he once was in expressing political theses (Plate 31).

The painters I have mentioned all have securely established reputations. Looking to those under forty, who are only now achieving recognition, one must be guided more by personal taste. To me, Emilio Vedova (born in 1919) and Mattia Moreni (born in 1920) seem especially gifted. Vedova (Plate 29) was a child prodigy who saved himself from the usual consequences only by discipline and passion. For a long time he painted in black on white, without color of any kind, as if to force the violence of his expression into sackcloth. His style is dramatic and of cosmic proportions, as if he were attempting to plead for all mankind. Recently he has been using a few colors and with them has achieved better spatial effects. Moreni is more limited but also more purely an artist; when he gives rein to his imagination he achieves a happy result.

In so brief an article it has been possible to discuss only a few out of the many Italian painters who are doing distinguished work. And for some of the most interesting, it has not been possible to show examples because their colors and forms are too complex for satisfactory reproduction on high-speed presses. Beyond this, it should be noted that there are still hundreds of painters in Italy who are working in the traditional styles of conventional representation. They are popular with a far larger public than has yet accorded its favor to "modern" art. But, as in music and, to a lesser degree, in literature, it is the smaller but more gifted group of experimenters and innovators which has again focused the attention of international critics and collectors on Italy.

In the field of sculpture, we find that futurism has also left its mark. No less than with painting, this movement was the catalyst for a decisive break with the traditions of the past. Among the futurists, Umberto Boccioni (1882-1916) was the first in Italy to experiment with the dissection of the plastic planes — a pioneer step toward complete abstraction.

Influential precursors of other schools were the painter Modigliani (1884-1920), whose work in sculpture has only recently come to be appreciated; the impressionist Medardo Rosso (1858-1928); and the gifted Arturo Martini (1889-1947), who worked

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GALLERIA DEL CAVALLINO

San Marco, 1820

in many different styles from primitivism to the baroque, from futurism to the classicism of Munich.

Among living Italian sculptors of the older generation, two have achieved world-wide recognition: Giacomo Manzù (born in 1908) and Marino Marini (born in 1901). Manzù at first drew his inspiration from the impressionistic treatment of surface typical of Rosso, but he later went on to develop certain plastic syntheses of striking and powerful originality. The bronze head of a girl (Plate 25) is characteristic of the brilliant work of Manzù's maturity.

Marino Marini has been influenced by Martini and many others before him from Romanesque sculpture to that of the Tang dynasty in China. But all these sources have been blended into an unmistakably personal style. Although his work is always figurative, an innate feeling for essential abstraction conditions everything Marini does. His Tuscan spirit gives his work structural certainty and dramatic force. Apart from numerous portraits, Marini's themes are few indeed: the nude, and the oft-repeated horse and rider (Plate 27). His pieces may be called *Pomona* or *Venus, Nude* or *Youth*, but their differences are incidental; all are alike in the fullness and solidity of the bodies and the gentle way in which the forms emerge from the plaster or bronze.

Among the sculptors who use the abstract to transform the real and the real to vitalize the abstract, I might cite Alberto Viani and Carlo Sergio Signori (both born in 1906), Aldo Calò (born in 1910) and Pericle Fazzini (born in 1913). Viani is noted for his abstract marbles of the feminine nude which he imbues with a mysterious life that reverberates on the surface as a spell of beauty (Plate 20). Signori is more rigorous in his work and at the same time freer than Viani. He has the temperament of a workman and a poet, smoothing his marble like a craftsman, cherishing it like a poet. Calò has abandoned realism to develop a balance of full and empty spaces which he learned from Henry Moore.

Among many of the most talented younger sculptors there is a distinct preference for working in metal. The most famous of these metal workers is Mirko [Basaldella] (born in 1910), the brother of the painter Afro. Mirko designed the huge gate at the Ardeatine Caves Monument outside Rome which symbolizes the martyrdom of the innocent. Like Marini, he admires Chinese sculpture and has romanticized his dreams of the East in all their delicacy and cruelty. His best work, however, is completely abstract, and the reality of the imagination here replaces natural reality (Plate 24). For two years now Mirko has been teaching at Harvard.

Nino Franchina (born in 1912) endows metal with a truly aristocratic elegance expressed with natural ease of manner (Plate 22). Umberto Mastroianni (born in 1910) at one time used to give his dramatic figures heavy, monumental bodies (Plate

26), but recently he has been more concerned with linear values. Franco Garelli (born in 1909), a physician with a thorough knowledge of the pathology and decomposition of the human body, exploits certain native affinities for surrealism (Plate 23). The Sicilian Pietro Consagra (born in 1920) was one of the earliest champions of total abstraction. He creates ideal forms which move like the heroic legions of old toward the conquest of the absolute (Plate 21). There is something rational, aware, monumental, even classical in Consagra's work, which seems to have a great future.

What, we may ask, is the social and economic "climate" in which these gifted painters and sculptors are working? I am afraid that many parents still resist the idea that a child should choose art as a career — unless, of course, it is commercial art in such fields as advertising, decorating, illustration, or film work. The purely creative artist still has to face economic difficulties which, one may say, are proportionate to his distance from tradition and conformism.

The average Italian shows little understanding of modern art. The work of our best contemporary artists is more in demand in the United States, in some Latin American countries, in Holland and in Scandinavia, than in Italy. Fortunately for the artists, foreign dealers have pushed prices for the best Italian work to a high level.

The Italian Government does buy some modern art for museums, but the funds available are very limited. The State also tries to encourage artists with prizes and through national and international art shows. The most important of these are the Biennale of Venice, the Triennale of Milan (specializing in architecture and applied arts), and the Quadriennale in Rome.

Works to be exhibited in these shows are usually selected by a jury composed of critics. The consequence is that these exhibitions, more often than not, reflect the ideological or political orientation of official criticism rather than the living trends of contemporary Italian art. On the other hand, the Biennale and the Triennale are run by international commissions, a system which is far more satisfying to the *avant-garde* artists.

We have as well a number of privately sponsored shows with prizes attached to them. Among these are the Marzotto prize and the Fila prize, which are awarded to artists and writers in alternate years. These prizes are often quite substantial, and they exert strong stimulus in Italian artistic life — even if they fail to stimulate the local collectors' market. Most important of these prizes are those established by the Feltrinelli Foundation which are awarded annually by the Academy of the Lincei to Italian and foreign artists. This year they were won by the French painter Braque and the sculptor Mirko.

Translated by Patrick Brasier-Creagh



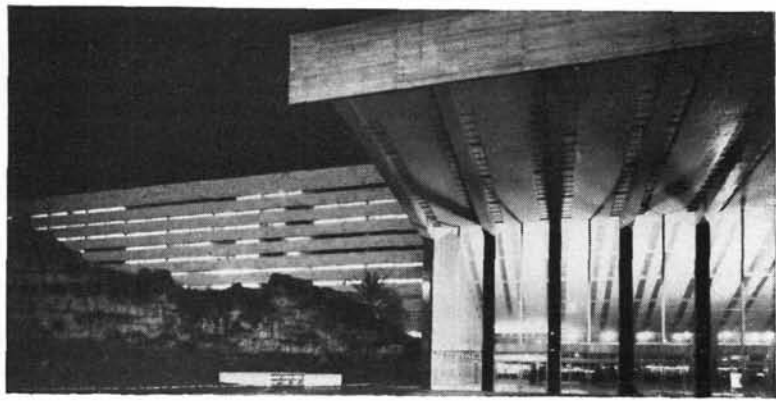
1. PIO SEMEGHINI: *Chiesa della Salute, Venice* (1920)
Private Collection, Florence



2. CARLO CARRÀ: *Landscape* (1920)
Collection Enrico Vallecchi, Florence



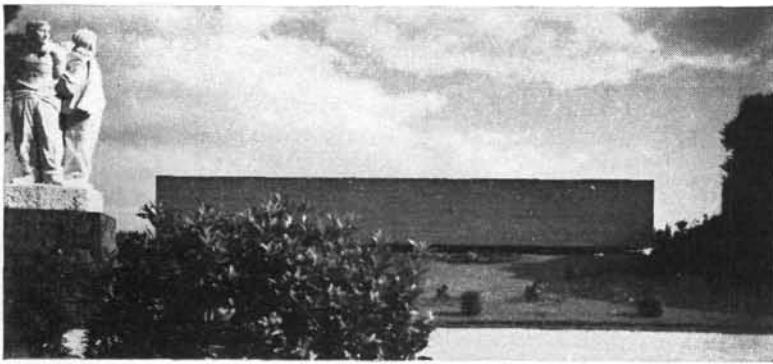
3. MASSIMO CAMPIGLI: *Gran Caffè* (1954)
Galleria dell'Obelisco, Rome



4. Railroad Station, Rome
Montuori and Vitellozzi, architects



5. Boys' Town, Trieste
Marcello D'Olivio, architect



6. Monument at the Ardeatine Caves, Rome
Aprile, Calcaprina, Fiorentino, Gardelli, and Perugini, architects



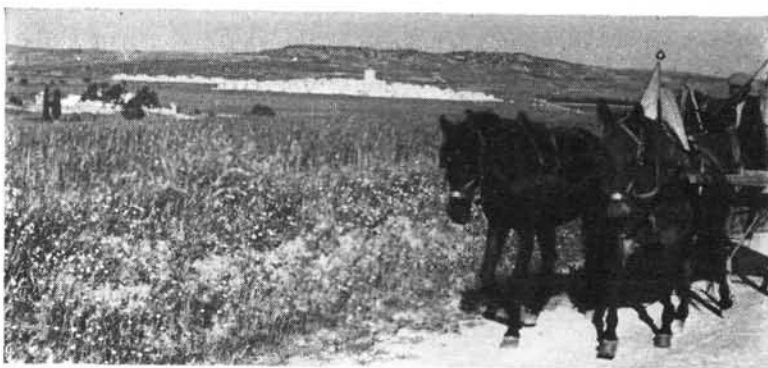
7. Palazzetto dello Sport, Rome
Nervi and Vitellozzi, architects



8. Church at Collina, near Pistoia
Giovanni Michelucci, architect



9. Olivetti Factory, Pozzuoli
Luigi Cosenza, architect



10. Village of La Martella, near Matera
Gorio, Valori, and Quaroni, architects



11. La Falchera Housing Project, Turin
Astengo, Renacco, and Rizzotti, architects



12. GIORGIO MORANDI: *Still Life* (1932)
Galleria Nazionale di Arte Moderna, Rome



13. FELICE CASORATI:
Still Life in Landscape (1956)
Galleria La Bussola, Rome

14. AFRO [BASALDELLA]: *Burned Shadow* (1956)
Galleria Nazionale di Arte Moderna, Rome





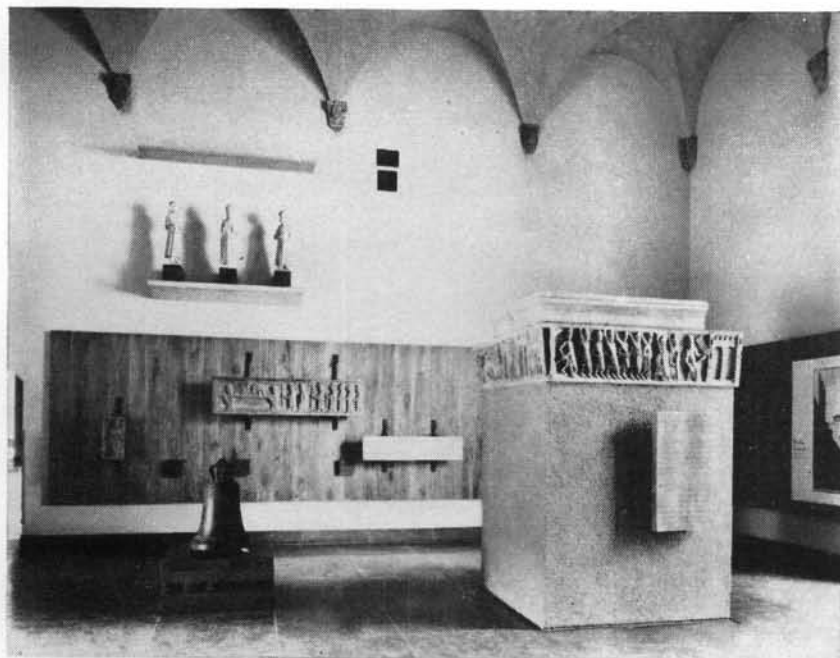
15. GIUSEPPE SANTOMASO: *Ship's Course* (1958)
Galleria La Bussola, Rome



16. CORRADO CAGLI: *Composition* (1957)
Rome-New York Art Foundation, Rome



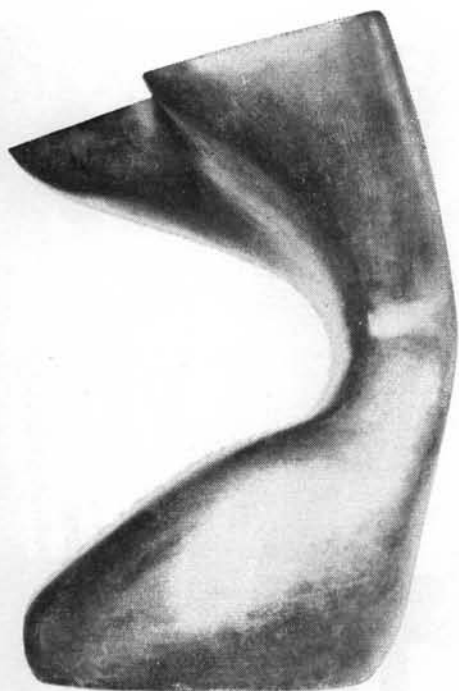
17. RENATO BIROLLI: *Peasant in the Vineyard* (1952)
Galleria Nazionale di Arte Moderna, Rome



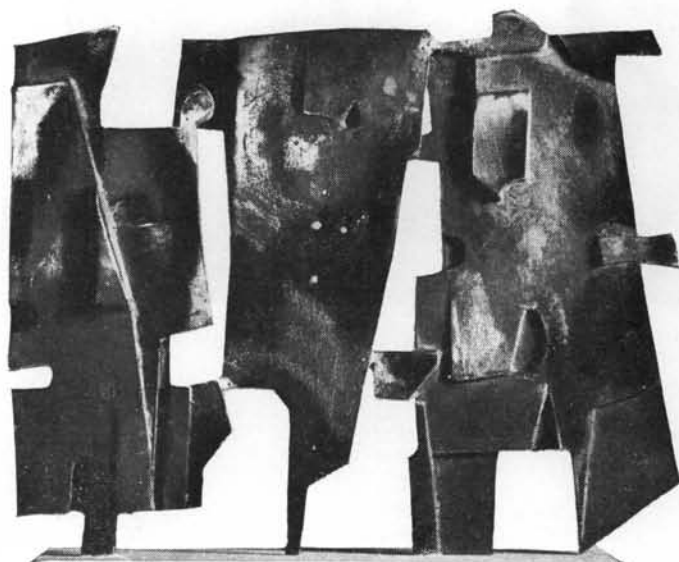
18. Museum of the Sforza Castello, Milan
Banfi, Belgioioso, Peressutti, and Rogers, architects



19. Cathedral Treasure Museum, Genoa
Franco Albini, architect



20. ALBERTO VIANI: *Caryatid* (1952) Bronze
Collection Egone Fischl, Milan



21. PIETRO CONSAGRA: *Decisive Colloquy* (1957) Bronze
Collection of the artist, Rome



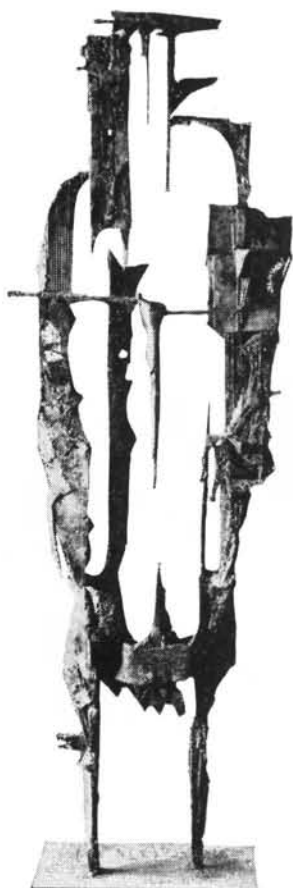
25. GIACOMO MANZÙ: *Inge* (1956)
Bronze
Collection of the artist, Milan



26. UMBERTO MASTROIANNI:
Portrait (1957) Bronze
Collection of the artist, Turin



22. NINO FRANCHINA: *Decorativa* (1955) Iron
Collection of the artist, Rome



23. FRANCO GARELLI: *Iron Figure* (1957)
Galleria La Bussola, Rome



24. MIRKO [BASALDELLA]: *Personage from the Orient* (1957)
Cement and laminated brass
Collection of the artist, Rome



27. MARINO MARINI: *Horseman* (1951) Painted plaster
Collection G. David Thompson, Pittsburgh



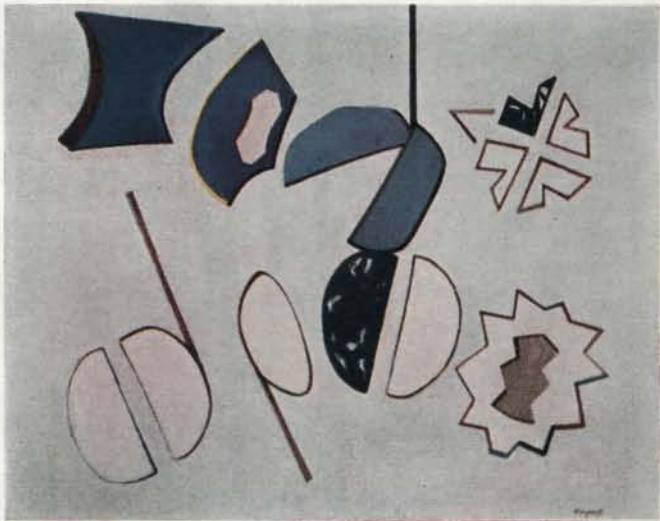
28. LEONARDO RICCI: *As Though Waiting* (1958)
Collection of the artist, Florence



29. EMILIO VEDOVA: *Image of Time, No. 1* (1958)
Rome-New York Art Foundation, Rome



31. RENATO GUTTUSO: *Bathers* (1954)
Collection of the artist, Rome



30. ALBERTO MAGNELLI: *Composition* (1942)
Collection Mme. Chenu, Florence

ITALIAN ARCHITECTURE TODAY

Variations on The Modern Style

by BRUNO ZEVI

1

AFTER the liberation, at the end of the War, Italian architects set for themselves two major goals: to catch up with modern architecture in the rest of the world and to rediscover the Italian tradition pre-dating Fascism. They had to make up for lost time by assimilating — not passively, but critically — all that had been achieved in other countries during the years in which Italian architecture had been forced into barren isolation. Yet, at the same time, they wished to relate their new directions to the best, both recent and antique, which had lain concealed behind the megalomania of the Vittorio Emanuele Monument in Rome and the rhetorics of the Fascist style of building.

This operation had to be cultural and moral, as well as intellectual and artistic. Fortunately, there was some base on which to build. Throughout the Fascist period a small minority of architects had managed to resist the dictates of the regime even when it was most oppressive. The railroad station at Florence, the town of Sabaudia, the work of Giuseppe Terragni at Como, and the writings of Eduardo Persico and Giuseppe Pagano, were a positive beginning, from which the new generation of architects could move forward.

At the close of the War, much of Italy was a heap of rubble, the machinery of the State had broken down, and disorder, hunger and the weight of occupation by the liberating armies were crushing the country; yet the people showed an incredible

vitality. They found ways to improvise, and, poor as they were, kept up their spirits; for they had fixed their eyes on the hope of a new life.

It was in this atmosphere that the first important postwar architectural competition was launched: the design for a monument at the Ardeatine Caves in Rome. The subject was a dramatic one. During the German occupation, a young anti-Fascist had thrown a bomb at a party of Nazi soldiers, killing thirty of them. In retaliation, the German authorities decreed the execution of ten Italians for every dead German. Within a few hours they collected over three hundred men from the prisons, out of their houses, even off the city streets, and took them out along the Via Ardeatina to some old natural caves. There they tied them up in groups of ten and machine-gunned them. Then, to hide the bodies, they blew up the caves. This massacre became the symbol both of the martyrdom and of the liberation of Italy. The monument which commemorates it is perhaps the most impressive of all those erected in Europe to the memory of the dead and the deported. The winning design was the work of a group of associates (Aprile, Calcaprina, Fiorentino, Gardelli and Perugini). A conception of great simplicity, it was chosen over many entries of the conventional type — with columns, arches, and a profusion of marble and impressive stairways. The selection of this chaste design was the first victory for the new Italian architecture.

Why is the Ardeatine Caves Monument (Plate 6) so fascinating? Above all because of the perfect harmony between the “naturalism” of the caves — left just as they collapsed onto the bodies of the victims — and the “classicism” of the great concrete form of the common sarcophagus which, though it is raised, seems to be pressing lightly down

BRUNO ZEVI, born in Rome in 1918, studied at the University of Rome and at Harvard. He edits the widely-read journal *L'Architettura* and lectures at the University Institute of Architecture in Venice. Two of his books, *Architecture as Space* and *Toward an Organic Architecture*, are published in this country.

upon the three hundred tombs. Other elements act, as it were, as mediators between nature and art: the high wall along Via Ardeatina, the sculptor Mirko's extraordinary gateway, its patterns of abstract bas-relief agonizingly contorted, the open space that separates the two approach walks, and finally the cross and the Star of David on the hilltop.

To create a form that is at the same time pure and dramatic is always difficult: an expert eye can discern that the horizontal lines of the sarcophagus are not exactly parallel, that they converge almost imperceptibly. It was designed in this way to avoid the optical distortions implicit in elementary volumes on such a large scale. The texture of the stone walls, the grain of the cement surfaces, the austere dimness of the interior, which is lit only through a ribbon-like open space between the lower wall and the roof slab and by a few points of artificial light sunk in the floor, are all in keeping with the basic conception. In spirit, in its feeling of controlled tension, the Ardeatine Monument may be compared to Rossellini's great film *Open City* or to Carlo Levi's book *Christ Stopped at Eboli*.

When another competition was held for the construction of the railroad station in Rome, a controversy flared up in which the very principles of modern architecture were at stake. Plans had been made for the new station under the Fascist regime, and the sides had already been built — in the worst monumental style, loaded with false marble arches. It had been intended to complete the front with a vast portico resting on pairs of fluted columns, and these columns were all ready to be erected when the Fascist collapse put a temporary stop to the whole scheme. The spokesmen of academic reaction now claimed that Italy, hungry and in ruins, could not afford the luxury of throwing away these columns, which, beautiful or not, at least provided some solution to the problem of how to complete the front of the station. But the competition was won by two modern designs, symbolic of the spirit of liberation from the oppressive style of the preceding decades.

To be sure, the Rome station (Plate 4) has certain faults: there is a lack of coherence between the long office block with its ribbon windows and the front part with its undulating roof; this roof, in itself very successful, is supported by columns which are none too convincing, and the gallery inside is a parallelepiped running contrary to the direction in which the public moves. But, all things considered, it is a work of high value which fully deserved the acclaim it immediately received all over the world. The brilliant and dynamic internal space of the entrance hall, its outline which continues that of the old Roman wall nearby, the shape of the windows and the aluminium ceilings of the gallery — all are positive figurative achievements. The cultural significance of this building is perhaps even greater than its aesthetic value. It marked a

violent break with the past, and it seemed to represent the architectural aspect of the task that had to be performed all over Italy, in every field — the conscious refutation of the legacy of Fascism.

The architects of the Ardeatine Monument and the Rome station have unquestionably drawn both on the International Style of Le Corbusier, Gropius, and Mies van der Rohe, and on the organic movement inspired by the genius of Frank Lloyd Wright. But they have also added something vital in their attempt to humanize and to qualify the cold common language of modern architecture. Our young architects have studied the whole modern movement intensively and systematically, from Gaudi to Mendelsohn, from Chicago to Scandinavia. Yet for any building in Italy, there is always the need to make the new fit into an urban and rural scene conditioned by the art of the past. This problem cannot be solved by resorting to stylistic compromises — which ruin the old and corrupt the new. It must be approached more subtly; modern architecture must be qualified, it must be enriched and made more flexible in its language, in order to be true to the spirit of the parent culture.

Every positive achievement of Italian architecture in recent years has been a response to this need. Consider, for example, one of the most inspired structures of Pier Luigi Nervi, the new Palazzetto dello Sport in Rome (Plate 7). Is it too fanciful to suggest that the ancestor of this small covered arena might be the Roman Pantheon? The Palazzetto has a very light dome of reinforced concrete which is balanced in space, while the antique Pantheon is supported on walls 26 feet thick. Statically the Palazzetto is the opposite of the Pantheon, but spatially it could be considered as its modern translation. A classical plan, based on the vault and the ribbed dome, is as far as Nervi's structural theme goes, but it is for this very reason that he produces work so much more lyrical than that of many other more enterprising engineers. Because he accepts the limitations of his language, he is able to concentrate on a few motifs, and carry them to perfection.

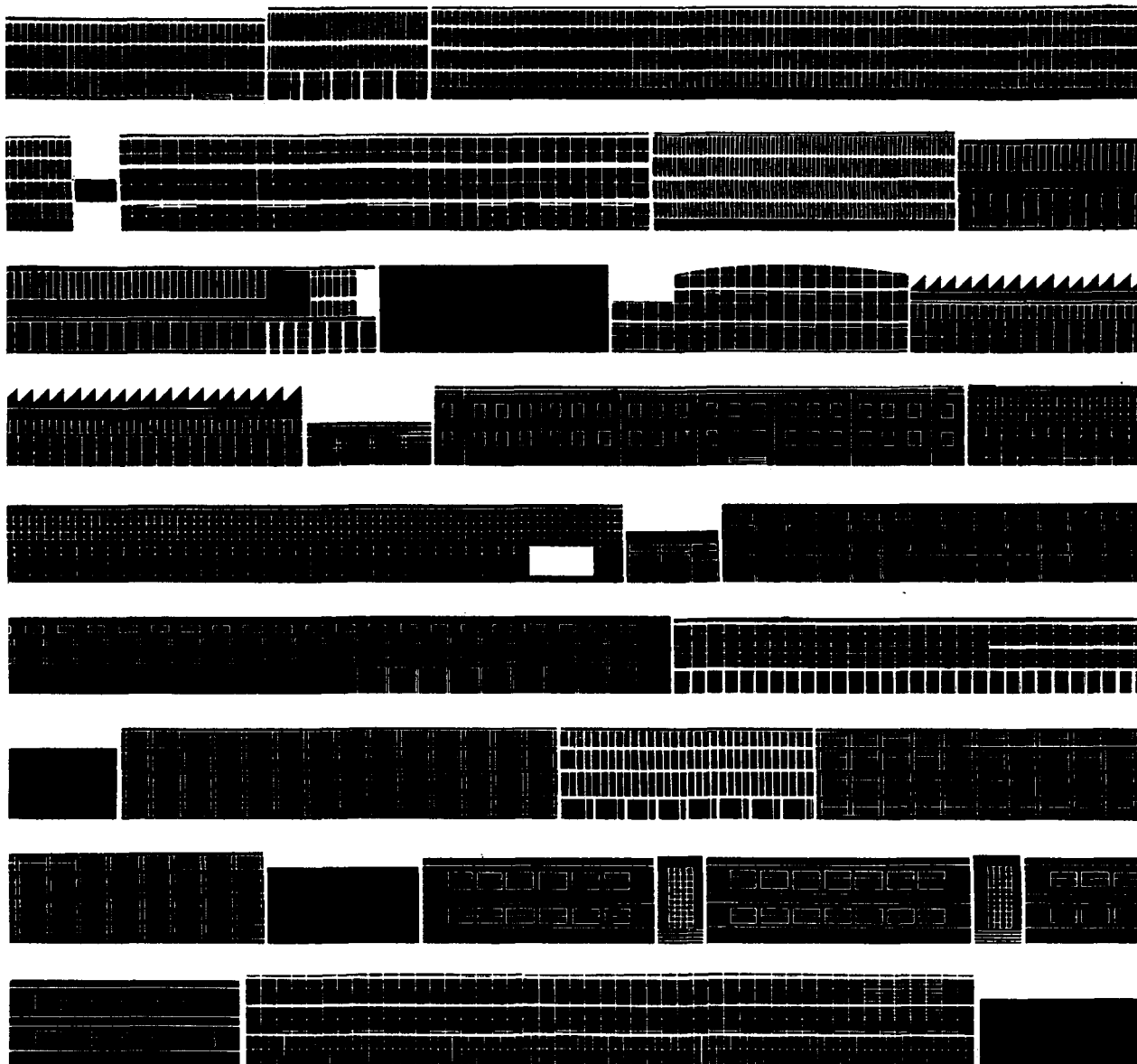
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PASSING from the monumental to the more broadly social, we come to the work of the national housing agency, INA-Casa. A large number of competent architects were enlisted for a nationwide seven-year program of intensive construction which began in 1948. The architectural tendencies to be found in these new housing developments reflect the whole range of Italian culture. On the one hand we find the "rationalists," who conceive of a group of buildings as a series of light, white cubes arranged symmetrically, showing their structural frame and perhaps with an occasional tower for accent. On the other hand there are the "organicists," who articulate the ground plan, concentrating more on

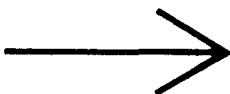


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the interplay of spaces within than on the external volumes. They may often use motifs from the rustic, anonymous and spontaneous architecture of the peasant villages, and adopt non-rectilinear forms and strong colors. The dangers inherent in the "rationalist" tendency are well known, in so far as they are typical of the International Style: coldness, a feeling of artificial geometry, a lack of human warmth. The weaknesses of the "organic" approach, of which the new Tiburtino quarter in Rome is the most appropriate example, are a straining after effects, a lack of technological precision and a product that is often more rural in character than urban.

One of the most interesting of the new housing projects is La Falchera in Turin (Plate 11), a happy blending of the rational and the organic schools designed by Astengo, Renacco and Rizzotti. Here there is a repeated motif, based on the form of an open "U," but it is not simple or rectilinear. The spaces enclosed by the buildings have been imaginatively thought out, and are linked one to another in a systematic yet dynamic interdependence. Neither an academic coldness nor a romantic will has created these forms; they are the product not of a static architectural rule, but of an architectural process.

In the village of La Martella (Plate 10), near Matera — in the extreme south of Italy — Gorio, Valori and Quaroni have followed a similar procedure. For far too long modern architecture has been transporting the solutions reached for urban housing problems bodily into the country. In so doing, it has too often created something completely out of tune with the countryside and with the psychology of the country people. For La Martella a village was required which would be modern and yet acceptable to a society based upon a "community of families." The groups of families are housed along a number of streets which converge on the square where the church and the local government and communal buildings are located. The houses are built of standardized materials, which however are assembled in a number of different ways, so that there is a great variety within the whole. The brightly colored ceramic decorations in the church are in keeping with the age-old artistic tastes of the South. There was the danger of becoming too "folk-art," but La Martella avoids this fate. It goes as far as possible without disaster.

3

THE need to temper and qualify modern architecture is evident in recent Italian museum design. We had been accustomed to museums conceived architecturally on a monumental scale, a shell into which the works of art were inserted at a later stage. But now this concept is being reversed: the works of art themselves create the architecture,

dictating the spaces and prescribing the proportions of the walls. Each picture and statue is studied for the best possible view; it is then set in the necessary spatial "quantity." The Palazzo Bianco and the Cathedral Treasure museums in Genoa (Plate 19), and the museum of the Sforza Castello in Milan (Plate 18), are the best examples of the new principles of design, by now generally accepted and adopted throughout the country. Exhibition pavilions, like those of the Carlo Scarpa in Venice, follow the same pattern.

The relationship between building and nature is a problem that must be faced not only in residential architecture but in all fields of design — even in industry. The Olivetti factory at Pozzuoli, designed by Luigi Cosenza, provides an excellent example, and we need only compare it with the Olivetti plant built twenty years ago at Ivrea, near Turin, to grasp the transition from the International Style to the more organic tendencies of today. The new factory (Plate 9) is situated in a scene of extraordinary beauty, between a rocky hillside and the sea. The ground plan is in the form of a cross, and from every workbench the employees can look out over the countryside. Facing the cross stands the office block, and, arranged in a descending arc are all the social services — the library, the infirmary, the social assistance office. Down on the street is the entrance porch. The closed-in atmosphere so typical of old industrial plants is thus completely avoided, with the practical consequence that production is higher at Pozzuoli than at Ivrea, in spite of the fact that industrial labor in Naples is less skilled than in Turin.

New problems and new approaches lead in turn to new forms. The Boys' Town in Trieste (Plate 5) has nothing in common with the traditional "prisons" for delinquent children. These buildings, the work of Marcello D'Olivio, do not mortify the spirit, but stimulate it. The large pavilion which contains the dining hall was built before the very eyes of the children, and it was a wonderful adventure for them, a game on a grand scale. Psychoanalysts affirm that the architecture of Boys' Town reflects a process of liberation similar to that which must be brought about in the minds of delinquent children. Thus modern architecture, having assimilated the structural and biological sciences over the last century, has now absorbed even the science of psychology.

The last building to be dealt with in this far too brief review is a little church at Collina (Plate 8) by Giovanni Michelucci, the designer of the Florence station. It is a new church, modern in structure and in its conception of space and volume, and yet it seems to be old — old, that is, in the way it belongs in the landscape and appears as a vivid detail in the continuity of the countryside. Modern architecture has made its mark by being functional; perhaps now it can also learn enchantment.

To re-enter the European and international field after the isolation imposed by Fascism; to revise the interpretation of the principles of modern architecture in the light of the world-wide experience that followed the first successes of the International Style; to reconcile the old and the new, fitting modern buildings into old settings; to base the process of design on internal spaces, rather than on volumes or surfaces as such; to take account of the varying conditions in different parts of the country; to assimilate the science of psychology and even to recognize the need for a modern mysticism — these have been the issues which postwar Italian architecture has had to face. In facing them, it has not

been afraid to make mistakes. It has preferred to meet squarely the burning problems of today rather than rely on proven, but perhaps outdated, solutions. From this attitude springs the jumbled hodgepodge of some of our city building, the superficiality of many new styles, and the failure to reach an overall high standard in commercial construction. Yet, side by side with these many faults, there has been a very positive achievement. Cultural, historical and critical researches have been pursued with a stringency that has already borne fruit in the best architectural accomplishments of these postwar years.

Translated by Patrick Brasier-Creagh

FIRST SONG

by Giuseppe Ungaretti

O sister of the shadow,
Nocturnal most as light is brightest,
Death, you do pursue me.

In a pure garden
The ingenuous longing brought you to light
And peace was lost,
Pensive death,
Upon your mouth.

From that moment
In the flow of mind I hear you,
Deepening the distances,
Suffering rival of the eternal.

Venomous mother of the ages,
In the terror of the throbbing
And the solitude,

Beauty punished, smiling,
In the drowsing of the flesh,
Dreamer fugitive,

Sleepless athlete
Of our greatness,

When you have tamed me, tell me:
In the melancholy of the living
Will my shadow's flight be long?

[From La Morte Meditata, 1932]

Translated by Allen Mandelbaum

THE MOVE TO VIA DEL CORNO

A Story

by VASCO PRATOLINI



IN THE autumn of 1926 we moved from Via de' Magazzini to Via del Corno. The two of us, Granny and I, had been left, as she said, "alone on the face of the earth." With the years Via de' Magazzini, in the center of town, had bestowed upon its houses new value, and one by one the apartments were being sold. Ours had been bought by a tradesman and his wife who came from Turin; they needed it for themselves and were in a hotel waiting. They planned to lay in a new floor and to put up a partition between the entry and kitchen for a bath. Hoping to hasten our departure, they offered us "key money" — which Granny refused. Our eviction was postponed another three months, but we felt as if we were under siege.

The other old tenants had all left — the tailor Masi, anarchist and eighty, had time to die of heart-break and to make his peace with God — surrendering their places to the new owners. The engineer on the first floor was personally directing the installation of electricity and gas, as well as the renovations for the joint owners. We, alone and isolated, held out with our kerosene lamp and charcoal range. We were the object of reproving and ironic glances, and even threats, as we went up and down the stairway. We were accused of hindering — how, I can't imagine — the construction of a modern, sanitary cesspool. And Granny, adamant, with false naïveté, kept repeating to the owners:

Born in 1913 in Florence, VASCO PRATOLINI grew up in the working-class quarters of that city — a milieu which has provided the background for some of his most powerful novels. Several of his books have been translated here, among them A Tale of Poor Lovers, The Girls of Sanfrediano and Naked Streets. He was at one time an editor of the literary magazine Campo di Marte.

"My husband had the property appraised. Then, on second thought, you decided against selling. But if you're willing now, here's the thousand two hundred lire it was valued at."

"That was thirty years ago," they told her. "Today it would cost twenty thousand. You were the first to be approached and you let the offer go."

"And I suppose I haven't paid twenty thousand in all these years, in rent?"

"You're going to lose the key money, you know, by resisting eviction. But if you took it, it would be enough for you and your grandson to get yourselves settled elsewhere."

"We're perfectly content where we are," Granny replied. "I've been here for more than thirty years . . . I've brought up children here and . . . anyway, houses with rents within my means aren't to be found. With the key money I'd be able to pay rent for a year, or two perhaps — and then what? But here there's a ceiling on what you can charge me. Why, already I've had to sell the living room furniture, to put something aside in case of need."

"Exactly. Don't you see, then?" they said to her. "Actually, the two of you can make do with one large room and the use of a kitchen. And the key money is enough to give you that — a nice room with cooking facilities — for at least five years."

"But living with other people, deprived of my freedom. And I daren't think where, in what kind of a street, with what sort of people! I've lived here for over thirty years . . . my children were born here, died here, my husband died here . . ." And inevitably, by this time like a refrain, as resolute as it was childlike: "It's thirty years now that I've been hearing the Palazzo Vecchio strike the hour."

So we held out with our kerosene lamp and ember pot, and the bellpull at the door which was useless

now — they had installed push buttons on a panel by the main entrance. They had painted the doors that gave onto the stairway and put up brass name plates, whitewashed the staircase, replaced the panes in the skylight . . . And our door — with its scuffed-up baseboard, the little label on which I had hand-lettered CASATI, the grille dust-covered by time — was a false note: an offense to the new neighbors.

Then one morning when I went down the staircase scrawling on the wall with a nub of coal, the engineer caught me. Two days later, masons appeared and began demolition for a glass partition right in our living room, a court order from the magistrate having so empowered the new owner. We had to move the table and chairs into the bedroom.

2

AND now the second three months' extension had passed. It was a bitterly cold November. Behind the closed shutters the bells of the Palazzo Vecchio gave out with a long sepulchral echo. And the silence of the street, those nights, was frightening. The sound of Granny's breathing was like a stifled agony; I would lie awake, listening to her, fearful that as she slept, her lamentation ended, sleep would give her over to death.

Then it was the 24th of November.

The bailiffs arrived and gave us six days more. Since Granny again refused to accept the eviction order, they took out one of the tacks from our name label and fastened the notice to the door. The masons stood looking at it.

"If you'll permit me," one of them said, "I don't think you really understand the situation."

The man had a vernacular pronunciation; he was about forty, with moustache trimmed close to the corners of his mouth, and he wore his hat while working.

"Pretty soon you're going to find yourself with your bed out in the street."

Granny leaned her back against the window, gazing across the room. She looked at the demolished wall and where the floor had been taken up, sucking in her lower lip between her gums.

"I moved in here just after I was married . . . It's only because I'm an old woman now, alone with a small boy . . ."

"It's because they happen to be in the right," said the mason. "Have they or haven't they bought the place?"

"My husband also wanted to buy it . . ."

"Yes," said the mason, "back when one and one made two."

But he offered to help us. He knew of a room with kitchen privileges where a relative of his was living. It was in Via del Corno, among fine people. "And not expensive, either," he said. "They aren't the grasping sort."

"But so out of the way," said Granny.

The mason smiled. "Don't tell me you've been living here all these years and don't know where Via del Corno is! It's just a couple of steps away. You go down Via de' Gondi and there you are."

"Oh, I know!" Granny exclaimed. "Let me think about it."

That night, suddenly breaking the silence between our two beds, she said, "Via del Corno isn't a suitable street for us . . ." Then she added: "We must see that they aren't left alone in the house any more, those bricklayers."

But precautions weren't necessary; having learned that we would be turned out within the week, they suspended work.

The next day I thought I'd like to see this Via del Corno myself, so near, but unknown to me as well. It was just a short dead-end alley, a tiny by-way cut off from the traffic, but crowded with people and noisy — deafening compared to our Via de' Magazzini. There were little workshops in it, and several wagon stables. It smelled of horses, and of drying wash strung overhead on windowlines. On the corner was a public urinal, and it struck me that was the only reason anyone might ever stop there.

In the end, as the mason had warned, our furniture was piled up on the sidewalk. The younger of the two bailiffs, a blond, said we could thank him for having spared us the expense of a porter.

"It looks uninhabited, the building," he commented as he and I lumbered down the stairs with the clothes chest. He turned to Granny and told her, "It's not us, you understand, it's the Law."

Granny gave him her hand. To the last she had hoped for another extension. "If we don't sign, the eviction will never be carried out," she had kept telling me.

Meanwhile she had left a deposit in Via del Corno, while we searched the neighborhood for something better. But we found nothing; we would have to adjust ourselves to the alley, "out of necessity."

Now I returned with a rented pushcart. The two bailiffs helped us load our belongings onto it.

"This is the most we can do," said the blond one. "We're late." And then they left us, alone in the middle of Via de' Magazzini, with the cart piled high with our chattels, all it would hold. In her arm, Granny had "the enlargement" of my mother, the photograph side turned to her breast. She seemed serene — too serene to be so really. Her eyes were dry, her gestures composed, as if once the moment had come her torment had broken off. Not even her voice betrayed a feeling out of the ordinary. She tugged at the ropes tying down our household things, making sure they were fast, that nothing was missing.

"It's all here," she said, "our two iron beds, the linen chest, the table, the clothes chest. We can make it in a single trip. I did well to sell the

sofa; it never would have got into the room we have now. The chairs . . . we'll put the chairs on top once we're started. Your mother's picture is here. Good. And now what?"

"Now we must leave," I said.

"Yes," she pursued, "the ropes will hold. In a few minutes we'll be there. The money, I have the money in my pocket. And the cupboard . . . the cupboard's on . . . But can you manage?"

"It's balanced; the load's light."

"It's everything we possess," she said. "And now we go to live in a street . . . But remember: just good morning and good evening — that's all. They're people we've nothing to do with. It's misfortune that throws us in with them; but not for long — a month at the most. Within a month we'll find something better, at least in a street that can be for us the way this has been for so many years, among decent people."

It was ten in the morning. Via de' Magazzini was silent, deserted, its slice of sky blue between the houses, the air numbing my hands. Infrequent passers-by stared at us a moment and then went on. A cyclist came by, ringing his bell at us.

"I've never understood," Granny said, "why so few people come this way, being in mid-town as we are, with a corner on Via Condotta, which is a regular thoroughfare."

"But it's an inside street. You'd have to come this way on purpose. It wouldn't shorten the way any, would it? It's like Via del Corno, kind of. Only, there it's noisy, because of the stables, and the people are different. You said so yourself."

"True. They can't be educated like the people here. They live right out in the street, at all kinds of trades — and just imagine *what* trades! . . . Well, all our things are here."

"Yes, they're all here," I said. "And we're not going to the end of the world."

"True, true," she murmured. She looked up at the windows, speaking as if on return from a long absence. "You were born up there, do you see? There, where the window's open, that one on the right toward the drainpipe. It was eleven in the morning, just about this hour . . . We've left both our windows open. The others are all closed, of course," she said, making her own replies. "It's already cold. I hadn't noticed they'd hung curtains. It makes the rooms darker, in this season, with curtains up. And your mother simply refused to understand. 'Do you think Signor Masi has them?' I said to her. 'With the work he does, in the winter he'd be lighting his lamp at two . . .'"

"Whenever you say," I said to her.

I had taken hold of the handles and pushed the cart forward. It was light, as I had expected. Granny walked along beside me with the picture against

her breast. She did not look back again, only quickened her pace, and, once alongside the cart, laid a protecting hand on it. And thus we left. We left our street for the new one: down Via de' Gondi, across a little stretch of Piazza della Signoria, staying close by the walls.

Just a few minutes before I had reminded myself that Via de' Gondi was a downslope and that I might not be able to hold back the cart alone. It would be better, even though lengthening the trip, to go around by way of the Proconsolo and Piazza San Firenze. Then, Granny's behavior and the things she was saying distracted me. I started off the short way, and it was as if Via de' Gondi appeared before me out of nowhere, quite unexpectedly, the moment I turned the corner.

Once it got rolling downhill the cart wrenched at my hands, the drawbars tore at my wrists. I slid but still succeeded in hanging on, my body bent over the chain joining the handles. In an instant it was a flight — absurd, but none the less conforming to some physical law. As the cart dragged me along, I managed somehow to hold it on course, and upright, tilting it so that we glided — there's no other word — up Via dei Leoni which, miraculously, was free of pedestrians and vehicles, until the moment came, back on level ground again, to try to make the sharp turn into Via del Corno. Here the left wheel got wedged between the leg and the siding of the corner urinal and came off. The barrow overturned . . . the ropes gave . . . and the stuff of our misery spilled out onto the paving stones.

The people of Via del Corno came running up, lifting me to my feet, lending a hand with the cart. One man appeared with a bucket of water, while a woman made space around me by waving a bath towel — all before Granny arrived and sank down beside me. Then someone thought to go for our two chairs, since we could find them useful now; and already the accident was begetting gaiety. Dazed, but unhurt, I was not immediately aware of all the bustle.

"The boy's skinned — but no harm done to the old lady."

"They're the Carresis' new tenants."

"Nothing serious — just derailed."

And already our cart was righted again, with all the junk that had fallen out restored to the drawers of the chests. Already Granny was explaining that the lady in the photograph was her daughter, the mother of the little boy; already she was sipping a little *vin santo* someone had brought to pull herself together again.

And a woman was saying to her:

"In your room, it'll be like having the clock on the Palazzo Vecchio right on your night table."

Translated by Ben Johnson

THE PROBLEM OF THE SOUTH

The Redevelopment of the "Mezzogiorno"

by UMBERTO ZANOTTI BIANCO

I

THE DEPTH and intensity of the problem of the Italian South must be seen to be believed. Roughly a third of the country, the lower end of the peninsula, which is usually called the "Mezzogiorno," has suffered for centuries a condition of severe economic depression and social distress.

I well remember my visit to the South after the earthquake of 1908. It took me nine hours of walking over primitive mule paths to reach the chosen typical village, lost in the barren hills behind the Ionian coast of Calabria. It was set on a hilltop, surrounded by lonely fields devoid of any tree or house. The earthquake had left only fifteen out of more than a hundred hovels standing. The concrete and steel allocated for the construction of new houses could not be brought for lack of roads, so the inhabitants had set up housekeeping among the ruins. The school-less teachers held class in their windowless bedrooms, leaving the door open for light and air. The nearest physician was six hours away by mule path; the functions of pharmacist and midwife were filled by an old woman with shaking hands. Because there was no bridge, the peasants, to reach their fields, had to crawl on a long narrow board over a deep ravine. Nine had already fallen to their death. With a cadastral register untouched since the time of the Bourbons, many a wretched goatherd was unjustly fined when he took his animals to pasture. The visibly ill-nourished children lived on a bread made of lentils, chick-peas, and barley.

UMBERTO ZANOTTI BIANCO, born on the island of Crete in 1889, has had a distinguished career as archaeologist, historian and leader in the movement to develop the South of Italy. He has served as President of the Italian Red Cross and, in 1952, was appointed Senator with life tenure by the President of the Republic.

Since the Risorgimento, when Italy was unified in the 1860's, and especially in recent years, great efforts have been made to raise the Mezzogiorno from its backwardness. Yet any traveler even today sees whole regions of such hamlets wasting away in inhuman degradation. Is it surprising that such conditions often led to riot and rebellion, such as the violent, and futile, uprisings which spread throughout Sicily in 1894?

The problem is not new. Though vast woods, mentioned by Greek and Latin writers, once made the climate more temperate and the rainfall more normal, and regulated the rivers, even during the Roman Empire *latifundia* — the large landed estates worked by slaves or tenants who were little better than serfs — were spreading, slave revolts were frequent, and malaria raged everywhere. The region's inhabitants were the constant prey of conquerors, from the Byzantines on; unending wars of succession, pillage, and massacre denied them any continuum of civilized development. Understandably, they developed the defects of servility, duplicity, boastfulness, and a mixture of pugnacity and cowardice, till a sixteenth-century proverb said, "The Kingdom of Naples is a paradise inhabited by devils."

Until the unification of Italy there was but little change. The post-Risorgimento encounter of North and South was a collision of two worlds so different that Cavour stated that achieving harmony between them presented as many difficulties as the war with Austria and the struggle against Rome. What the South was then like was well described in a report sent to Cavour by Costantino Nigra, the Governor of Naples: "... under the Bourbons [the Spanish princes who ruled most of the South from Naples from 1734 to 1860] every branch of public administration became infected with the most revolting

corruption. Criminal law is simply an arm of the Prince's vengeance; civil law is less tainted, but it too is obstructed by arbitrary government. There is no liberty whatever, either for individuals or communities. Honest citizens are thrown into prison along with notorious criminals. The exiles cannot be counted. As for public servants, there are ten times the number required. High officials are granted huge salaries, whereas common employees get a pittance, with the result that widespread corruption and stealing are accepted as a matter of course. Newborn babies are put on government rolls, thereby receiving credit for service from earliest infancy. There is no elementary education at all; secondary schooling is meager; university training is even less adequate, while the education of girls is slighted still more. The poorer classes wallow in ignorance. Means of communication are few. Streets are not safe; nor is property; nor are lives.

"The provinces are neglected. There is little commerce and less industry . . . As a consequence, hunger and poverty are piled on ignorance . . . Richly-endowed charitable institutions are impoverished by huge armies of clerks . . . Brigandage is rampant in the provinces, while larceny thrives everywhere. The freedom and good name of citizens is in the hands of a brutal and arrogant police. Public works are authorized, paid for, and not executed . . . With few exceptions, and especially in the parishes of Naples, the clergy is numerous, ignorant, utterly bereft of dignity and a sense of its office. The populace is superstitious. All classes of society, including the higher ranks, engage in some form of begging. There are neither books nor newspapers . . ."

2

THE progressive and driving government of the new Italy, in Piedmont, encouraged by its successes in the North, was under the illusion it could induce the South to recognize the need of administrative reforms, of taxes to pay the debts of the war of liberation and for railways and other public works, of discipline for military organization. But as soon as conscription was announced, the wretched Southern masses took to the hills. As Nigra had written, "They thought that liberty was synonymous with a profusion of jobs and bread." Brigandage was brought under relative control in 1865, only after repeated dispatch of disciplined troops and enactment of the Pica law threatening death for anyone found in possession of arms.

It took a generation for the North to begin to understand the South humanly and economically. For this change of opinion much credit must be given to a series of impassioned young investigators. First of their "revelations" were the articles sent in 1861 to the Milan newspaper, *La Perseveranza*, by Pasquale Villari, a Naples historian. Then, in 1875, a young man from Leghorn named Leopoldo

Franchetti published his *Economic and Administrative Conditions in the Neapolitan Provinces*, the fruit of a hazardous trip through the former Kingdom of Naples the previous year.

Franchetti described as disastrous the lack of roads in the South and the control of local administration by the propertied class. As contrasted with the prosperous Tuscan tenant-farming system, the primitive condition of Southern farm laborers and the anti-social spirit of the landowners roused his indignant criticism. Things were so bad that he approved of emigration as a positive factor.

The following year, aided by his friend Sidney Sonnino, Franchetti made an even more detailed study of Sicily. The two men showed exceptional courage in exposing the links among the Mafia, brigands, and fences, and the connection between professional criminals and the well-to-do classes. Their report won recognition as a classic of its kind, and influenced Parliament, as did the weekly magazine, *Rassegna Settimanale*, which they founded. Among the most forceful writers for this publication was Giustino Fortunato, an ardent reformer.

The convincing picture of the South published by Fortunato revealed life there as "a savagely bitter struggle between man and nature which has left painful and indelible scars on both . . ." He put his finger on the key trouble: "a common factor — the total lack of capital — has leveled all classes: property owners and proletariat; bourgeoisie and peasantry; the educated and the illiterate. Even among the less poor, parsimony is the rule."

Consequently, the first reforms Fortunato proposed were the establishment of a fair system of taxation, carefully controlled credit, and free trade, as the means of facilitating the circulation of capital, oxygen of depressed areas. He was, naturally, opposed to the protective wheat tax, which encouraged an already excessive monoculture. And to obtain Parliamentary representation for a disfranchised peasantry, he called for universal suffrage. To war against the age-old affliction of malaria, Fortunato, with Franchetti, proposed a law for State sale of quinine. And to combat the intellectual and moral poverty of the Southern bourgeoisie, he supported every project for establishing schools.

"The economic inferiority of Southern Italy," Fortunato pointed out, "is due to climate rather than soil. There, sun and water, the chief requisites for an abundant vegetation, never go together. When the sun shines, it scorches; when rain falls, it destroys. What is needed is the re-establishment of pastures, woods and forests, along with the planting of vines, olive and almond trees, which thrive in the brilliant light of the South, rather than the excessive cultivation of cereals which, by its impoverishment of the soil, has been one of the greatest obstacles to the rebirth of the region."

Modern agronomists agree that the Mezzogiorno's agricultural economy is still out of balance, too

heavily concentrated in cereals and pasturage. True, along the coast where trade has developed — with railroads and elimination of malaria — we find olives, almonds, vines, citrus and other fruits, but less than a fifth of the district is irrigated; and for lack of an up-to-date marketing system, brief bursts of prosperity alternate with long periods of depression. Only about 5 per cent of the farms are adequately capitalized or of an efficient medium size. As the outstanding Italian agronomist Rossi-Doria states: “. . . the contracts, the property relations, and the social structure of Southern agriculture run counter to the most elementary requirements of civilization, production, and technology.”

This wretched and penniless Southern half of Italy has been more than a tragedy in itself; providing no market for the industrial products of the North, it has also been a drag on the more progressive half of the country. But, over the years, public opinion has been slowly won over to Mazzini's dictum, “Italy will be what the South will be.” However, the current revival would have been impossible without the earlier post-Risorgimento efforts, long-term and cumulative.

The “iron treatment” prescribed by Cavour had by 1911 built the great railway network from Rome to Reggio Calabria, Taranto, Otranto, and Foggia, with its numerous branches. The truly Roman-scale Apulian aqueduct, including branches, nearly 1800 miles long, crosses nine provinces and brings water to over three hundred towns and villages. Requiring 99 tunnels totaling 65 miles, 43 canal bridges and 141 reservoirs, it was finally completed after thirty years of work in 1937. The man-created Silani Lakes, together with the Arvo and Ampollino reservoirs, collect 128 million cubic meters of water and produce 210,000 kilowatt-hours of electricity. In Sicily, the Alto Belice dam, completed in 1923, provides electricity for Palermo and irrigates the now fertile Conca d'Oro. Naples has advanced in industrialization with the Bagnoli steel plant, the Ilva blast furnaces, the Cotoniere Meridionali textile factories, and various chemical, electrical, mechanical, and other plants.

A privately sponsored organization, the National Association for the Interests of the South — first formed to help the victims of the 1908 earthquake in Calabria and Messina — aided the whole region with kindergartens, libraries, dispensaries, clinics, professional schools, medical and adult education centers. Fascism closed it down.

Since the War, the Government has concentrated on the key problem of land reform, expropriating some large estates and redistributing them in small holdings to peasant families. Other small parcels have been turned over to workers in industry and trade to create vegetable gardens and fruit groves. In Campania, Apulia, Lucania, Molise, Calabria, Sardinia, and Sicily, some 73,049 plots totaling 984,585 acres have been so distributed.

But redistribution alone is not enough, as was shown after the partition of Church lands in the last century. Then peasants had to sell to large landowners property they could not work profitably for lack of capital and equipment. The Government therefore has implemented a three-point program:

Land transformation, by construction of houses and roads, provision of drinking and irrigating water, reforestation, and mechanization;

Creation of agricultural industries, wine and olive oil processing plants, tobacco factories, cheese dairies; encouragement of co-operatives;

Human rehabilitation by primary and vocational education, and social, health, and religious welfare programs.

The Southern Development Fund (Cassa del Mezzogiorno) set up by the State in 1950, engages in land reclamation, land reform, construction of aqueducts and sewers; highway improvement and railway building; promotion of tourism by loans to hotels, financing of excavations, reorganization of museums, and restoration of monuments. Recently it allocated funds for establishing agricultural and business schools, elementary schools, and kindergartens. In its first five years the Fund invested 410.3 billion lire in the South.

Despite these gargantuan labors and the growth of Southern industry, the production gap between North and South widened from 414 billion to 765 billion lire between 1951 and 1955. Apart from the tendency of Southerners, including banks, to invest in the more profitable North than at home, this disparity can be explained by other factors — low living standards in the rural areas, widespread illiteracy, lack of skilled workers, insufficiency of auxiliary enterprises to keep industries flourishing. Therefore private capital is still unwilling to undertake the large-scale investments advocated by the Economic Commission of the United Nations for the development of the area.

The Government's efforts have been variously criticized from Right and Left for their heavy drain on the treasury, the low proportion of farmsteads allotted to very large families, the heavy installments families must pay to buy the land, the paternalism of the reform agencies, and so on. Only after some years will it be possible to make an objective assessment.

The State must be aware, as one expert has written, “that agricultural progress in the South is to be expected not so much from money investments in land . . . as from increased output, from the higher quality and evaluation of the produce, and from modern production and marketing techniques . . .”

Each generation of Italians has contributed to the long, slow task of bringing Southern Italy up to date; and, even if some economic indices seem to show the contrary, they are gradually succeeding.

Translated by Miriam Chiaromonte

GASTRONOMIC ITALY

An Epicurean Travelogue

by FABIO TOMBARI

1

A NATION's cookery is more than a spontaneous natural product; it will reflect tastes, culture, the whole civilization. And particularly in Italy, history has left its mark on the kitchen. Recipes from the *triclinia*, the dining rooms of ancient Rome, are still known and used today, while others have come down to us from medieval prescriptions, from the menus of royal or papal banquets recorded by court stewards, from the notebooks of alchemists, and even from the annals of austere monasteries.

To these have been added the inventions and whims of great chefs — and the long experience of simple country cooks. All have been absorbed and filtered into the tradition of Italian cooking. There is no solemn or festive occasion which has not, over the centuries, produced its special menu or dish, be it a private family funeral or the elaborate ceremonial of a city or province celebrating its feast day. Nothing has been lost. It lives today.

At Christmas, we always bake *panettone*, a semi-sweet, light, dry cake flavored with lemon and stuffed with raisins. At Easter, there is a kind of shortbread, and in Milan these traditional Easter cakes are shaped like pigeons or doves. Many of the medieval pageants and competitions that are still staged in Italian towns have their tasty specialties. Verona has its famed *pandoro*, a fluffy, golden cake, and the Palio race days of Siena their *panforte*, a delectable pressed fruitcake. Cremona dotes on its *torrone*, an almond-filled nougat, while Ferrara, famous for its chivalric jousts, gorges on *pampepato*, a spiced, fruited, pepper bread.

FABIO TOMBARI, teacher, journalist and novelist, was born at Fano in 1899. In 1939 he published *The Gluttons*, an account of the varieties and traditions of Italian food.

For the gaiety of the carnival season there are crisp, golden fritters compounded of rice and honey. Then during Lent come the unglamorous but truly delicious *gialletti*, corn-meal cookies heavy with muscat raisins and candied lemon peel, and the Florentine chestnut-meal cake called *castagnaccio*.

There are, too, such year-round regional specialties as the Neapolitan *pizza* which is also so popular in America. Who can forget, once he has tasted them, the crusty, sweet *sfogliatelle* of Campania, those worthy Italian cousins to the French *mille-feuille*; or the wonderful *cannoli* of Sicily and Molise, stuffed with candied fruit, pistachio and *ricotta*. Belluno prides itself on its ices, once served in cups of gold at the Austrian court; Turin and Perugia are rivals in the production of chocolates; while Sicily ranks second to none for its marvelous *cassate*, available summer and winter in the form of ices or cakes.

It is the custom in Italy to serve two solid meals a day. Breakfast is as simple and elementary a matter as possible, but dinner at midday and supper in the evening are more serious affairs. The main meal is usually eaten at one o'clock or shortly thereafter, supper from eight onwards, depending on the region. The farther south one goes, the later supper is apt to be, and the lighter. By late evening the heat has fallen and the cool night air rekindles flagging appetites. Children are given a *merenda* at five to tide them over.

In many homes, as in all restaurants, dinner is likely to begin with *antipasto*. Here too, regional specialties are in evidence. From Emilia come sausages with every possible combination of pork flavors. Then there are the smoked hams of Friuli and *prosciutto*, pink Parma ham cut in paper thin slices and eaten with ripe figs or melon. Perhaps

there will be mountain sausages or tangy *ciavuscolo*, spiked with garlic. Taranto oysters and sardines from Sicily are on the bill of fare all year round but marinated eel only during the Christmas season.

After the *antipasto*, comes the *minestra*. The term *minestra* embraces all the famous Italian noodle dishes in all their possible shapes and forms. The varieties of *pasta* are seemingly endless. Basically, *pasta* is just that — paste — flour, water, and salt, sometimes combined with eggs. Its shape gives it varying names, and the sauce — or lack thereof — endows it with its regional flavor and identity. Popular in Italy and relatively unknown in America and elsewhere is *pasta al burro* — eaten with unsalted butter and freshly-grated Parmesan cheese and nothing else.

Some kinds of *pasta* are served floating in broth, such as *cappelletti*, *taglierini*, *passatelli* (an Umbrian specialty made with cheese and eggs), and *tortellini*, circlelets of dough with a bit of meat filling like that in *ravioli*. *Pasta asciutta* — literally, dry paste — is not that at all. It is called dry only to distinguish it from *pasta* in broth, and is served with all manner of sauces: *ravioli*, *gnocchi* (two kinds, made from potato in the North and *semolino* in the South), *agnolotti*, or oversized *ravioli*, spaghetti, *tagliatelle*, or flat ribbon-like noodles, macaroni, and the gala *pasta* of them all, *lasagne*.

The favorite sauce for *pasta* in Genoa is *il pesto* which derives its name from the pestle used to pound together the garlic, sweet basil, and sheep's cheese which constitute its basic ingredients. Bologna prefers *il ragù*, a superb, rich meat sauce, while the Neapolitans remain loyal to *la pomarola 'n coppa* which starts with garden-fresh tomatoes. Equally famous is Arezzo's special sauce made from jugged hare and poured over *pappardelle*, a long, curly-edged ribbon *pasta*; Rome's spaghetti *all'amatriciana* based on Italian salt pork, black peppercorns, tomatoes in profusion, the whole liberally sprinkled with sharp *Pecorino* cheese; and Naples' inimitable *salsa alle vongole*, made with tiny clams half the size of a dime. Whatever its sauce, the basic *minestra* is not a dish to be trifled with. On Sunday morning, before going to church, the Italian housewife dons her apron, draws up her sleeves, and bends over her pastry board to knead the egg-filled dough, rolling out with a *lasagnuolo* — a much elongated version of a rolling pin — the great golden strips which she will transform into a mouth-watering *tagliatelle* for Sunday dinner.

Custom now dictates a single meat dish to follow the *minestra*. It may be broiled, boiled, fried, roasted, or stewed, and it is always served with a number of vegetables; especially prized are artichokes and asparagus. But the meat does not always necessarily determine the vegetable. The contrary is often true. For instance, lentils require Modena *zampone*, and cabbage, Cremona *cotechino*, each a type of boiled salami wrapped in pigskin.

SOME ITALIAN RECIPES

CACCIUCCO, or FISH SOUP: LIVORNO STYLE

4 to 5 pounds assorted fish. $\frac{1}{2}$ cup olive oil. 1 clove of garlic. A small bunch of parsley. A twig of sage. Salt and pepper to taste. A small can of tomato paste. 1 hot, red *peperone*. A piece of lemon peel. 1 glass of dry white wine or dry Marsala wine. Sliced bread, fried in oil and rubbed with garlic.

Use any kind of fair-sized salt-water fish and include also lobster, clams, mussels, and octopus. Cut the lobster and big fish into pieces; the small fish may be left whole. Cover the bottom of the pot with olive oil. Add chopped garlic, parsley and sage. Let sizzle until the garlic turns a golden brown. Then add the fish, seasoned with salt, pepper, and hot, red *peperone*, and let it fry just long enough to color. The fish should not be overcooked. Add tomato paste and lemon peel. Add a cup of fish broth which has been previously prepared by boiling the heads and tails of the fish. Let it simmer over a slow heat for about fifteen minutes. Add the wine. Line a large bowl or deep platter with bread slices which have been fried in oil and rubbed with garlic. Place the fish upon this bread, and pour the soup over it.

This is an Italian version of the *bouillabaisse* of Marseille. It may be served as a first dish or as the main dish, accompanied by a chilled dry white wine.

PESTO SAUCE ALLA GENOVESE

1 clove of garlic. $\frac{1}{3}$ cup of fresh basil leaves. Salt to taste. 3 heaping tablespoons of grated cheese (*Pecorino* or *Parmesan*). 1 tablespoon of chopped pine nuts. A sprinkle of marjoram. 1 teaspoon of butter. Three tablespoons of olive oil, or more, if necessary.

Wash and carefully drain the basil. Chop up the garlic, pine nuts, and marjoram as finely as possible. Add a pinch of salt to keep the basil from turning dark during chopping. Place the chopped mixture in a mortar. Add cheese and pound the mixture with a pestle until it turns from dark green to a light pea green. Put in 1 teaspoon of butter, then add olive oil and stir with a wooden spoon until smooth. Just before serving, the pesto should be diluted with a few tablespoons of boiling water.

Pesto is a very savory sauce that goes well with spaghetti, all noodle dishes, or potato dumplings.

SICILIAN CHICKEN

Use tender spring chickens, which have been split. Marinate them in a bath of $\frac{1}{2}$ cup lemon juice and 1 cup olive oil, salt, and paprika, for about two hours, turning them now and then to have them absorb the liquid all around. Fill the chickens inside with mixed chopped herbs (parsley, basil leaves, sage, and rosemary) and broil them in a hot oven, basting with the marinating liquid. Serve with fried bread and a mixed salad.

E. M. B.

Flavoring ingredients, too, vary from region to region. In Liguria there is basil, in the Abruzzi, peppers. Bologna, with its great tradition of learning and heavy cooking, favors mushrooms and white Italian truffles. But no matter where, or what, Italian cooking is rich and flavorful and, to be at its best, requires a wood or charcoal fire, iron broiling racks, and earthenware stewpots and ramekins. It is difficult to conceive of a *salmi* — a sauce reserved for the wildest of edible game, made with garlic, sage, red wine, olive oil, capers, and anchovies — simmering in an aluminum pan on the electric plate of a modern stove.

Wines vary with the cuisine — from the ruby Chianti of Tuscany to the dry white wines of the Adriatic coast and the dessert wines of Calabria and Sicily. The red wine from Val Policella is delicious with liver, Venetian style, while the delicate white Soave brings out the best in fish or fowl.

Italian breads range from the thin, crisp breadsticks of Piedmont, the *grissini* that Napoleon liked so much, to the huge, round, hard *pagnotte* of Lucania that will keep for a week. Bland or salted, crusty or crumbly, mixed with water or milk, glazed with butter or freshly pressed oil, in tiny rolls or communal loaves, bread is an absolute.

The number of different kinds of cheese is hard to guess. There is soft, creamy *Stracchino*, sharp *Pecorino*, smoky *Provolone*. There is gamey *Gorgon-*

zola, and gentle *Bel Paese*; fragrant, granular *Parmigiano*, best known in grated form for soups and *pasta*; *Mozzarella*, made of buffalo milk, the *pizza* cheese, and hundreds of other varieties.

With such riches of taste and succulence to draw on, we Italians might easily all become gluttons, but actually, almost all of us are moderate in our daily eating habits. Ours is an active, busy life, in city or country, and we cannot afford to be torpid. And perhaps there is a spiritual factor behind this moderation: in Italy every hearth (*arola*) was first an altar (*ara*); and what is today called *condire* (to season or dress) was once *consacrare* (to anoint or bless). Mythology tells us that the peninsula was once called Enotria, the “land of wine.” But, though her wine is excellent, Italy is far more the homeland of the olive.

Indeed, the key to the excellence, wholesomeness and originality of Italian cooking is unquestionably the pure olive oil that is the base of almost everything that comes out of a kitchen. The hillsides of Tuscany and Umbria, of Calabria and Sicily are silvered with the ancient trees that produce the oil that once anointed the heads of kings, and that now anoints — to use the age-old expression — with a touch of lemon or vinegar and a pinch of salt, the lettuce for the evening salad that grows in almost every Italian garden.

Translated by E. L. and H. C.

I SAW THE MUSES

by Leonardo Sinisgalli

Of course I saw the Muses
on the hill
roosting in the leaves.
Well then, I saw the Muses
in the liberal oak leaves
eating acorns and berries.
I saw the Muses on an ancient
oak, where they kept on cawing.
My heart marveling
I asked my marveling heart
and told my heart the marvel.

Translated by Sonia Raiziss and Alfredo De Palchi

THE WEDDING JOURNEY

A Story

by CORRADO ALVARO



I WAS going home for the first time in many years, and as I drew nearer and nearer, childhood memories crowded upon me. I remembered even the holes in the walls, those holes where the stone is eaten away by the wind and the southern sun, where women hide combings of their hair and their children's first teeth, safe from bad luck, holes that were my storehouse for buttons and nails which I had picked up off the rain-washed road, or my garden, where I watched a pale sheaf of wheat grow from a seed that had fallen upon a wind-swept pile of dirt. But the most vivid memory awaited me just inside the house, when I saw the high chest in one corner of my father's room, whose top drawer used to hang like a canopy over my little head and where my father kept such very mysterious possessions. There it was, just as I used to see it, with the slender black columns at either side that made it the temple of my dreams. I waited, now that I was taller, for my father to pull open some of the drawers and let me look in. A familiar odor spun about my head, and I was intoxicated by the smell that still came out of a drop of resin, distilled from the wood one summer long ago.

"This is your mother's dress, the one she wore on her wedding journey. And here are her shoes."

I felt the silk of the dress in my fingers. Faille, I remembered hearing my mother call it, a light-brown silk with an odor of faded flowers. A high collar, puffed sleeves, and a ladder of lace running up the front. And the yellow shoes, which had barely been scratched by their too-short walk on the Neapolitan pavements.

CORRADO ALVARO (1889-1956) was one of the leading fiction writers of his generation. Of his many novels, only *Man Is Strong* has thus far been published here.

For it was to Naples that my mother and father went on their wedding journey. No sooner had my grandfather given his daughter to this thirty-year-old man than he was sorry. He shut himself up in his room and refused even to say good-by. "The bandit!" he muttered over and over. Meanwhile, the bride, in her rustling silk dress, with a tiny straw hat perched on her knot of hair, rode away on horseback down the road leading to the sea. And my father's shadow rode beside her, along the stream beds, where occasional pools of water, not yet dried up by the summer heat, gleamed stilly in the sun.

The bridegroom had the same big wallet that I remembered seeing him carry. He kept it in an inside pocket which he had fastened with a pin. Aboard the train he did not relax his vigilance for a moment. Every now and then he laid his hand on the suitcase to make sure it was still there. The bride was happy to be with a man so reliable, in this world where the Lord had made no two faces alike. The great world, filled with all the voices to be heard on the train, seemed to knit the two of them closer together. They searched for the humblest figure in the compartment and their eyes fastened upon a woman dressed in black with a baby, who seemed like an answer to their prayer.

"Is his father dead?" asked the bride, looking at the baby, and this was the beginning of their conversation. Her guess was correct, and she proceeded to ask about the dead man, speaking with all the reverent timidity to which he was entitled. Then they fell silent, because they had nothing more to say, except when they pointed out the growing things in the fields on either side of the track. But they looked at one another in friendly fashion, because simplehearted people are naturally drawn together by sorrow.

They arrived in Naples toward evening. The wide streets were frightening, and everyone seemed to have something to tell them: cabbies, small boys and men who stepped virtually out of the walls in order to recommend a certain furnished room in the house of respectable people. The bridegroom had buttoned up his jacket and he carried the heavy suitcase in both hands, dangling in front of him, so that he could feel the stiff corner of the wallet in his pocket with one thumb. The bride was tempted to answer a polite "no" to all the solicitations shot at them by perfect strangers, but he warned her with his eyes and walked straight ahead as if they were not talking to him at all. She was afraid and held onto his arm. The houses seemed to lean over her on either side, with their dizzily high balconies and out-of-sight, secret windows, which gave her a hitherto inexperienced feeling of panic. She admired her man, who knew what it was all about and walked proudly ahead, and she resolved to be worthy of him.

"We shan't go to a hotel," he was saying. "Those schemers aren't going to take our money!" He pronounced himself as if he were baring a plan to defraud a whole city, which lay in wait for him at its peril. Now they took heart again whenever they crossed people in dark suits, old men and women, or couples with their children around them. What mystified them was the number of isolated individuals who poured out onto the street, pacing up and down the sidewalks and pausing at a corner as if in expectation. Were they waiting for *them*?

The bridegroom meant to take her to a safe place, to the house of some friends he had made ten years before when he was doing his military service. These friends would provide a room for a few days, and one where he could feel at ease. But now the city seemed new and strange and he didn't know where he was. They came to a halt in an enormous square, with their eyes on a luminous clock that suddenly flashed on, in spite of the fact that there was still sun in the sky. The shops were lit up like churches, and in front of the smaller ones the owners sat taking the air. The bride and groom searched the passing crowd for someone of whom to inquire about the street for which they were looking. They were unwilling to confide their predicament to just anyone, for the human race, as they saw it around them, had faces such as they had never seen before; all these people were involved in trades and passions that were unknown and hence vaguely terrifying. Finally they spotted a man who looked as if he might have come from their part of the world. They asked their question in a low voice and followed with their eyes the motions of the man's hand. But afterward they hesitated before starting out and watched their informant walk away.

The house was in a poor street, teeming with loaded pushcarts and loud voices, except where silent lines stood in front of the pawnshops. Here

they took courage and felt at home. The little women straggling across the street, the cripples sticking out here and there like evidences of fate, the fat, bejeweled shopkeepers, the children crawling over the sidewalks, and the merchants who opened their mouths shamelessly wide in strident praise of the wares they were selling, all these seemed familiar and put them in a good humor. The bridegroom pointed out the wealth of fruit and vegetables, set out on the street. "Just think, you can get grapes here the year around, and other fruits, too, even out of season!" he said to startle her.

They came to the house, and he rushed in with the impetuosity of ten years before. But the old landlady hardly remembered him. She thought and thought, and finally muttered: "Yes, yes," staring at him all the while. Her husband was dead and her sons were all married. Her daughter was married too, and when she said this she raised her eyes to look at him. The bride bent her head and blushed. But the bridegroom broke the silence with his loudest and gayest voice, the voice in which he had spoken in days gone by. "Here we are in Naples," he said, "and of course we wanted to come to you. You're as beautiful as ever!" She opened up her big bedroom with the faded red, gold-flowered paper on the wall and the photographs draped in black for mourning and also for protection from the flies. Then she brought a kerosene lamp and accepted two lire for the night.

The clamor of the city outside made the windowpanes rattle. The bridegroom locked the door and leaned a chair against it, while the bride sat down on a chair beside the chest of drawers, where a statuette of the Madonna under a glass bell was clothed in a torn blue dress and a crown that was all askew. When the bridegroom sat down at the table, solitude fell upon them. "Now we must have something to eat," he said in a low voice. "I've taken care of that, you'll see." He opened the suitcase and took out two parcels, one of which he set aside, saying: "That's for tomorrow."

They didn't say it, but the same thought was in both their minds, a thought of those that were to come, the children that would one day be theirs. The bride's hands, so accustomed to work and so ill at ease being idle, lay folded in her lap, while the bridegroom cut a piece of the chicken he had set out on a newspaper. Then he poured the wine and held the glass up to the light. He made an effort to laugh and said in a low voice: "Draw up your chair, and let's eat some of the good things from our own village. They don't have anything like this here. If the old lady could see this, she'd want some. We're not wasting our money in the hotels! What do you say if tomorrow we buy a cradle, with a pink embroidered lining? Pink or blue?"

My mother had put her arm on the table and was silently weeping.

Translated by Frances Frenaye

CONTEMPORARY ITALIAN WRITERS

A Survey of the Literary Scene

by GIOVANNI GRAZZINI

1

EVER since the late Middle Ages, Italy has been giving the world great works of literature, but books were for centuries chiefly the concern of the more prosperous, and, to a degree, this is still true today. Although our novelists may often write about working people and the country villages, their reading public is found among the middle classes. It is a growing public, but not a large one when compared with those in England or France. Nevertheless, Italian publishers are enterprising, and, since the War, the intellectual climate has been stimulating and favorable to serious, high-quality literary production.

The two decades of Fascism were a difficult period for Italian writers. The regime supported the myth of a culturally superior "Latin race," which should not be corrupted by the "decadent" new movements then evolving in other countries. It discouraged the circulation of ideas which did not serve the interests of an inflexible social order. The result, for the reading public, was a vacuum in which mediocrity was, more often than not, the rule. Of the writers who would not conform, some, like Silone or Borgese, went into exile; others remained in Italy, writing for themselves and their friends, or publishing little. In spite of censorship, there existed throughout the Fascist era an informal "underground" of writers and readers who kept in touch with the international currents of modern literature. Though their circulations were small, such magazines as *La Ronda* (1919-23), *Solaria*

(1926-36), and *Letteratura* (published since 1937), and, to a certain extent, *Pegaso* (1929-33) and *Pan* (1933-35) were oases of free artistic expression and the encouragement of originality.

In those dark years, the role of certain poets — Saba and Montale, for example — was especially significant. Their withdrawal from the world of the real, from the world of politics into the intimacy of their verse was made in manifest opposition to the regime and provided a key for understanding their deeply felt quarrel with that moment in Italy's history. This applies also to the so-called *prosa d'arte*, a form of narrative, remote from politics, which flourished during the same period. These writings were most often inspired by travels or autobiographical experience. They were characterized by an intense lyricism and sometimes by an extraordinarily refined and sophisticated style. Emilio Cecchi and Antonio Baldini have been outstanding in this genre.

With the collapse of Fascism came a vigorous renaissance, a reawakening of our literature's social conscience which was gradually matched by a liberation in the taste of the reading public. The relation of culture to society was posed in new terms. Our writers were again able to assume their first responsibility — to be active interpreters of a world whose values were rapidly changing. The return to our press of free political debate — even the stimulus from the extreme Left — has had a vitalizing effect on the literary scene.

It is always rash to oversimplify, and especially so with Italian culture, which varies so much from region to region. However, it may help to place the main trends of our contemporary writing if we narrow down the literature of this century to two

GIOVANNI GRAZZINI was born in 1925 in Florence and is today the literary critic of that city's largest daily, *La Nazione*. He also writes on a wide range of topics for other periodicals and broadcasts over the Italian radio.

main currents, one represented, among the forerunners, by Giovanni Verga (1840–1922), the other by Gabriele D'Annunzio (1863–1938). Let us assign to Verga the formula “word = thing” and to D'Annunzio “word = music.”

In his two great novels *The House by the Medlar Tree* and *Mastro-Don Gesualdo* (the finest produced in Italy after Manzoni's classic *The Betrothed*), Verga established the school of *Verismo* (realism) which, carried further by such masters as Matilde Serao (1856–1927) and the Nobel prize winner Grazia Deledda (1871–1930), today includes such names as Moravia, Pratolini, Berto, Vittorini, and many others. Inevitably, political factors have played a certain part in the development of this trend. It was only natural that writers who detested Fascism and who were sympathetic to the ideologies of the Left should concern themselves with the realities of the lives of the poor. Since the War, the novelists stemming from Verga have been exploring working-class and provincial environments, as well as urban middle-class mores, seeking to express the truth about life with frankness and stark sincerity.

The colorful D'Annunzio — poet, playwright, novelist, and political adventurer — set a pattern of rhetorical formalism which reached its final flowering in the person and work of Curzio Malaparte (1898–1957). This tendency, with its em-

phasis on the sensuous possibilities of language, on musicality and stylistic refinement, has not ceased to attract gifted writers to whom the realistic approach seemed inadequate to convey the subtleties and complexity of experience. The elegance and eloquent dignity of centuries of Italian *belles lettres* are still a compelling force. Today, Italy may be best known abroad for her realist novels and neo-realist films; it would be wrong, however, to infer from their popularity that the tradition of Verga has completely carried the day over that of D'Annunzio. Though the two main streams run parallel, there are many connecting branches, and often, in individual writers, their waters are mixed.

In a short article I cannot do justice to the work of all of our leading writers. Let me speak, then, of some few who may serve to exemplify the various trends. Many, of course, do not fit into any “school” and deserve an ampler individual treatment than is possible here. I shall cite titles available in English translation even though they may not happen to be a given writer's best books.

A towering figure in the older generation is Riccardo Bacchelli (born in 1891), whose great historical trilogy *The Mill on the Po* is the one truly majestic novel produced in this century in Italy which is in the tradition of Manzoni's classic *The Betrothed* or of the nineteenth-century French and Russian masterpieces. It is the saga of three gen-



A general view of the Fiat Mirafiori automobile plant in Turin. Fiat has 18 other plants where trucks, tractors, marine engines, airplanes and aviation engines are made. In sixty years

the Fiat work force has grown from 50 to 80,000 employees. For the last two years, after having first set up a network of dealers, service stations and stocks of spare parts, and having

fitted out three ships to transport cars, Fiat has been selling its automobiles in the United States, where it is represented by the Fiat Motor Company Inc., 500 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C.

erations of a family living on the banks of the Po River; against a carefully drawn historical background, both rural and urban, Bacchelli has created in depth a varied group of characters whose stories are rich in meaning because of the moral seriousness with which he has developed them.

The work of another older writer is less well known abroad than it deserves to be; few reputations in Italy are more solidly established than that of Aldo Palazzeschi (born in 1885) a novelist and storyteller of inexhaustible vitality. A subtle satirist, Palazzeschi blends laughter with melancholy in tales which are a genial mockery of man and the world.

Alberto Moravia (born in 1907) is a consummate master of narrative technique. He has published five distinguished novels (*The Time of Indifference*, *The Woman of Rome*, *The Conformist*, *A Ghost at Noon*, and *Two Women*), such impressive short novels as *Conjugal Love* and *Two Adolescents*, and many short stories, including some that are surrealist or satirical. The central vein of Moravia's work reveals an acute penetration of the moral fabric of the contemporary world, most often that of the Italian bourgeoisie. With merciless detachment, he pinpoints the many kinds of malaise which gnaw at human beings, making them strangers to each other, enfeebling them even when they seek purification.

Moravia deals with crude but very real themes drawn from everyday life. Some readers are repelled by Moravia's work; they tell us that his inspiration feeds on squalor and that he is preoccupied with sex to the exclusion of other motivating factors. True enough, perhaps, but few writers have explored the psychological labyrinths of modern man with so much insight. Like that earlier great Italian psychological novelist, Italo Svevo (1861-1928), the author of *The Confessions of Zeno* and *As A Man Grows Older*, Moravia cultivates an objective, simplified, almost flat style which scorns all decorative artifice.

Corrado Alvaro, who died in 1956, has left an indelible mark on contemporary Italian writing. In such novels as his *Man Is Strong*, he brought to the realist tradition a rare feeling for the poetry in simple things and a delicate, almost lyrical touch for characterization. His chronicles of the impoverished but stoical peasants of Calabria, such as *Gente in Aspromonte*, are infused with a gentle sadness that is deeply moving.

With Elio Vittorini (born in 1908), realism took on a decidedly social character, though, as with Alvaro, the approach was highly personal, and imbued with a tone of melancholy, yet ever humorous, fatalism. Vittorini had been translating Saroyan and Hemingway in the period when he wrote his little masterpiece *In Sicily* (1938), and the influence of the Americans is evident in his studied simplification of style and use of repetitive

THE ITALIAN THEATER

THE golden age of the Italian theater was the eighteenth century, the era of Alfieri, Metastasio and Goldoni. The so-called "bourgeois theater" of the nineteenth century was quantitatively productive but lacked originality, dominated as it was by foreign, especially French, influences. But toward the end of the century, the flamboyant Gabriele D'Annunzio (1864-1938) brought new life to the Italian stage with his striking "dramatic poems," such as *The Daughter of Jorio*. Sem Benelli (1875-1949), the author of *The Jester's Supper*, was also successful on a more popular level. These two writers had many imitators, whose talents were mediocre. The same might be said of the "grotesque theater" as well as the "intimate theater" of this period.

One of the most influential figures in world theater in the early years of the present century was the Sicilian, Luigi Pirandello (1867-1936), who revolutionized the stage with his new techniques. Pirandello's novel themes — and the bitter humanity of his dramatizations of metaphysical problems — brought him a world-wide audience and the Nobel Prize in 1934. *His As You Desire Me* and *Six Characters in Search of an Author* are still being produced in many lands.

The next among our dramatists to achieve international recognition was Ugo Betti (1892-1953), a judge in Rome, whose plays oscillate between a powerful idealism inspired by Ibsen and a pessimistic realism. More spontaneous, even though often tied to the traditional motifs of the commedia dell'arte, is the Neapolitan-dialect theater of the De Filippo brothers, who act in their own plays. Diego Fabbri's *Jesus on Trial* has been performed all over Europe.

In recent years, the interest of the Italian theater public has turned abroad. Adaptations of English, Russian, French, German, and, above all, American plays have proven extremely popular. There have been first-rate productions of the most important works of Eugene O'Neill, Arthur Miller, and Tennessee Williams, well staged by such directors as Luchino Visconti, Giorgio Strehler, and Luigi Squarzina, to name only a few.

It is difficult to explain the present dearth of major creative talent in the Italian theater. It may be that the energies of our most gifted writers are being channeled into the more remunerative field of the motion pictures. Certainly this is true among actors. The great names of the early part of the century — Eleonora Duse, Ruggero Ruggeri, Ermete Zacconi, Emma Gramatica, Gualtiero Tumiati — have not been replaced by new ones of equal luster. Nowadays young actors must learn their technique in schools, which, with their overemphasis on theory, are no substitute for working in repertory with great artists.

Economic crises, high production costs, and the competition from the cinema, and now television, have weakened the Italian theater, in spite of the subsidies granted, in a somewhat haphazard fashion, by the State. The loyal theater public of the past has disappeared. Today, it takes the publicity of a big hit to bring the crowds into our theaters.

C. T.

rhythm. *In Sicily* was an important landmark in the transition to modern writing. It broke sharply with the convention of a strong plot line for fiction, making its impact more through atmosphere than action. The book's Italian title was "Conversations in Sicily," and, like Hemingway, Vittorini relies heavily on dialogue to create a verbal tone which establishes the background mood of his stories.

Since *In Sicily*, Vittorini has published a number of impressive books, including *The Red Carnation* (the story of a young student who becomes emotionally involved with a prostitute), *The Twilight of the Elephant* (a wonderfully comic fable of the optimism of the unemployed), the as yet untranslated major novel *Women of Messina*, and *La Garibaldina*, to be published here next year.

It should be noted that there is an avid interest, both among Italian writers and readers, in the contemporary American novel. Almost all of the leading serious novelists of the United States are quickly translated and published here. Cesare Pavese, a brilliant and tragic figure who took his own life in 1950, was another important novelist who learned his craft while translating American fiction. Pavese's *The Moon and the Bonfires* and *Before the Cock Crows*, in which he attempted to "transform chaotic daily reality into thought and imagination," were very popular.

In a sense, the realist tradition can also claim Vasco Pratolini (born in 1913), whose large-scale social frescoes *A Tale of Poor Lovers* and *Metello* depict the life of the working-class districts of his native Florence. But again, in Pratolini's glowing human sympathy, there is a strong lyrical element.

Among the writers who are somewhat more politically oriented, Ignazio Silone (born in 1900) and Carlo Levi (born in 1902) are outstanding. One of the earliest exiles from Fascism, Silone published his *Fontamara* from Switzerland in 1931. It was at once a profound attack on the Fascist order and a passionate plea for the depressed and long-suffering peasants, the *cafoni*, of the Italian South. Silone was born in a little village of the Abruzzi and for nearly thirty years he has been writing about the people of that region whom he knows so well — most recently in the just published *Secret of Luca*.

Carlo Levi had a very different background from that of Silone. He was born into a cultured family in Turin and became a doctor. Under Fascism, he was obliged to live in a primitive village in Lucania. In his most famous book, *Christ Stopped at Eboli*, he described what he found there, and its success helped to focus public attention on conditions in the South. Levi's temperament is so exuberant as to verge on the baroque. The "narrative essay" technique which he uses in his fiction is one of the more interesting variations on the form of the novel which have so enlarged its scope today.

Lack of space compels me to slight a number of distinguished writers who certainly deserve serious

attention; but I must at least name a few who are representative of the various generations. Among the older masters we cannot pass over Massimo Bontempelli (born in 1878), who has created a "magic realism" all his own; Marino Moretti (born in 1885), author of some forty impressive novels; Bruno Cicognani (born in 1879), whose exquisitely Tuscan spirit defies translation; and Enrico Pea (1881-1958), whose *Moscardino* has been brilliantly translated by the poet Ezra Pound. These four writers are very different from one another, but they have in common a relentless power of inspiration which infuses their creations, be they naturalistic or surrealistic. Among somewhat younger writers, Carlo Emilio Gadda (born in 1893) and Bonaventura Tecchi (born in 1896) have reached a place of importance in contemporary fiction: the former, with his extraordinary verbal inventiveness, the latter with his remarkable psychological insight.

For the middle generation I must mention at least eight names: if only to give some idea of the variety that now animates the Italian novel, short story and essay. There is Giuseppe Marotta (born in 1902), with his colorful sketches of Naples, and the allegorical Dino Buzzati (born in 1906), sometimes compared to Kafka. There is the film-director Mario Soldati (born in 1906), sensual and ironical in his own novels, such as *The Capri Letters*, and Guido Piovene (born in 1907), who reveals an uncommon perception in essays, travelogues, and novels; Vitaliano Brancati (1907-1954), who has left us in his *Bell' Antonio* a biting satire of Sicilian middle-class life; Tommaso Landolfi (born in 1907), some of whose fantasies have recently appeared in *Encounter*; Pier Antonio Quarantotti-Gambini (born in 1910), with his tender stories of love among the very young; and Giuseppe Berto (born in 1914), with his poignant tale of children in wartime, *The Sky Is Red*. Among our group of accomplished women novelists, I would cite especially Gianna Manzini, who has reached, in certain pages, an exceptional lucidity of style and image. Natalia Ginzburg's *Light for Fools*, Elsa Morante's *The House of Liars*, and Alba De Céspedes's *The Secret* have been published in the United States. Finally, among the youngest generation, the terse Carlo Cassola (born in 1917) and the powerfully satirical Italo Calvino (born in 1923) are outstanding.

2

For most educated Italians, poetry is still the heartblood of literature. As has been pointed out, the refusal of our best poets to come to terms with Fascism had great symbolic impact during the black years. Yet it must be acknowledged that their stand often led them toward isolation from the general public. Withdrawing into themselves, their poetry became interior and commensurately diffi-

cult. In fact, the term which is most frequently used to designate the work of such men as Ungaretti, Montale, and Quasimodo, is "hermetic." And, although it might have been anticipated that the political liberation would signal a return to more open communication in poetry, this has become noticeable only to a limited extent among the most gifted of the younger generation. Poets such as Mario Luzi, though not lacking in originality, are extending the tradition of the hermetic school, pursuing the search for self-recognition in the intimacy of a personal world.

Giuseppe Ungaretti (born in 1888) wrote most of the poems of his finest collection, *Joy (L'Allegria)*, during the first World War. Historically, he descends from the French symbolists, but, in broader terms, he is kin to all of the poets of this century, in so many countries, who have sought to restore directness and purity to the language of poetry. Like the Imagists, Ungaretti has returned to the essence of the word, eschewing all rhetorical superfluity. He employs, if you will, a kind of shock treatment on words to restore their freshness and impact; constructing more by association than logic, he takes words out of the familiar contexts in which their force has been weakened by over-use; in his new patterns, the words themselves again become new, recharged with meaning. The evocative power of verbal sound is also exploited to the full. It is a poetry of highly personal statement, of instantaneous intuitions, which, for all its severe economy — some of his finest poems consist of only a few lines, or a few words — casts a deep spell. In his later books, such as *Grief* and *The Feeling of Time*, Ungaretti has moved toward more relaxed forms, and a somewhat more religious accent has become perceptible.

Of a more mystic than religious inspiration is the work of Eugenio Montale (born in 1896), who is sometimes compared to T. S. Eliot. The fame of this very gifted poet rests essentially on the collections *Ossi di seppia (Cuttlefish Bones)*, published in the early years of Fascism, and *Le occasioni*, which dates from the outbreak of World War II. In a period of easy optimism fostered by Fascism, Montale created a vitreous world which hope could not enter, in which the symbols of a barren landscape represented the withered heart of man. In these poems the poet accepts the fact that his pain cannot be transmitted; he endures it, taking comfort in nostalgic recollection and in awareness of the dignity that remains in the "daily decencies" of life. Less revolutionary than Ungaretti in his technique, Montale is perhaps more so in the substance of his poetry. His influence on younger poets has been great.

Umberto Saba, a native of Trieste who died only last year, was a more traditional and a less "hermetic" poet than Ungaretti and Montale. Consequently, his work, in the collection *Il Canzoniere*,

had access to a somewhat larger public. The atmosphere of everyday life — both its sadness and its happiness — gave him his characteristic theme, and he painted a world of human affections, of melancholy and fleeting dreams with spontaneity and candor. His wealth of attitudes and tones might be mistaken for facility but it is, instead, an aspect of a rare and inexhaustible gift for song.

Salvatore Quasimodo (born in 1901) is assured of lasting fame because of his superlative translations of classic Greek and Latin poetry. He carries over into his original work a flawless verbal taste and the ability to recreate the idyllic aura of legend and myth. It is deplorable that he has occasionally permitted political interests to muddy his inspiration; a recent poem dedicated to the Russian sputnik is a sad example of this deviation from true poetry.

Among our older poets, I must mention Vincenzo Cardarelli for his classical sense of measure and moral overtones, and among the younger group, the gifted lyricists Alfonso Gatto and Leonardo Sinigalli, and among the poets of a social-political tendency, Pier Paolo Pasolini.

Although little of their work is available in translation, except for that of such important figures of the earlier part of the century as the philosopher-critic Benedetto Croce (1866–1952), the spokesman for Catholicism Giovanni Papini (1881–1956), and the scholar-critic Giuseppe Antonio Borgese (1882–1952), I must at least mention a few of the leading names in the field of criticism, notably those of Pietro Panerazi (1893–1952), for many years the most authoritative and equilibrated voice of militant criticism; Emilio Cecchi (born in 1884), a master of the essay form and a major critic of art and letters; Francesco Flora (born in 1891), a literary historian with remarkable insight into the nature of poetry; and Giuseppe De Robertis (born in 1888), who has applied a fine sensibility to both classic and contemporary Italian letters.

I hope I have managed, without too many grievous omissions, to convey something of the variety, as well as the vitality, of the contemporary Italian literary scene. However, we can only be amazed at its vigor when we examine the physical situation from which it springs. Although in an average year, some eight thousand new books are published in Italy, almost none of them sell well enough to support even the most famous authors. The book-buying public simply is not large enough. I doubt if there are half a dozen first-rate creative writers in Italy who are able to live on their domestic book royalties alone. Thus, unless he has independent means, an Italian writer must have a profession or support himself by journalism, film-writing, radio work, and the like. This is hardly an encouraging picture, and yet, — interpret the phenomenon how you will — it does not seem to discourage our writers, or to diminish their creativity.

Translated by Ben Johnson

THE MOTION PICTURE INDUSTRY

Neo-realist Art and Box-Office Pressures

by LUIGI BARZINI, JR.

1

THE Italian cinema industry is today one of the liveliest in the world. It is rich with experimental ideas which are often copied by its competitors in other countries. It is quick to tell the bold, sincere, sometimes brutal stories which deserve to be told but which timid producers elsewhere avoid like poison.

At the same time, the Italian motion picture industry is almost dead. It lives under an oxygen tent — kept alive by the money that inexperienced investors lose each year, by Government handouts, enormous loans which can never be repaid, and by the fact that producers owe back salaries to actors, directors, and writers who go on working anyway. It is safe to say that at least 80 per cent of the pictures made each year in Rome do not recover the cost of the negative. Very few hit the jackpot. These few pack in the crowds in Paris, London, New York, and Moscow. They win the Oscars.

The reasons for this paradox are many and deep-rooted. They might be traced to such complex factors as the relative cultural weight of the various Italian classes, the difference in development between the industrialized North and the backward South, and the love for improvisation and dislike of regimented activities in the Italian character. All this becomes clear if we examine the two kinds of Italian films which enjoy a steady success and which may be considered safe investments.

The first kind is known to the trade as “Neapolitan” movies, for the simple reason that most of them are made in Naples by small local producers.

They are not masterpieces, contain no new ideas, and are never shown in first-run houses or sent abroad. They win no prizes and no critical acclaim. They only make money. They are usually shot in a few weeks on extremely small budgets by shrewd little producers who watch every lira.

The formula for these pictures is more or less standard. There is, first of all, a Mother — a white-haired, miserable, and possibly starving widow, who can fill with pity the hardest heart in any audience. There is a Son, misled by life, who has made one or two mistakes. Often he is in jail, for having unwittingly committed a crime or for having been falsely accused. He goes through great trials before he understands his errors and is finally freed. He is of course strengthened by his Mother’s love, and also, but to a lesser extent, by that of a tender Girl, with big black eyes and curly black hair, who waits for him, repels other suitors, and trusts him. He marries her at the end of the picture, which is regularly interrupted by sentimental songs in Neapolitan dialect, accompanied on the guitar.

The photography is dirty and uncertain, much inspired by the kind of sentimental picture postcards which soldiers and peasants buy in tobacco shops — smooth and shiny photographs of young men and girls sweetly holding hands in the moonlight, under wisteria arbors, or in a canoe. The cutting is amateurish and hysterical, the acting heavy, the dialogue obvious, the synchronization approximate, the direction without nuances.

The producers of these “Neapolitans” are practically unknown. One of the most successful was, in partnership with his brothers, a former owner of a country *trattoria*. They went bankrupt because they loved the food and ate more of it than the customers. This particular producer is a hearty, fat, jovial,

LUIGI BARZINI, JR., born at Milan in 1908, is a well-known journalist and roving correspondent. His books include: *New York* (1931), *Americans Are Alone in The World* (1952), and *The Communists Have Not Won* (1955).

and sanguine man of primitive education. Another money-making entrepreneur heads an outfit called "Sant' Antonio Proteggimi Film," or Saint-Anthony-Protect-Us Film Company. Most of these operators had all sorts of jobs before striking it rich in the movies. But they all have a sure knowledge of the popular mind, with its romantic longings and love of heartbreaking stories.

Famous among these producers is a former cameraman who made his start on a shoestring by buying leftover pieces of virgin film at bargain prices. Often the camera had to be reloaded in the middle of a scene, and the actors were kept frozen in their positions until shooting could continue. This resulted in strange jumps in the finished picture, but the producer (who was also cameraman and director) pointed out that his public was accustomed to such things — all the pictures they had ever seen were old ones, which had been repeatedly cut and repaired. His films, like all Neapolitan productions, were shot with old silent cameras and dubbed with sound afterwards.

His methods for cutting costs were legendary. His wife's shoulders were often used as moving support for the camera. The actors were recruited among the unemployed for a few lire and meals. Crowd scenes were real crowd scenes, and when he wanted a railway compartment scene, he would get on a train with his actors and shoot whatever he needed through an open newspaper with a hole in the middle.

These Neapolitan pictures are successful because they are tailored to the intellectual and financial capacities of their public — the poor Southern provinces, itinerant farm workers, the peasants, and, in general, simple people starved for entertainment, who cannot identify with the Hollywood imports they sometimes see, and who would not pay a cent for an Italian masterpiece, telling them the sad and diffused story of poor and desperate people like themselves.

2

THE second kind of film which presents good possibilities of success is the great international project. A good example of this type was *War and Peace*. Shot in Italy by an American director, it had a cast of many nationalities and was a collaboration between an Italian producer and an American firm. The Hollywood outfit supplied money (blocked lire from rentals of American films here, which may only be spent in Italy), big names, authority, international distribution, and the experienced knowledge of the requirements of a world-wide market. The Italian producer, Dino De Laurentiis, supplied everything else: sets, costumes, landscapes, bit players, extras (including the Italian Army), make-up men, horses, supporting actors, artists, designers, architects, experts, and technicians of all kinds.

De Laurentiis is a self-made man, a Neapolitan with a sure flair for movie making and a Napoleonic ability to improvise brilliant and unexpected solutions. He is also, in his way, good at shaving pennies. He understood a long time ago that one of the principal problems of the industry was the wealth of its creative capacities in relation to the poverty of the Italian market. What he needed was a larger public. At first, working alone, he tried making pictures which would be popular abroad. He then combined with foreign, mostly French, producers to make films that could be distributed in two similar markets. In the end he turned to Hollywood. The final result, of course, was more or less an American film. Only the details were Italian — the architecture and taste of the sets, the fit of the uniforms, the impeccable craftsmanship of props, the style of character actors and extras, and the photography of secondary scenes. Still, such joint ventures help to keep Italian studios busy through lean times, and prevent a general collapse.

Following De Laurentiis' lead, more and more pictures for a world-wide market have been made, with varying degrees of foreign participation. Some have succeeded; a few have failed. And now that Hollywood urgently needs "spectaculars" to compete with television, the outlook for the Italian industry is a little brighter.

Between the Neapolitan shoestring productions and the colossal historical reconstructions costing several millions of dollars, there is the no man's land of uncertainty, danger, and crisis. Here we find the films which have given the industry its prestige abroad, and here the financial risks are the greatest. This is the treacherous ground where the chances of failure are almost ten to one. The reasons are many.

The first Italian postwar pictures were home-made, economical affairs. The total outlay rarely went higher than forty or fifty million lire. But now all costs have risen. Even a modest film can rarely be made for less than a hundred and fifty millions. But the domestic market cannot normally be counted on to pay back more than a hundred millions. Only a big local success or a good export agreement can fill the gap. Thus, producers have been forced to modify the original Italian formula. They must try to play safe. What could be afforded in the small-budget enterprise — the daring novelties, the unpopular story, the poetical mood, the crepuscular photography, the tenuous and subtle direction, the disregard for technical perfection, in short everything that made the Italian pictures of the "neo-realist" period the great hits they were — all this can no longer be risked today. Films must now please too many people for producers and directors to be lighthearted or for writers to be sincere.

Nowadays a picture must have the backing of distributors and theater owners from the start. They know what the mass public will like. But these people (and the banks which advance the

money) rely chiefly on names — the biggest possible names for every available job. They want a famous writer, a celebrated director, a cast of well-advertised stars known to the public. This narrows the field to a small group which is always busy — too busy to do perfect work. Sooner or later there is a failure, and then the big name connected with it is washed up. And these big names are expensive; they push their salaries as high as the traffic will bear. This pyramids costs, increasing the backers' risk and hence their caution.

The financial mechanism of the Italian industry also has its defects. Loans are available from a State bank, which administers a fund replenished with the taxes foreign films must pay to be shown in Italy. These loans are liberal and easy to obtain, but strangely enough, this has been one of the causes of the present crisis. All a producer needs, to get a loan of as much as a hundred million lire, is two or three millions with which he can buy a story, make a first payment on the screenplay, sign a contract with a director and actors, and shoot the first scene.

But then the picture often turns out to be a flop, leaving a wake of unpaid and unpayable debts. What does the producer do next? The only way he can get himself afloat again is to start another pic-

ture. But now everything must be scrimped because the creditors are at the studio door. It is a descending spiral of increasing risk and mounting debts.

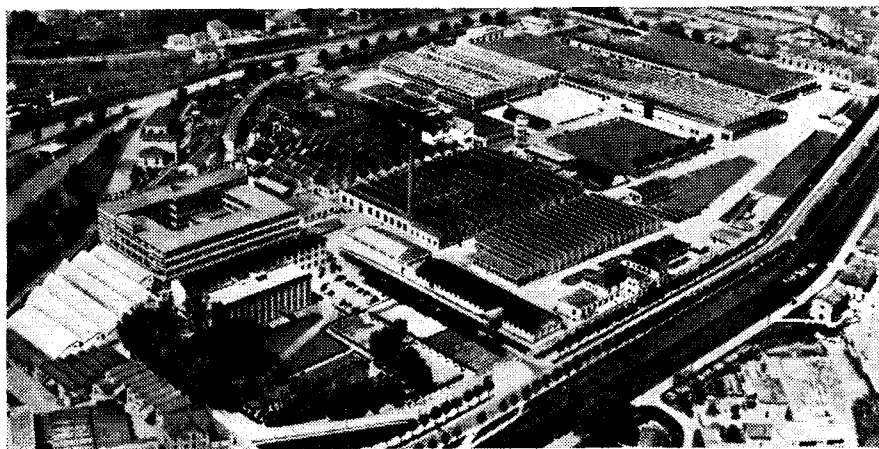
The problem of censorship must also be considered. Officially, there is no censorship in Italy; it is expressly forbidden by the Constitution. But, as is true in most countries, the Government may refuse permits for the showing or exportation of a picture which is morally unsuitable, or defamatory to Italy, its institutions, or to religion. This vague threat is more paralyzing than an open censorship would be. If there were official censors, texts or scenes could be submitted to them and changes made at little cost. As things are, producers dare take no chances, and pictures become more and more insipid and unrealistic. Today Hollywood is almost as frank as Rome was in 1945 and even treats some subjects which Italian producers would not attempt.

There are too many inexperienced and incompetent producers in Italy, too many gamblers playing for a jackpot. And there are too many theaters: about 17,000, not counting parish theaters — proportionately more than in the United States. Then too, people no longer go to the movies as much as they used to; rising prosperity has given them motor scooters and little automobiles. Finally, there is the competition of television.

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These are the factors underlying the paradoxical situation in which the liveliest of all movie industries is at the same time on its deathbed, only kept alive by desperate efforts. Yet what is more surprising than its agony, has been its capacity to maintain an international reputation and to avoid ultimate catastrophe for so long. Each year it still produces at least one great picture which wins the Oscars, is applauded by all the eminent critics, and packs the crowds in everywhere.

Among the most successful are those written and directed by Federico Fellini, a man in his early forties, the husband of Giulietta Masina, who always plays a leading part in his creations. Fellini insists on the absolute control of his work, from the first conception of the idea to the final dubbing of sound on the finished film. He is the author of *I Vitelloni*, the epic of idle young men in a provincial town; *La Strada*, the tale of open-air, vagrant show people, and now of *The Nights of Cabiria*, the poetical adventures of a prostitute in Rome. This last picture was stopped by timid Government officials for months, until Fellini showed it to his friend Cardinal Siri of Genoa, who thought it was a touching and Christian work of art. It was awarded the 1958 Oscar for the best foreign film.

Another man who painstakingly creates his pictures from beginning to end is Renato Castellani, who made *Two Cents Worth of Hope*, the last great neo-realist film, a moving story of two penniless lovers in Southern Italy. It usually takes Castellani over two years to prepare for shooting.

A characteristic example of the industry's paradoxical condition is Vittorio De Sica. He plays

comic roles (the elderly roué, often wearing a monocle) for big fees in shabby commercial pictures all over Europe in order to earn the money with which he directs his own splendid and usually financially unrewarding films. They are written by Cesare Zavattini, who is perhaps responsible for the success of more Italian postwar pictures than any single man. When Zavattini's stories are shot by other directors, they are never as fine as when handled by De Sica and, vice versa, when De Sica shoots another man's story, the result is seldom as admirable. "We are coffee and cream," says Zavattini.

The Italian film industry is still alive because it has craftsmen, artists, cameramen, writers, directors, and actors who believe in the movies, who love them, and who keep on trying. They are among the best in the world. They willingly work for the off-beat project, the unusual undertaking — sometimes for almost nothing, or for a share of profits. Like poets or struggling novelists who keep on writing in spite of discouraging rejections from publishers, Italian movie people go on stubbornly expressing their ideas in celluloid. They have something to say. In a complex and expensive industry they try to do what Italians have been doing in artistic undertakings for centuries; they carry on regardless of profit. As a matter of fact, they can be at their best when doing just that, pursuing the almost impossible achievement with little means beyond their own personal passion. Norman Douglas once spoke of the Italians' "charming mixture of inefficiency and enthusiasm." It still produces a few great masterpieces at the price of many noble failures.

THE GOAT

by *Umberto Saba*

I talked with a goat.
Alone in the meadow, tethered.
Sated with grass, rainsoaked,
it kept on bleating.

That steady bleating was fellow
to my sadness. I answered
first for a joke and then for grief
whose one voice is endless and unchanging.
I heard this voice
sorrowing in a lonely goat.

In a goat with its semitic face
I heard all other wrongs complain,
and all of life.

Translated by Sonia Raiziss and Alfredo De Palchi

THE MUSIC SITUATION IN ITALY

The Break-through into Contemporary Style

by MASSIMO MILA

I

NOTHING else perhaps, in Italy, has changed so considerably in the past half century as music. And if this has been overlooked to some extent, it is only because other activities in which changes far less sweeping have taken place are of more immediate importance, and have been felt more deeply than the upheaval in music.

Up to the turn of the century, Italy was still a land of opera in a world being won over more and more by symphony and music drama of Wagnerian origin. Although opera passed out of fashion, the Italian achievement remained. All over the world there were people ready to be moved by the characters of Puccini's creation, people whose enthusiasm could be aroused by the vibrant melodies of Mascagni: such characters and melodies, together with a reserve of fine voices, were things only Italy was able to furnish the world. Caruso was the great symbol of this predominance.

Today, Italian achievement in opera survives solely on the glories of the past. There is no longer a Puccini or a Mascagni whose works instantly sweep the world. But Italy has regained some of the ground surrendered to the great German symphonic accomplishments of the nineteenth century, and she has assimilated the more recent advances of French impressionism and the expressionism of Middle Europe. In a word, she has fallen in step with that phenomenon known as "modern music." Italy today is no longer a picturesque spot of local color on the geographical map of music, but a

country as modern as any other. The creators of this renovation were a group of musicians whose work is now given over to history, though two of them, happily, are still composing: they were Franco Alfano (1876–1954), Ottorino Respighi (1879–1936), Ildebrando Pizzetti (born in 1880), Gian Francesco Malipiero (born in 1882), and Alfredo Casella (1883–1947).

These pioneers of modern Italian music had to fight a stiff battle against public incomprehension and hostility. The Italians loved their traditional opera and were justly proud of the favor it found the world over. Many felt that this national glory was being destroyed by a conspiracy of ambitious, xenophile musicians. Actually, Casella, Pizzetti, Malipiero, and company were not the gravediggers of Italian opera — which died a perfectly natural death. After Verdi, one had to be content with Puccini, Mascagni, Giordano; and after them, it was clear that it was no longer possible to write works of that order in a world that had experienced two World Wars, a Russian Revolution, and such inventions as motion pictures, the radio, the airplane, and the atomic bomb. The musical generation of the '80s did the only thing open to it and drew natural deductions from the historical situation in which it found itself: it strove to give Italy modern music, in the main symphonic and instrumental.

One can now state surely that the risky operation undertaken by the pioneer generation has been successful. For many years, of course, we Italians had the impression of being the last arrivals at the banquet table of modern music. We felt that we were considered nice, promising young students. The keynotes were coming from Paris, Vienna, Berlin, and, later, America. The masters were Ravel, Stravinsky, Hindemith, Schoenberg, Bartók.

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Today, Italian music has emerged from its period of minority. This fact stood out clearly after the break in cultural and artistic activities due to World War II. When the arts of peace were resumed, foreign musical circles suddenly realized the existence of arresting music in Italy. And especially important, Italian artists felt themselves freed, as though by magic, of their inferiority complexes. Without bragging, without nationalistic conceit, it is perfectly clear today, to the few Italians who love modern music, that the tune is no longer called only from abroad. Italy has entered the mainstream of European music not only as an importer, but equally as an exporter.

This has been possible because the work of the generation of the '80s was not an operation against nature, but a natural growth from roots buried deep within the Italian musical tradition. Needless to say, the pioneers had a great deal to learn and accept from European instrumental music of the times; Casella was an indefatigable importer of new musical fashions. But an unerring instinct led them to revive a particular instrumental tradition, Italian and very ancient, which had been swamped beneath the flood of nineteenth-century opera. The impulse toward the past, the rediscovery of baroque and even Renaissance music, has certainly been one of the characteristic features of modern music everywhere, particularly of the strain usually called neo-classic. But perhaps nowhere has this movement been more firmly grounded in solid historical motivations than in Italy. For the new Italian musicians, leaping over the nineteenth century meant linking up with an older indigenous culture. They restored contact with the age of Vivaldi and Domenico Scarlatti, of Boccherini and Corelli, of Monteverdi and Palestrina.

In Italy as elsewhere, to be sure, many conscientious and useless suites and *concerti grossi* were written in scholastic imitation of the seventeenth century. But the *concertante* taste of the baroque age again flourished with spontaneity in contemporary Italian music, even when it was not neo-classic in aim. In reaction to the symphonic dialectic of the nineteenth century, a *concertante* style was developed which is genuinely modern and makes no concessions to archaism. In particular, a taste for mixed vocal and instrumental polyphony came to the fore, having as its ancient models the dramatic madrigals of Monteverdi, but which is nonetheless entirely receptive to the latest experiments with contemporary musical language.

This predilection for the vocal, which is irresistibly winning its way against the prevailing instrumental ideal of contemporary music, has quickly become the trademark of the new Italian music. But it is no longer based on the solo voice sustained by the charms of *bel canto*; it is, rather, a polyphonic choral style which frequently places human voices and instruments on the same plane.

And now that, since the War, twelve-tone music, running like wildfire across the Western World, has spread through Italy as well, it becomes evident that we are witnessing a repetition of that grand historical phenomenon which took place in the sixteenth century, when Italy welcomed the highly complicated contrapuntal technique evolved by the Flemish, and, without diluting it, nonetheless did temper it and make it smoother, imparting to it artistic grace and re-forming it to the specifications of a more intense expression and of a cogent vocal style. In contemporary international music circles nowadays it is common to refer to "counterpoint *à l'italienne*," meaning this humanization which the Italians, through the introduction of an innate vocal art, have brought to the twelve-tone technique and to modern polyphony.

2

LUIGI DALLAPICCOLA of Florence, and Goffredo Petrassi of Rome — both born in 1904 — are the outstanding personalities of the group of contemporary Italian composers which followed the pioneer generation. They operated side by side and on an equal footing with the greatest European masters in the production and continual evolution of modern values. Dallapiccola has been the principal introducer of the twelve-tone technique in composition, creating both with broad-minded freedom and that cogency of melodic expression which is generally recognized as the Italian style. Petrassi is the leading exponent of the other trend in contemporary music, which, though it has not broken all ties with tonality, still does not evade the most rigorous stylistic discipline and the most advanced experiments — the current whose masters are Stravinsky, Hindemith, and Bartók. Both Dallapiccola and Petrassi are known in America, where they have taught composition at various universities.

The younger Italian composers run the gamut of contemporary musical styles. They range from the simple traditionalists, some of whom are influenced by Prokofieff or Menotti, through a middle group (Zafred, Chailly, Viozzi, Liberovici) who stem from the early Stravinsky, Hindemith, Bartók, and the pioneers of Italian modernism, to composers such as Mario Peragallo, who blends the traditional with a personal application of the twelve-tone technique. Others who have successfully explored the twelve-tone technique are Riccardo Malipiero, Camillo Togni, and Antonio Veretti, while the names Ghedini, Turchi, Vlad, Marinuzzi, Negri, Fellegara, and Mario Castelnuovo-Tedesco, who now lives in America, should not be overlooked among the middle-group modernists.

And then we find young men who have embarked on the adventure of post-Webernian extremism and of electronic music. The electronics research laboratory set up by the RAI (Radiotelevisione Italiana)

in its Milan studios ranks with similar laboratories in Cologne, Gravesano (Switzerland) and Paris in the development of the most daring sound experiments. Luciano Berio and Bruno Maderna are engaged in research and creative work which is moving at the same pace as that being carried out by Stockhausen in Germany, by Boulez in France, by Pousseur in Belgium, and by Edgar Varèse and John Cage in America. Still, even within this current of extremism — where the positions of the Viennese twelve-tone music of Schoenberg and Alban Berg have been passed and the starting point is where Anton Webern left off — it is not hard to notice the tempering presence of the Italian gift, with its unmistakable qualities of balance, vocality, and expressive warmth. Evidence of this may be found in the compositions of the Venetian Luigi Nono, a man who met with success abroad, notably in Germany, before appearing on the Italian musical scene.

3

IF THIS, with inevitable omissions, is the present situation of musical composition in Italy, what is the public reaction to it? In Italy, as in most countries, the evolution of musical expression has been more rapid than that of public taste: composers have outdistanced their listeners. As far back as 1869 Verdi put his finger on the crux of the matter when he wrote in a letter: "One can't go on like this. Either the composers must go backward or all the others must go forward."

The composers have not gone backward, and "all the others" have done their best to follow them. The Italian public has not kept up with the composers, but it has nonetheless made great strides. There exists today an unabashed and widespread appreciation of symphonic music, to which the ever increasing number of concert societies, flourishing even in the smaller cities, bears witness. Three great orchestras are engaged exclusively in symphonic work: the RAI orchestras of Turin and Rome and the orchestra of the long-established Association of Santa Cecilia in Rome, which, apart from having an excellent permanent chorus, also provides valuable advanced courses in every branch of music.

Then too, the permanent orchestras of the more important opera houses give symphony concerts: foremost among these are the orchestras of La Scala of Milan, and of the May Music Festival of Florence. Among chamber orchestras holding regular local concerts, particularly outstanding are the Alessandro Scarlatti group in Naples, the orchestras of the Pomeriggi del Nuovo ("Afternoons of New Music") and the Angelicum in Milan, and that of the Collegium Musicum in Turin. Lastly, following the famous example set by the Virtuosi di Roma, well-known in America as a result of many tours there, are numerous small string orchestras which have sprung into being and are dedicated to spread-

ing the eighteenth-century instrumental repertoire (Vivaldi, Corelli, Scarlatti, Stradella, Tartini, Locatelli, Geminiani, etc.).

Indeed in a certain sense, the musical life of Italy seems to be flourishing more in the concert hall than in the opera house. Where opera is concerned, a trace of ennui may be detected, which is offset, in some of the larger cities, by the first-rate productions of especially resourceful and lively opera houses. To be sure, no concert or opera association is able to make ends meet without outside financial assistance. La Scala, which boasts a full house at every performance, covers just half its management expenses with box-office receipts: no other opera house does so well. The difference is made up by State subsidies drawn from funds which the Government collects on entertainment taxes. The amount of these subsidies and their distribution are presently the subject of heated discussion and of a new draft law in Parliament. A number of operas, both new and old, were produced with great success this past summer at the music festival in the old Umbrian town of Spoleto which was organized by the Italo-American composer Gian Carlo Menotti.

The progress of musical culture in Italy is confirmed by the emergence of solo instrumentalists and chamber groups which are building world-wide reputations. Needless to say, Italian vocal achievement is still solidly in the field of opera; the world takes a lively interest in the rivalry between the sopranos Maria Callas and Renata Tebaldi, it acclaims tenors such as Mario Del Monaco and Antonio Di Stefano; but now, for the first time since Paganini and Busoni, Italy can also boast of front-ranking places in other branches, with the pianists Arturo Benedetti Michelangeli and Pietro Scarpini, the violinist Gioconda De Vito, and such chamber ensembles as the Trio di Trieste, the Nuovo Quartetto Italiano, and the Quintetto Chigiano. To these names should also be added that of Guido Cantelli, whose premature death in an air crash deprived him of a brilliant career as heir to Toscanini as the world's first orchestra conductor.

Speaking broadly, the taste of the musical public in Italy has caught up with the forerunners of modern music. The great nineteenth-century symphonists, with Beethoven ranking first, are the most popular, and in opera the favor which Wagnerian music drama is now receiving from a non-specialized public is astounding, but Richard Strauss, Debussy, Ravel, De Falla, and the early Stravinsky are entirely within the understanding of the concert-going public. Stravinsky's *Petrushka* and *Le Sacre du printemps* are warmly applauded; Mahler and Bruckner, too, who until a few years ago were ignored in Italy, are beginning to find their way into symphony programs. And appreciation of modern music is being helped by the ever-increasing sale of phonograph records as the Italian economic situation improves.

Yet, with the mass audience there is still definite resistance to the advanced music of the last three decades. A work such as Berg's *Wozzeck*, performed till now only in Rome, Naples, and Milan, has still not entered the standard opera repertoire. All of modern music traceable to twelve-tone technique is vaguely considered an incomprehensible bugbear. The Italian public particularly mistrusts its own more advanced composers; Malipiero, Pettrassi, Dallapiccola and Luigi Nono are played and appreciated far less at home than abroad. Public incomprehension of foreign masters, however, is tempered with respect, and the most arduous compositions of Schoenberg, the later Stravinsky, Berg, Bartók, Hindemith, and even Webern are listened to with a sincere desire to understand. Apart from the regular symphony seasons (notably the radio seasons of the Third Program in Rome and Turin, which are open to the public), knowledge of these stratospheric zones of modern music is nourished by the music festivals held in Florence in May and in Venice and Perugia in the autumn. The Venetian event is devoted exclusively to contemporary music, and there works are performed which are so highly experimental that the festival may at times appear to be cut off in a curiously "arty" atmosphere. But in the long run the good effect of such courageous spadework is felt, however much one notices the gulf separating the taste of the average music lover from that of the musical intelligentsia, which in Italy is receptive to the most reckless adventures.

Not to be overlooked, in assessing the progress of Italian musical taste, is the increasing appeal of pre-nineteenth-century music: with the Italian public, Bach is now as popular as Beethoven. The Vivaldi revival rests on real enthusiasm, with *The Four Seasons* ranking among the best selling records in the country, and, slowly, even the music of Monteverdi, Frescobaldi, and the sixteenth-century composers is gradually being rescued from oblivion.

Unfortunately, the situation of choral music in Italy is not as promising as that of symphonic and instrumental music. There is insufficient rudimentary technical knowledge. Music is not ordinarily taught in Italian schools. Although the world may think of Italy as the country of singing *par excellence*, the State does not consider it its duty to teach musical fundamentals to our children. In the secondary schools the history of literature and art is taught, but not music history. The Italian school system ignores Palestrina and Monteverdi, Rossini and Verdi. Thus elementary musical education is limited largely to private instruction.

Musical taste is affected, of course, by criticism, but this, in its journalistic forms, is often too hurried and superficial. The specialized periodicals have very few readers: the old and dignified *Rivista Musicale Italiana* has all but disappeared, and the *Rassegna Musicale*, which for thirty years has been engaged in intelligent work aimed at

JAZZ AND FOLK MUSIC

THE history of jazz in Italy dates back only to the 1930's, but it has become an important element in popular culture. The Fascists attacked jazz as "Negroid music" and tried, unsuccessfully, to keep it out of the country; it had the appeal of forbidden fruit to young people who heard it over foreign radio stations or on imported records. Despite official censure, a generation of brave jazz players matured under Fascism, among whom the pianists Bertolazzi, Trovajoli, and Piero Morgan were outstanding.

With the liberating armies in 1944 came jitterbugs, V-discs, and disc jockeys of the various "expeditionary stations." Jazz, too, conquered the country, and today packed audiences listen to Lionel Hampton, Ella Fitzgerald, Gerry Mulligan, and Shank and Cooper. And, if after the performance the American guests consent to continue in a jam session at a private home in Rome or Milan, Italian fans and professionals will gather around them to participate and to learn.

New Orleans style jazz is a favorite in Italy, but "progressive" and "cool" jazz have their followers, too, and they include, generally speaking, the most prominent performers today. Besides the pioneer pianists, postwar Italy has produced superior trombonists such as Rotondo, Valdambrini, and Libano, and saxophonists like Basso, who often compose their own music. They are first-rate, measured even by the American standards which hold the world's respect.

"Legitimate" jazz constitutes about 20 per cent of the non-classical music that is being played in Italy, but even traditional Italian dance music has made contact with jazz and shows strong symptoms of contagion.

Italy has a wealth of folk music whose origins are very ancient; its characteristics vary from region to region, reflecting many different historical and ethnic backgrounds. Slavic (Albanian) influences can be detected in the folk music of Calabria. Some of the ballad singers of Sicily seem straight from Homer, while Greek and Moorish elements blend with traces of Gregorian chant in the songs of Sardinia. Many regions have an old and strong choral tradition: there are the Alpini in Venezia and Piedmont, the cantarini choirs of the Romagna, the stornellate of the Arno valley, and the splendidly costumed Sardinian mixed choruses, varying from village to village. The spontaneity and intensity of their performance, the wealth of their repertoires — partly primitive and based on oral tradition, partly re-worked by "literate" individual composers — bring to mind the Don Cossacks or the best Negro choruses.

The National Center for the Study of Folk Music at the Academy of Santa Cecilia in Rome has undertaken a program for collecting and recording this ancient yet ageless material before it disappears under the impact of modern life. More than anything else, perhaps, these folk songs, the dances that go with them, and the costumes of their performers reveal the extent of Italy's cultural diversity and the richness of her ancient regional traditions.

E. M. B.

renovating the musical life and culture of Italy, has fallen on hard times. For some years now, reading interests have come to include books on music, but the publication of such books is scanty and they do not fill the needs of an uninstructed public. Italian musical scholars do not have a knack for popular writing and, as is the case with public performances, a separation exists between specialists and the average cultural level of the nation.

The teaching of music as a career takes place in conservatories and in music *lycées* devoted exclusively to the training of future professional musicians, and there instruction is frequently on a high level, notably in the field of instrumental and vocal performance. But the teaching of harmony and music history is sometimes poor because of antiquated programs, while composition classes often suffer from a shortage of major musicians in teaching positions: a regulation of questionable wisdom bars conservatory presidents from holding professorial titles, with the result that a number of leading Italian composers are heads of conservatories but do not teach composition. An exception is the Conservatory of Santa Cecilia, in Rome, where advanced composition is taught by Goffredo Petrassi, Virgilio Mortari, and Ildebrando Pizzetti,

whose opera of Eliot's *Murder in the Cathedral* was recently done in New York. And while he was still alive, Alfredo Casella had a sizable following in the summer courses he taught in Siena at the Accademia Chigiana, which holds a brief festival each autumn, the Settimana Musicale Senese, devoted to seventeenth- and eighteenth-century music. It was this festival in Siena, incidentally, which sparked the Vivaldi and Monteverdi revivals.

On the whole, the Italian musical scene is characterized by bright lights as well as by deep shadows. There has been some decline in what were at one time the indisputable fields of Italian musical success and a headlong rush into sectors which were once rather neglected. The efforts to update culture and taste have been stimulated by an *avant-garde* which is certainly spurring the general public on to an overly swift pace; still, the good will with which the public is responding to this impatient and at times rash urging is undeniable. Neither can it be denied that the music situation in Italy today, in spite of serious shortcomings due to ignorance of the elements of music among the general public, has life and action in it and is anything but stagnant.

Translated by Ben Johnson

THE MEDITERRANEAN

by Eugenio Montale

Old one, I'm drunk with the voice
that pours from your mouths when they
gape like green bells and
beat back and dissolve.
You know, the home of my far off
summers belonged to you there
in the land where the sun simmers,
the gnats blur the air. Also today
I stand like stone in your presence,
sea, but no longer think myself worth
the grave exhortation of your breath.
You were the first to tell me
that my heart's puny tumult
was nothing but an instant
of yours; that here deep in myself
was your perilous law: to be vast and varied
and still hold fast:
and so be purged of all filth
as you are who batter the coasts
among seaweed starfish corks
the idle trash of your abyss.

Translated by Sonia Raiziss and Alfredo De Palchi

THE ITALIAN ECONOMY

Some Notes on its Achievements and Problems

by P. L. TUMIATI

1

IN THE last ten years Italy's economic progress has been surpassed by few other nations. Her recovery from the destruction and dislocations of the War has been almost as astonishing as that of West Germany. Foreign assistance, such as the American Marshall Plan aid, helped at first to prime the pump; hard work, resourcefulness, and optimistic determination have done the rest. The most striking achievement has been in industrial production. The output of 1938, which was Italy's peak prewar year, has been more than doubled. Exports have reached record levels, and many Italian products are now famous all over the world.

However, despite these accomplishments, some of Italy's most basic problems — overpopulation and the consequent unemployment and underemployment, and the wide gap between the standards of living in the Northern and Southern parts of the country — have not been solved.

One of the main goals of every recent Italian government has been the bridging of this gap between North and South. (Senator Zanotti Bianco has given the historical background of this situation in his article, "The Problem of the South," in this collection.) Some idea of the size of the gap may be drawn from the statistics for 1955: if the average per capita income in the South for that year is graphed at 100, the average for Northern Italy is 145. And while only 1½ per cent of the inhabitants of Northern Italy live under sub-standard condi-

tions, the sub-standard percentage in the South is 28. All the indices relating to consumption, savings, sanitary conditions, education, unemployment, and so on show a similar disparity; it is almost as if North and South were two different countries.

Not all the government measures have been equally successful. Much progress has been made in the South, it is true, but the highly industrialized North has taken even greater strides, so that the gap is widening rather than being closed. The Government allocated a sum of over seven hundred and fifty million dollars for the first five years for its Southern Development Fund, this to be applied in addition to normal public works budgets for the area. But, not infrequently, financial pressures have obliged the ministries concerned to reduce their normal expenditures for development. Only sustained effort on a vast scale can solve the problem of the South, and it will take a long time.

Out of our total population of about 49 millions, some two million are unemployed. And the population is increasing each year at the rate of 300,000, with the largest growth in the depressed South. Then it is estimated that there are between three and four millions of *underemployed* — workers with part-time or seasonal jobs which cannot support them. In the past, emigration helped to relieve the pressure of overpopulation. But today the demand from abroad is for skilled workers while those who might fill it are, for the most part, untrained. As a matter of fact, there is even a shortage of skilled labor in certain Italian industries.

A large number of Italians, who remain citizens of Italy, have either permanent or seasonal employment outside the country. There are about 250,000 in Switzerland alone and many in France, West Germany, Belgium, and England. 105,000 emi-

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grated overseas in 1957, the greater part of them going to Canada, Venezuela, Australia, the United States, and Argentina. Of these, about 60 per cent were from the South, Sicily, and Sardinia.

The trend toward automation in industry is a further problem and one which is leading to some conflict between government and private industry. Manufacturers must cut costs to meet foreign competition, but in the large number of Italian industries which are State-controlled there is naturally pressure to keep up employment figures regardless of cost.

2

THERE are probably more State-owned, or State-controlled industries and other commercial enterprises in Italy than in any other country west of the Iron Curtain. To date, the pattern has perhaps been closer to what might be called "state capitalism" than to the concepts of orthodox socialism. Much latitude has been given to the managers of these industries, and the way in which most of them have been operated has differed little from that of private business. Recently, however, a more socialistic government policy for the State-controlled industries has been gaining ground.

Last year, for example, a new law required industries the greater part of whose capital comes from the State, to withdraw from the Confederation of Industry. This meant that their production and wage policies would no longer follow that of privately-owned industry. And a new Ministry of State Shareholdings was established to co-ordinate the many State-dominated enterprises.

What are these State-dominated industries? Most of them are grouped under two large holding companies, the IRI (Istituto per la Ricostruzione Industriale) and the ENI (Ente Nazionale Idrocarburi). There is also the State Tobacco Monopoly, under the Ministry of Finance. The IRI embraces: the Finsider group, whose companies produce more than 50 per cent of Italy's steel; the Finmeccanica group, which includes Alfa-Romeo automobiles, several shipbuilders, engineering firms, and manufacturers of machinery; Finelettrica in the field of power companies; Finmare, which runs four of the largest shipping lines; the Alitalia airline; all five of the country's telephone companies; the Italian Broadcasting and Television Corporation; and, significant because of its effect on the nation's credit structure, the three major banking chains. The ENI group controls the leading domestic oil company and shares ownership with British Petroleum and Standard Oil of New Jersey in three large refineries. It also dominates the ANIC Chemical Company and a large number of other concerns.

While the State may hold technical control of all these businesses, it is essential to remember that,

in a great many of them, private stockholders represent a substantial interest and that the managerial class which operates them is, by and large, very strongly oriented toward the profit-making concepts of free enterprise.

Another somewhat socialistic aspect of the present Italian economy is government price-fixing. The Interministerial Committee for Prices determines the price scale for such basic products and services as coal, gasoline, natural gas, asphalt, certain ores, glass, many chemicals, fertilizers, medicines, wheat, rice, sugar, electric power, water supply, telephone service, hotel rooms, and even daily newspapers. During the crisis after the War there was considerable regulation of the import and export trade, in order to conserve foreign exchange for essentials, but these restrictions have been progressively loosened with the marked improvement in the gold and dollar reserve position. As of March, 1958, these reserves amounted to 51 per cent of the Bank of Italy's note circulation and the average national import figure for five months.

Is the Italian economy expanding as rapidly as it might? Italian industrialists are sometimes accused of preferring a high profit on small volume to the theory that lowering prices will increase sales. This charge is certainly unfair to our more progressive business leaders, who are eager to enlarge their markets and who also believe, as did Henry Ford, that higher wages are returned in increased consuming power. Yet it is certainly true that some industries have not expanded for fear of future labor problems in a recession period. Both government regulations and pressure from the unions make it difficult to lay off workers in Italy. The postwar emergency measures forbidding dismissals have been relaxed, but an employer must still reckon with strong public feeling if he seeks to reduce his labor force.

The labor movement is not at present very influential in the shaping of economic policies. Involvement in political rivalries has prevented unification and weakened its overall strength. The largest block of unions is the Communist-dominated CGIL (Confederazione Generale Italiana del Lavoro), followed by the Christian Democratic CISL (Confederazione Italiana Sindacati Liberi), with the UIL (Unione Italiana de Lavoro) considerably less strong. The ACLI (Associazione Cattolica di Lavoratori Italiani) is extremely influential within the Christian Democratic Party, and a number of its members have been elected to Parliament.

In recent years, the level of wages in Italy, particularly in the North, has risen dramatically. The improved standard of living resulting from this rise is seen both in the growing market for automobiles, motor scooters, radio sets, appliances, and in the changing pattern of foodstuff consumption.

The broad improvement in our economic situation has been possible because of the stability of the

lira. Between 1938 and 1947 there was a runaway inflation which reduced the value of the lira by fifty times; stringent controls and reviving production checked the decline after 1947, and, while we still have inflationary pressure, it is being kept in hand. A liberal import policy now makes imported products available at stable prices, and the cost of living index has been rising at an average rate of only between 4 and 5 per cent in recent years. To be sure, we still have a government deficit, which is carried by the sale of 9-year 5 per cent Treasury Bonds and by some increase in the note circulation; and it is hard to see how the country, and especially the South, can be developed as it must be without continued recourse to deficit financing; yet, as long as productivity continues to rise proportionately, there seems little ground for serious concern.

The credit system is, in effect, controlled by the Government, through the State-dominated banking chains and the Bank of Italy, which is our bank of issue. Commercial banks handle only short-term loans; medium and long-term credit is issued through State-controlled agencies such as the Mediobanca. It is not so easy here as it is in the United States for an individual to get a small loan, but installment buying has become an important stimulating factor in the economy. Almost anything can now be bought on the installment plan.

Poverty, as we have seen, is still widespread in the South, but in the North, the only classes which are suffering economic hardship, apart from the unemployed, are civil servants, whose pay is low compared to that in industry, people living on pensions, retirement pay, or from controlled rents, and seasonal agricultural laborers. Italy is far from being a "welfare state" to the extent that Britain now is. Our welfare and social service programs are not, in general, financed through the government budget. Instead, independent welfare institutions have been created to which both employer and employee are required to contribute. It is estimated that for every 100 lire in wages an employer must pay an additional 50 lire into the various welfare funds; employees contribute a varying, but small percentage of their wage. By and large, only the employee himself, not his dependents, is entitled to benefits, and the whole system is strongly criticized because of its high cost in relation to the poor service given to the employee.

The Italian tax structure is extremely complex, with indirect taxation the major source of revenue. There is a Turnover Tax on every transaction, even on component parts in the manufacturing process, and practically everything in Italy is taxed, from the neon signs outside shops to automobiles. A determined effort is now being made to increase the revenue from direct taxation, with emphasis on income tax and surtax. Individuals are now required to file income tax returns where formerly they were simply assessed by the authorities. There

is also the "Family Tax" which amounts to a municipal income tax. Tax evasion, for years a scourge, is now being more successfully controlled.

Italy is now pinning great hopes on the Common Market, or European Economic Community, which she has joined along with West Germany, France, Belgium, Holland, and Luxembourg. The Community's aim is to achieve in twelve years an entirely open market among the six nations, in which all barriers to the unhampered flow of trade will have been abolished. It is also working toward the free movement of capital and labor, which should be most beneficial for Italy, which is short of capital but long on manpower.

Italy will also be a partner in the Free Trade Area proposed by Britain, which is to include the other free nations of Europe and Turkey. The European Economic Community is, of course, a more fundamental concept since it looks eventually to political federation, too, while the Free Trade Area will not go beyond trade, and the member nations will be permitted to maintain individual tariff systems. Both plans will, unquestionably, present serious problems, as well as advantages, for Italy, in terms of competition and foreign investment. Nevertheless, most Italian businessmen favor the proposals, looking to the vastly enlarged markets for their products and hoping that their ingenuity will find ways to meet the competition from abroad for their domestic market.

When friends in America ask me to define the underlying philosophy which is guiding the Italian economy today I find it difficult to give any very simple answer. We have many quasi-socialistic situations in our structure, yet we are certainly not a socialist society. Free enterprise is anything but dead in Italy, and the rewards for individual initiative are far from discouraging. There is much more government intervention in business than you have in the United States, but labor is weaker, and we are not, as I have said, a "welfare state" like Britain.

Perhaps, to try to sum it up, I might quote a New York acquaintance who recently spent some time here talking with representatives of Government, industry and banking. "What you seem to have here," he told me, "is a kind of pragmatic economics. It doesn't go by the book, either the capitalist's or the socialist's book. Your Government came in strong after the War, with capital and controls, because it had to, to get things going. And as new problems developed your planners met them with whatever they thought would work. What didn't was dropped or changed. You have a strong managerial class and good bankers; but they know they cannot swing it alone without government help. As a result, there is a kind of unwritten understanding between the business and political leadership that socialism will go so far and no farther. It may not exactly be a planned economy, but it certainly seems to work."



Maddalena bridge at Borgo a Mozzano

Borgo a Mozzano

a Shell agricultural experiment

One of the major problems of the Italian economy today is to increase the value of small land holdings. About 9 million people live and work in Italy on small farms, and although landed property, comprising less than 12 acres per parcel, represents 93 per cent of Italian real estate, only 30 per cent is productive. This is due to various reasons, but mainly to the slow evolution of effective farming communities as compared with industrial communities.

The small farms are characterized by a considerable subdivision and dispersion of the land, by a shortage of capital, and by the use of obsolete and unproductive methods. The fact that crops are grown primarily for family consumption also contributes to the high cost of production, and results in low incomes and inadequate wages. Economic progress in farming communities can be brought about by adopting new agricultural techniques to increase production, more up-to-date crop planning, and a marketing policy geared to demand.

To improve production on a number of small farms extending from the Alps to Sicily, each with its own habits, customs, and terrain, requires accurate diagnosis and research.

Because the agricultural welfare of Italy affects the whole economic life and prosperity of the nation, Shell Italiana, a few years ago, decided to offer its own contribution to the solution of the problem by providing expert technical advice. To test the effectiveness of agricultural technical assistance in the rehabilitation of an economically depressed agrarian community, the full-time serv-

ices of a qualified agronomist were secured.

The Shell Italiana experts chose as a representative community Borgo a Mozzano, a small village in Tuscany which, like many others, has its main street, church, town hall, some shops, and a bar.

The village contains 8,000 inhabitants and comprises an area of about 17,000 acres, in which there are sixteen hamlets, some located in the river valley, some on the hillsides, and some far up in the mountains.

It is a district that has existed for many years, and the agriculture here has followed tradition, its success being dependent on the weather. The aim is mere self-sufficiency. When this goal is not attained, bitter frustration ensues.

Is it possible to change this situation so as to improve the farmers' standard of living? And is it possible to modify the farmers' outlook on their own profession which has been one of insecurity? Shell Italiana's agronomist is convinced it is.

In June 1954 an agronomist was appointed for Borgo a Mozzano to gather information on the economics of the district and to build up a relationship with the farmers which would be mutually profitable.

This investigation, which examined accurately the handicaps of Borgo a Mozzano, was followed in March 1955 by the second phase of the experiment: the giving of practical advice.

The task of the agronomist was to study the problems of the farmers and to assist them, guiding them toward better farming methods and the development of new crops, especially those of highest market value.

An Atlantic Public Interest Advertisement

In practice all new methods, mechanization, irrigation, fruit growing, new wine-making processes, and so forth, were first thoroughly discussed with the specialists of Florence University and other experts, and then explained to those farmers willing to carry them out.

It is to be noted that one of the fundamental points of this technical assistance was to convince farmers of the necessity to apply more up-to-date ideas and equipment without any financial help from the advisers. The farmers introduce new techniques at their own expense.

These first years show that most of the farmers in the community follow the expert's suggestions and, moreover, that the farmers themselves are soliciting his advice. In 1956 the increase of local farming income exceeded the cost of technical assistance.

An overall evaluation at the end of 1957 showed further progress.

For instance, 4 miles of roads, equivalent to 23 per cent of the village's entire network, were built or improved upon. Five mountain hamlets, with a total population of 2,120, were connected to the roads through the valley. The 420 families inhabiting these hamlets worked between them a total of over 5,000 man-days during the course of the year, voluntarily and without pay. The cost of this road construction would normally have been 5,030,000 lire, of which 3,856,000 lire would have been spent for labor. But the actual cost amounted to the 1,174,000 lire which was spent for materials and hauling.

The creation of new communications resulted in the setting up of five transport units, three operating with 35 h.p. "Unimog" tractors, one with a 100 h.p. jeep, and the fifth with an 18 h.p. "Eron" tractor.

These units operate 300 days a year and their total haul is more than 2,000 tons of goods and produce. When produce was carried on a man's back or by mule, the cost of transport was about 130 lire per mile; whereas the present cost of

mechanized transport is only 10 lire. The increase in the total net income due to the service afforded by the new transport units amounted to 2,513,000 lire.

Speaking of mechanization, when the experiment first started, there was powered farm machinery in the village territory for a total of only 70 h.p. After careful tests to establish what types of machinery were most suitable to local conditions,



Machine demonstrations on difficult farmland

the total power rose by the end of 1957 to 331 h.p., inclusive of the multi-use tractors belonging to the transport service. The new machines have helped to reduce costs by 75 to 85 per cent; they have speeded up operations and permitted a more rational working of the land. For instance, the cost of ploughing dropped from 100,000 to 17,000 lire per hectare. The increase in total income caused by mechanization amounted to 4,225,000 lire.

In addition to the agricultural program, a program of home economics was undertaken, and to assist in this a young woman graduate of an agricultural institute started work early in 1957 as home economics assistant.

The first step was a social survey of the peasant families living in the district. Direct assistance was given to improving poultry and farmyard livestock; numerous group meetings were held to spread information on diet, hygiene, and child care; visits were made to homes to inform families of modern conveniences for the home.

Many other improvements involving herbaceous crops, wood production, forage, and cattle will soon be taken up with the Italian farmers.

The gains shown by the progress reports are impressive, but the one major lesson that emerges from the success of this Italian experiment is the importance of the human approach as a basis for overcoming agricultural problems in all parts of the world.



The local people volunteer



ECONOMIC POLICY IN ITALY

Planned Economy or Free Enterprise

by GUIDO CARLI

1

MODERN economists agree that it should be one of the State's functions to steer individual initiative toward the attainment of social objectives. They agree, that is, on the end; but they disagree with regard to the means. One school, which includes both the socialists and the proponents of state capitalism, holds that the economy must be planned and forcibly implemented by the State and that the State should directly manage the major productive enterprises. The other, the liberal school, defends private initiative against the encroachments of an over-powerful State. The liberals would limit the State's intervention to legislative measures placing at public disposal more effective tools for running and stimulating the economy, in the form of credit, fiscal policies, and the like.

Both schools of thought have powerful advocates in Italy; but it may be said that the liberal school, headed by men such as former President Luigi Einaudi, has prevailed. Italy's postwar economic policy is largely based on the general principles which Einaudi has endorsed.

The foremost task after the liberation was to do away with the Fascist superstition of national economic independence and self-sufficiency, and to substitute for it a policy of open markets. The liberal school understood that a closed market policy actually works toward the destruction of

wealth; that it increases international tension, reinforces monopolistic positions, and thus lessens the producer's interest in social progress. Such a policy increases administrative intervention in the economy, with import and export duties, premiums, subsidies, and quotas being only a few of the necessary consequences. Hand in hand with these goes the planned management of the economy by an immense bureaucracy — resulting in the slackening of individual initiative characteristic of advanced societies, and the impoverishment of the many to the advantage of a small group in the scramble for political plums.

The international trade policy pursued by postwar Italian Governments has been based on a thorough understanding of these dangers. Far from being any form of economic isolationism, our policy has followed the path of international cooperation. Tariff barriers have been relaxed, quantity restrictions on imports and exports have been abrogated, restrictions on current payments have been removed, and discrimination between monetary areas has been almost totally eliminated. Trade controls have gradually been transformed into control of the movement of capital; and even in this area, progress has been made toward full Italian participation in the world market. The movement of capital, as it relates to foreign investments in Italy, withdrawal of investments, and the transfer of profits, may now be carried out in a healthy climate of freedom.

This policy has been reflected in the balanced expansion of our international trade. The value of exports has risen from 942 billion lire in 1953 to 1,588 billions in 1957; imports went up from 1,513 billion lire in 1953 to 2,267 billions in 1957; and the percentage of imports covered by exports, amount-

GUIDO CARLI, born at Brescia in 1914, is one of Italy's leading economists. As an expert in monetary and trade problems, he has represented his country in a number of international conferences and organizations. He collaborated in the preparation of the Vanoni Plan for Italy's economic development and served as Minister of Foreign Commerce in the Zoli Government.

ing to 62.3 per cent in 1953, reached 70 per cent in 1957. The latest annual report of the Bank for International Settlements calls attention to the fact that in 1957 Italy's balance of payments registered a satisfying improvement over the previous two years and also noted that, for the first time since the War, the country showed a surplus on current account.

Italy's strong position is shown by the fact that she is one of the five countries in which almost the whole of the total increase in international monetary reserves between 1952 and 1957 was concentrated. During this period, the overall increase in monetary reserves (excluding international institutions and the United States) totaled 9.7 billion dollars. Of this amount 7.4 billion were concentrated in five countries: Italy, Germany, Switzerland, Canada, and Venezuela. In Italy, the increase continued through the first half of 1958 and was estimated at about 230 million dollars.

On the money exchange, the disparity between official and unofficial market quotations is now practically nonexistent, and use of the lira for international payments has greatly increased. The record of international transactions during the first part of 1958 shows that 26.3 per cent of incoming and 13.7 per cent of outgoing revenue was paid in lire—a rather high percentage, if one considers that the lira was, until recently, not employed in international trade settlements. It is a further confirmation of the confidence the world's traders have in Italian monetary stability.

2

Will the policy followed till now continue? The answer to this question depends on our ability to solve, for Italy, certain problems which are fundamental to modern society: how can we be sure that the powers of the State will be exercised, not by a special group in its own interest, but by a group representative of the interests of all social strata? And even when the powers of the State are exercised in the interest of all groups, which institutions will be most suited to channel the economic process along lines of optimum social progress? The European socialists have unquestionably contributed to our understanding of the society in which we live by stressing the importance of the clash of interests between the classes controlling the means of production and the unpropertied. And they were right in calling attention to the enormous political power of property owners as compared with the unpropertied; but they are wrong in believing that

simply by abolishing private property all conflict in the distribution of income will be eliminated.

In Italy, as in other European countries, the respective spheres of State and private business activity have not yet been defined successfully. Those who support the further extension of State management do so in the erroneous conviction that it will channel economic activities toward socially desirable goals. But experience provides numerous examples where the greatest opposition to the State has come from firms run directly by the State; nor is there any lack of cases where it is not the State that runs the enterprises under its control, but rather the enterprises that arrogate to themselves certain powers of the State. Those who oppose the extension of State management are equally wrong in their assertion that it must necessarily lead to less efficiency on the productive level; there are some cases in which it has been demonstrated that State management may reach a higher degree of efficiency than private industry. This theoretical dispute will certainly be prolonged for some time in Italy; it is to be hoped that it will eventually be composed with the acceptance of a positive definition of the sphere of State management and that of private management.

This will require that neither the State nor private enterprise be hindered by a welter of conflicting administrative orders. It will require restoring to markets their due function in regulating economic activity. The chances are that a workable solution will be found, because all groups having an influence on Italian policy seem now to be aware of the measure in which private enterprise—and in particular, medium-sized concerns, which form the backbone of any free-enterprise structure—have contributed to the economic progress of the nation. All groups—no matter where they stand otherwise—seem to realize that the Italian economy can compete on the world market only if it is in a position to draw strength from the continued existence of a structure in which medium-sized concerns can prosper.

All this seems to warrant a certain optimism, which appears even more justified if one takes into consideration the character of the Italian people: the soberness of their aspirations combined with their love of work—the real capital of our nation. And as Ruskin said, "True reality is not income, nor is it the use we make of it; it is the life we lead in producing income." The most urgent social problem is not always to increase man's wealth, but to make him conscious of why he produces and why he works.

Translated by Ben Johnson

ITALIAN SCIENCE

It is enough to recall the names of Galileo, Volta, and Galvani, of Marconi, Spallanzani, and Morgagni, to realize that Italy has a long and impressive tradition in the natural sciences. This tradition is being kept alive today in spite of the lack of large-scale financial backing from Government, foundations, or industry, such as is found in some other countries. Then too, Fascism and the War forced the exodus of a number of our finest scientists, among them Enrico Fermi, winner of a Nobel Prize in 1938, who did some of his greatest work in the United States. Nevertheless, Italian science has kept abreast of the rest of the world, and is pioneering in various fields.

In mathematics, important theoretical work is being done in Rome at the Institute of Higher Mathematics, founded and directed by Francesco Severi, and at Mauro Picone's Center for Applied Mathematics, which is equipped with the latest types of electronic computing machines. Immediately after the War, groups of scientists joined in the National Institute for Nuclear Physics, and in 1952 a National Committee for Nuclear Research was formed.

Special mention should be made of the Schools of Organic and Inorganic Chemistry of Milan. The laboratories of the Health Institute in Rome have achieved spectacular results in chemotherapy (synthetic cures) under the direction of Daniele Bovet (Nobel Prize, 1957) and in biochemistry under E. B. Chain (Nobel Prize, 1945). This institution is an example of perfect modern scientific organization. Other research centers in Bologna, Padua, Milan, and Naples have made valuable contributions to postwar industrial development in Italy.

The financial limitations of our industrial structure have restricted progress in engineering, but, even so, Italy boasts a number of daring and highly qualified construction engineers. An example of their recent work is the power line which now crosses the Strait of Messina, between Sicily and the mainland, in a single arch more than two miles long. In aerodynamics, the Center for Aeronautic Engineering in Rome has resumed the work of the Experimental Center of Guidonia, destroyed during the War.

Biological research is carried out at the famous Center for Marine Biology in Naples, and experimental work in genetics at Milan, Pavia, and Naples. Human physiology has been advanced by the neurophysiological research of Rossi, Moruzzi, and Spadolini, while Meneghetti has investigated the combined chemotherapeutic action of the sulphonamids. Italian scientists have gained world recognition for their research on cardiovascular disfunctions, goiter, and leukemia. As far back as 1938, Cerletti pioneered in the use of electric shock for mental diseases.

Silvestro Silvestri and Guido Grandi have each published major works in entomology, while Elvio Borgioli and Arturo Maglione have made notable progress in applied zootechny, as has Bonadonna with artificial fecundation.

In the past year, the Fanfani Government has introduced a courageous program of scholastic reforms which should eventually give our research institutions the material backing to match, and implement, the technical talents of our Italian scientists. C. T.

A CHRONOLOGY OF ITALIAN HISTORY

753 B.C.: Legendary date of foundation of Rome.

476 A.D.: End of western Roman Empire.

476-800: Italy under rule of Goths, Byzantines, Longobards, and Franks. Byzantine art in Ravenna.

800: Charlemagne is crowned Emperor in Rome.

9th-10th Centuries: Feudalism. Birth of Romanesque art. Arab domination in Sicily.

11th-14th Centuries: Struggle for supremacy between Roman popes and German emperors. Rise of maritime republics (Amalfi, Pisa, Genoa, Venice) and city states (Florence, Milan, Ferrara, Siena). The South united under Norman and Swabian monarchies (1030-1266).

13th-14th Centuries: The Crusades. Italian commerce penetrates western and northern Europe. Flowering of literature, starting with St. Francis of Assisi (1182-1226) and culminating in Dante, Petrarch, and Boccaccio. Birth of Gothic style (Giotto).

15th Century: Epoch of humanism and early Renaissance. Italian genius bursts forth in every field: Masaccio, Donatello, Brunelleschi, Leonardo, Columbus.

1494-1559: Age of invasions. Italy becomes battleground on which Spain and France fight for European hegemony. Flowering of late Renaissance: Ariosto, Machiavelli, Michelangelo, Raphael, Titian.

1559-1713: Age of Counter Reformation. Spanish ascendancy in Italy.

16th-17th Centuries: Bruno, Telesio, and Campanella open chief lines on which modern philosophical speculation has since moved. Music of Monteverdi. Baroque style asserts itself with Bernini and Borromini. Scientific discoveries of Galileo.

1701-48: Wars of succession.

1734-1860: Spanish Bourbon princes rule in Naples.

1748-1796: Age of great intellectual and artistic achievements (Beccaria, Galvani, Volta, Parini, Alfieri).

1796-1815: Napoleonic rule. Jacobinism introduces ideals of French Revolution.

1814-15: Treaty of Paris and Congress of Vienna restore regimes of pre-Napoleonic era.

1815-61: Italian Risorgimento under leadership of Mazzini, Garibaldi, and Cavour achieves political unity, democratic freedom, and national independence.

1861: Proclamation of Kingdom of Italy.

1870: End of temporal power of the Papacy.

19th Century: Revival of literature with Foscolo, Leopardi, Manzoni. In music, development of great Italian opera with Donizetti, Rossini, Bellini, Verdi.

1870-1915: Consolidation of Italian Kingdom under parliamentary regime. Colonial expansion.

1915-18: Italy sides with Allies in First World War.

1918-22: Economic crisis. Rise of the Fascist Party.

1922: Mussolini marches on Rome. With the help of monarchy, Fascists accede to power. Eclipse of liberty.

1929: Lateran Treaty creates Vatican State; regulates relations between Church and State.

1936-38: Fascist intervention in Spanish Civil War. Conquest of Abyssinia. German-Italian alliance.

1940: Italy enters Second World War on German side.

1943: Allied forces land in Sicily. Mussolini arrested.

1945: Liberation of all of Italy by Allied forces with the help of Italian army and a strong Partisan movement.

1946: Constituent Assembly. Republic of Italy created.

1948: First elections won by Christian Democrats.

1949: Italy enters NATO.

1958: Latest political elections. Government remains in hands of Center parties, dominated by Christian Democrats, who recover lost ground. Socialist Party gains.

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTES ON THE POETS

VINCENZO CARDARELLI, born in 1887, is an important critic and founder-editor of the review *La Ronda*. EUGENIO MONTALE, born in 1896, is a staff member of the newspaper *Corriere della Sera*. SALVATORE QUASIMODO, born in 1901, is renowned as a translator of Greek and Latin poetry and Shakespeare. UMBERTO SABA (1883-1957) was proprietor of an antiquarian bookshop in Trieste. LEONARDO SINISGALLI, born in 1908, is an engineer and mathematician, and edited the magazine *La Civiltà delle Macchine*. GIUSEPPE UNGARETTI, born in 1888, has been Professor of Literature at the University of Rome. A selection of his poems in translation, *Life of A Man*, was recently published in the United States.

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BOOKS ON ITALY

A list of some recent books in English on various aspects of Italian history, art, and literature, and of recordings of contemporary Italian music, is available to our readers. To obtain it, please send a 4¢ stamped, self-addressed envelope to Intercultural Publications Inc., 333 Sixth Avenue, New York City 14.

THE POLITICAL PARTIES

by RUGGERO ORLANDO

Few nations offer in their political lives such a striking example of "interdependence" as Italy. It is impossible to judge party programs, issues, and elections without reference to world events. One of the main dividing lines is the varying attitudes toward the Atlantic Alliance.

The Christian Democratic Party, now led by Prime Minister Fanfani, has been dominant since 1948. It has attracted as allies minor groups favoring a gradual approach to social and economic reforms and international collective security in the framework of the Atlantic Pact. These groups include, on the Right, the Liberals (Malagodi, Villabruna), whose political philosophy resembles that of the Conservative Party in Britain, especially since their Left split away and formed the Radical Party (Carandini, Pannunzio), which in this year's elections joined forces with the Republicans (Pacciardi). The Radicals, the Republicans, and the small Comunità Party, led by the progressive industrialist Adriano Olivetti, make up the Center group which supports the Atlantic Alliance. These parties are for the separation of Church and State and against monopolies. On the Left side, this alliance also includes the Social Democratic Party (Saragat), which split from Pietro Nenni's Italian Socialist Party because of Nenni's ties with the Communists.

Within the Christian Democratic Party itself there are two schools of thought, the more conservative wing (led by former Prime Minister Giuseppe Pella) favoring free enterprise, while the Fanfani wing puts greater emphasis on social welfare and State planning.

Opposition from the Left is led by the Communists, who this year elected 140 Deputies against the Christian Democrats' 273, flanked by the Nenni Socialists (84 Deputies). These parties endorse a marxist economic line and, in foreign affairs, lean toward the Soviet Bloc or the "non-committed" countries such as India and Yugoslavia.

Opposition from the Right includes the neo-Fascist Movimento Sociale Italiano (24 Deputies) and two Monarchist parties (35 Deputies together), which advocate return of the House of Savoy, drawing their greatest support from the depressed South.

In the 1958 campaign the minor parties tried to assert their independence from both the Christian Democrats and the Communists. The Radicals and Republicans had the backing of several powerful newspapers, while the Socialists stressed their role as defenders of the working class. The election results, however, did not entirely fulfill their hopes; although, in the new Parliament, there is a small but significant displacement of forces toward the Center, with a reduction of the extreme Right in favor of the Liberals and Christian Democrats. The Communists lost three Deputies while the Socialists gained nine. The Christian Democratic Party remains the strongest, but it does not have an absolute majority, and so must enlist support from minor parties to enact its legislative program. Many Italians welcome the compromises which this entails, because they help to maintain the process of democratic government.



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